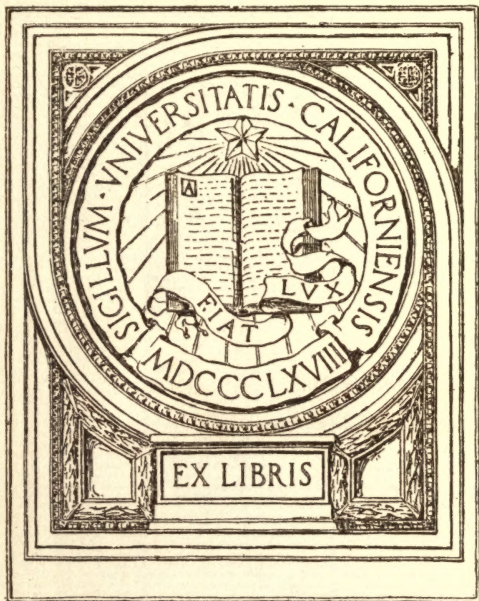


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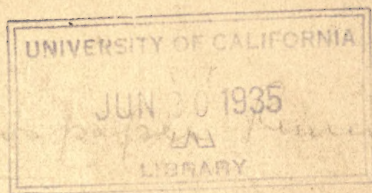
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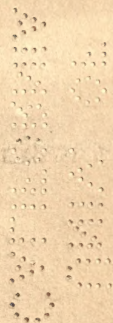
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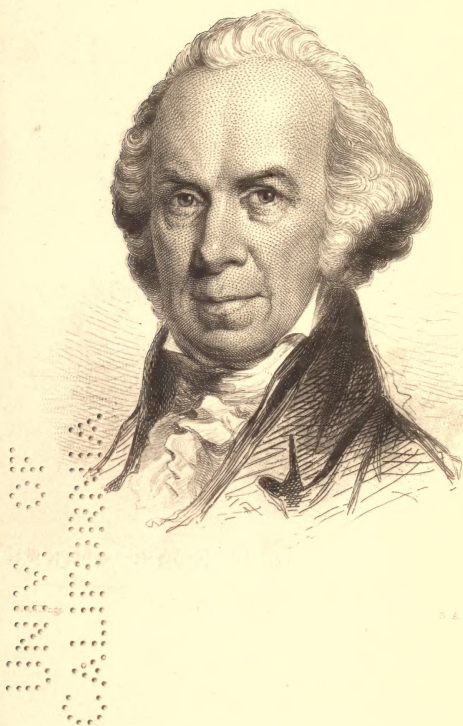


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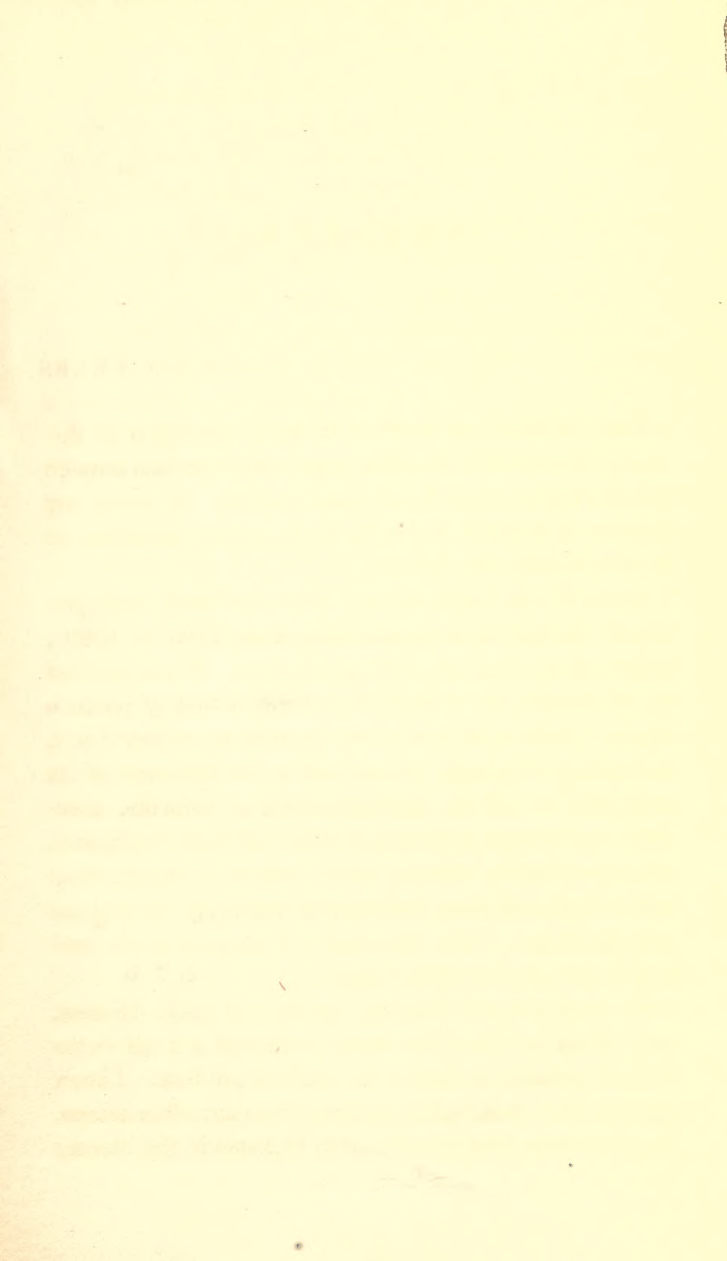
Isiah Thomas

BOSTON.

PUBLISHED BY CHAPMAN & CO.

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MAIN

TO
ALL PRINTERS
AND
CONDUCTORS OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS,
WHO ENTERTAIN
A TRUE REGARD FOR THE DIGNITY OF THEIR PROFESSION,
AND A
DISPOSITION TO RENDER IT A BLESSING TO HUMANITY
AS WELL AS
A SOURCE OF PROFIT TO THEMSELVES,
THESE VOLUMES
ARE
RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
BY THEIR
FRIEND AND FELLOW-LABORER,
J. T. B.



P R E F A C E .

THE nature of the contents of these volumes is so distinctly described in the title-page, that a preface may be thought rather superfluous than needful. It is not my purpose to forestall objection, to deprecate criticism, or to offer apology for defect.

Some of the “specimens,” here exhibited, were preserved during an apprenticeship from 1795 to 1800 ; others, occasionally, in subsequent years. When solicited by my friends, the publishers, *to write a book of reminiscences*, I bethought me of my juvenile repository ; and, on looking it through, it occurred to me that some of its materials, — with an accompaniment of memoirs, anecdotes, and scraps of history, to point out their origin, and, when practicable, identify their authors, — might meet with a degree of favor, sufficient to indemnify the expense of publication. “On this hint” I went to work, and here is the product of my labor.

To the History of Printing, by the late Isaiah Thomas, Esq. I am indebted for many — though not all — the items of personal history of the earliest printers. I know not that those facts can be obtained from any other source. Mr. Thomas’s work is not now to be found in the literary

market ; — *it is entirely out of print*. In what I have drawn from it, his own language has been freely preserved ; but seldom, if ever, without some kind of reference acknowledging the obligation.

For most of that, which relates to the history of Thomas Fleet and his descendants, my acknowledgement is due to John F. Eliot, of Boston, a branch of that stock by the maternal line, and, like his venerable father, the late Dr. Ephraim Eliot, a studious preserver of interesting and curious morsels of antiquity.

The relatives of the late Benjamin Russell politely favored me with the examination of all the manuscript papers he left at his decease. But from these little could be extracted to aid in the composition of a memoir, worthy of the subject. They were chiefly letters on business affairs, that possessed no interest for general readers. From the papers of one, who had, for many years, been intimately connected with some of the most celebrated statesmen and politicians of Massachusetts, it was expected that there would remain some tokens of correspondence on matters of public concern ; but nothing of this description was discovered. A short memorandum, on a piece of paper not larger than one of these pages, stating the name and occupation of his father, the time of his own birth, and the number and names of his brothers and sisters, is all the information derived from these papers. I am indebted to Henry Farnum, Esq. of Boston, — long the familiar friend of Mr. Russell, — for suggestions that have been useful in compiling the memoir ; and to the Rev. Dr. Jenks of Boston, for his courteous criticism and kind approbation of my performance. My acquaintance with Mr. Russell began in 1802,

and most of the anecdotes related of him I have heard repeatedly from his own lips. It is regretted that he did not occupy some of the latter years of his life in writing a history of *himself and his times*. He was frequently requested to do this, as frequently resolved that he would do it, but died and left no record, but what is contained in the Centinel. THAT is his auto-biography — a mirror, in which, only, a reflection of his character should be sought, and in which, only, it will be found.

To the Librarians of the Antiquarian Society, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Boston Athenæum, and of Harvard College, my thanks are due for the privilege of examining the files of newspapers in the libraries of those institutions respectively. These have been referred to, chiefly, to verify dates and to confirm impressions on the tablet of memory.

A large portion of this work consists of extracts, which required but little exertion to select and arrange in their present connection, — an employment more pleasant than irksome. But the personal notices, meagre and imperfect as they are, have not been compiled without labor and vexation. This portion has been tedious and discouraging. Many fruitless inquiries have been made — many letters have been written, which produced no satisfactory answers. I have been anxious to present more particulars of the lives and actions of several persons than I have been able to obtain. In respect to some, who have deceased within a few years, and who are still remembered, I have not been successful in learning, even from their nearest relatives, any more of their history than the places and times of their respective births and deaths.

I like the plan of this work, — and I make no apology, nor ask pardon, for the conceitedness of the declaration. If it could be extended so as to embrace sketches and specimens of *all* the prominent newspapers, printers, and editors, that have put in their claim to public favor in these United States, — and which are entitled to such a memorial, — I cannot resist the belief that it would be “instructive, useful, and entertaining.” But such a field of labor would require an industrious and patient gleaner, — elastic of nerve, redolent of ambition, instinct with courage, and confident of coming years. Such a work would fill more volumes than would be read. The world itself would hardly contain the books.

The limits, to which, by an arrangement with the publisher, the contents of these volumes were circumscribed, have necessarily confined the selections of specimens to New-England (except in one or two instances) and chiefly to Massachusetts, and precluded all notices of publications that have had their origin since the commencement of the present century. Materials for a third volume, embracing matters of more recent date, and which excited some interest at the time of their occurrence, are on hand ; but it is not desirable that the public should be burdened with uncalled-for details. And even if the publication should be demanded, a willing compliance with the call may be defeated by an event, to which all are subject, — an event which *may* happen TO-MORROW, — which *must* happen SOON.

These volumes make no pretensions to a high literary character. They are the production of one, who had no advantages of education, but such as were supplied by the district schools in Connecticut, more than sixty years

ago, and before he was ten years old. For all else of literary qualification, he is indebted only to his own unaided efforts. The printing-office was his academy, and he has no diploma from any other University than that, of which Gutenberg, Laurentius, and Faust, were the founders.

J. T. B.



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SPECIMENS

OF

NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

THE first attempt to set up a newspaper, in North-America,—so far as can be ascertained from existing records, or from tradition,—was made in Boston, in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety. Of the paper then issued only one copy is known to be in existence; and that copy is deposited in the State Paper Office in London, where it has been seen and examined by the Rev. Joseph B. Felt, the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Number 1 of this paper, and probably the only number ever published, is dated September 25, 1690. It is a small sheet, of four quarto pages, — one of which is blank, — and contains a record of passing occurrences, foreign and domestic. Immediately on its publication, it was noticed by the legislative authorities. Four days after, they spoke of it as a pamphlet; stated that it came out contrary to law, and contained “reflections of a very high nature.” They strictly forbade “any thing in print, without license first obtained from those appointed by the government to

grant the same." It was printed by Richard Pierce for Benjamin Harris.*

Richard Pierce, the reputed printer of this newspaper, is said by Mr. Thomas to have been the *fifth* person who carried on the printing business in Boston. Where he learned the art is not known; but, as there was a printer of that name in London in 1679, it is thought not improbable that he emigrated to this country, and set up his press in Boston, and was identical with the Richard Pierce, whose name appears in the imprint of the newspaper, that is in the London State Paper Office.

Benjamin Harris, whose name is given as that of the proprietor of this first newspaper, had a printing-house in Boston, and printed chiefly for booksellers. In 1692 and 1694, he printed the Acts and Laws of Massachusetts, and, according to the imprint, was "Printer to his Excellency the Governour and Council." He was from London, and returned to that place about the year 1694. Both before and after his emigration to this country, he had a bookstore in London. Dunton, an English bookseller, who had been in Boston, in his "Life and Errors," printed in London, in 1705, says of Benjamin Harris, — "He was a brisk asserter of English liberties, and once printed a book with that very title. He sold a Protestant Petition in King Charles's reign, for which he was fined five pounds; and he was once set in the pillory, but his wife (like a kind Rib) stood by him to defend her husband against the mob. After this (having a deal of mercury in his natural temper) he traveled to

* See Felt's History of Salem, vol. i.

New-England, where he followed bookselling, and then coffee-selling, and then printing, but continued Ben Harris still, and is now both bookseller and printer in Grace Church Street, as we find by *his London Post*; so that his conversation is general (but never impertinent) and his wit pliable to all inventions. But yet his vanity, if he has any, gives no *alloy* to his wit, and is no more than might justly spring from conscious virtue; and I do him but justice in this part of his character, for in once traveling with him from Bury Fair, I found him to be the most ingenious and innocent companion, that I had ever met with.” *

Harris’s commission to print the Laws was placed on the page opposite to the title, in the words following :

By his Excellency.—I order Benjamin Harris to print the Acts and Laws made by the Great and General Court, or Assembly of Their Majesties Province of Massachusetts-Bay in New-England, that we the People may be informed thereof.

WILLIAM PHIPPS.

Boston, December 16, 1692.

* History of Printing, vol. i. 287-9.

THE BOSTON NEWS-LETTER.

THE first newspaper established in North-America, was the Boston News-Letter, the first number of which appeared on Monday, April 24, 1704. It was a half sheet of paper, in size about twelve inches by eight; made up in two pages folio, with two columns on each page. Under the title, which is in Roman letters of the size called, by printers, French Canon, are the words "printed by authority," in Old English, or Black letter. The imprint is "Boston; Printed by *B. Green*. Sold by *Nicholas Boone*, at his Shop near the Old Meeting-House." From the annexed advertisement, — the only one which the paper contains, — it is safe to infer that the proprietor was John Campbell: —

This News-Letter is to be continued Weekly; and all Persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farms, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares, or Merchandizes, &c. to be Sold, or Let; or Servants Run-away, or Goods Stole or Lost; may have the same inserted at a Reasonable Rate, from *Twelve Pence*, to *Five Shillings*, and not to exceed: Who may agree with *John Campbel* Postmaster of *Boston*.

All Persons in Town and Country may have said News-Letter every Week, Yearly, upon reasonable terms, agreeing with *John Campbel*, Postmaster for the same.

From its commencement to November 3, 1707, the News-Letter was printed by Bartholomew Green. From that date to October 2, 1711, it was "Printed by *John Allen* in Pudding-Lane.* And Sold at the *Post-Office* in Cornhill." At that time, the post-office and Allen's printing-office were destroyed by fire, and the paper was again printed by B. Green, "for John Campbell, Postmaster," till the end of the year 1722.

Of the personal history of John Campbell, I am not aware that any thing is known, except that he "was a Scotchman, a bookseller, and postmaster in Boston." If his literary accomplishments should be estimated by the evidence furnished in the columns of his paper, they were not of a high order. The contents of the News-Letter, during the whole of his proprietorship, are chiefly extracts from London papers. The little, that has the appearance of having been written by the editor, is clumsily composed, with no regard to punctuation or grammatical construction. His own advertisements concerning the business relations between him and his customers form the principal portion of all, that may be considered as original matter. The extracts, which follow, taken almost at random are specimens of the style of his composition.

During the several years from its commencement, it is evident, from Campbell's frequent and importunate calls upon the public, that the News-Letter had but feeble support, and limited circulation. The following advertisement is taken from the paper of May 12, 1707, more than three years after the publication was begun:—

* Now Devonshire-street.

At the perswasion of several Gentlemen, Merchants and others, both in this and the Neighbouring Provinces, who are sensible of the want of this Publick Letter of Intelligence for both Foreign and Domestic Occurrences; the Undertaker has once more attempted to Print the same in hopes that all Persons who loves a Publick Good will one way or other put to their helping hand, to Promote and Support it, that the same may not only be carryed on a fourth year, but also continued for the future.

And all Persons in Town and Country who have a mind to encourage the same, may have the said Letter of Intelligence every Week by the year upon reasonable Terms, agreeing with John Campbell Post-master of Boston.

'Tis taken for granted that all such who had this Letter of Intelligence last year, and have not forbid the same, will be still willing to take it at the Price which others give: If any are of a contrary mind, let them signify it, and we shall forbear sending it to them.

The Undertaker has also been advised to carry on the Occurrences where they were left off, and 'tis hoped that fourteen days will retrieve the same.

At the close of the fourth year, Campbell repeated his appeal to the public in more importunate terms than before. "All Persons in Town and Country," who had not already paid for the fourth year, were desired "to pay or send it in: with their resolution if they would have it continued and proceeded in for a fifth year, (Life permitted :) though there has not as yet appeared a competent number to take it annually so as to enable the Undertaker to carry it on effectually; yet he is still willing to proceed with it, if those gentlemen that have the last year lent their helping hand to support it, continue still of the same mind another year, in hopes that those who have been backward to promote such a Publick Good will at last set in with it."

In January, 1719, Campbell proposed publishing his paper on a whole sheet, "because," as he said, he found it impossible, "with half a sheet a week to carry on all

the Publick News of Europe.” The project does not seem to have fulfilled his expectations ; for, a few months afterwards, he again laid his grievances before the public, in language, which could leave no doubt that he was suffering sore disappointment : —

The Undertaker of this News-Letter, the 12th January last being the Second Week of this Currant Years Intelligence gave then Intimation that after 14 (now upwards of 15) years experience, it was impossible with half a Sheet a Week to carry on all the Publick Occurrences of Europe, with those of this, our Neighbouring Provinces, and the West Indies. To make up which Deficiency, and the News Newer and more acceptable, he has since Printed every other Week a Sheet, whereby that which seem'd Old in the former half Sheets, becomes New now by the Sheet, which is easy to be seen by any One who will be at the pains to trace back former years, and even this time 12 Months, we were then 13 Months behind with the Foreign News beyond Great Britain, and now less than Five Months, so that by the Sheet we have retrieved about 8 months since January last, and any One that has the News-Letter since that time, to January next (life permitted) will be accommodated with all the News of Europe, &c. contained in the Publick Prints of London that are needful for to be known in these Parts. And in regard the Undertaker had not suitable encouragement, even to Print half a Sheet Weekly, seeing that he cannot vend 300 at an Impression, tho' some ignorantly concludes he Sells upwards of a Thousand ; far less is he able to Print a Sheet every other Week, without an Addition of 4, 6, or 8 Shillings a Year, as every one thinks fit to give payable Quarterly, which will only help to pay for Press and Paper, giving his Labour for nothing. And considering the great Charge he is at for several Setts of Publick Prints, by sundry Vessels from London, with the Pricce of Press, Paper, Labour, carrying out the News Papers, and his own Trouble, in collecting and composing, &c. It is afforded by the Year, or by the Piece or Paper, including the difference of money far cheaper than in England, where they Sell several Hundreds nay Thousands of Copies to a very small number vendd here. Such therefore as have not already paid for the half Year past the last Monday of June, are hereby desired to send or pay in the same to John Campbell at his House in Cornhill, Boston. August 10, 1719.

It does not appear that Campbell was relieved of his embarrassments by these urgent representations of his

discouraging circumstances. About this time a new postmaster was appointed, who, in December, 1719, began the publication of another paper. Campbell was much annoyed by his removal from office, and perhaps equally so by the setting up of a rival newspaper. He again addressed his customers, stating that he began his "Publick Letter of Intelligence near upon sixteen years ago, and ever since continued Weekly with Universal Approbation," &c., "for the Interest and advantage of the Post-Office, Gentlemen, Merchants and others, both in Town and Country; and preventing a great many false Reports." In a similar style he continued to address the public, two or three times a year, as long as he remained proprietor of the News-Letter.

The establishment of a third newspaper, — The New-England Courant, by James Franklin, in 1721, — was another annoyance to Campbell, and produced a "paper war," which lasted as long as he was connected with the News-Letter. In his address to the public, Franklin, it seems, intimated that the News-Letter was "a dull vehicle of intelligence." The imputation roused Campbell's temper, and imparted a spark or two of vitality to his paper. He defended himself against Franklin's charge in this wise, in the News-Letter of August 14: —

☞ On Monday last the 7th Currant, came forth a Third Newspaper in this Town, Entitled, The New England Courant, by *Homo non unius Negotii*; Or, Jack of all Trades, and it would seem, Good at none; giving some very, very frothy fulsome Account of himself, but lest the continuance of that style should offend his readers; wherein with submission (I speak for the Publisher of this Intelligence, whose endeavours has always been to give no offence, not meddling with things out of his Province.) The said Jack promises in pretence of Friendship to the other News Publishers to amend like soure Ale in Summer, Reflecting too, too much that my performances are now and then, very,

very Dull, Misrepresenting my candid endeavours (according to the Talent of my Capacity and Education ; not soaring above my Sphere) in giving a true and genuine account of all Matters of Fact, both Foreign and Domestick, as comes any way well Attested, for these Seventeen Years & an half past. It is often observed, a bright Morning is succeeded by a dark Rainy Day, and so much Mercury in the beginning may end in *Album Græcum*. And seeing our New Gentleman seems to be a Scholer of Academical Learning, (which I pretend not to, the more my unhappiness ; and too late to say, *O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter Annos*) and better qualified to perform a work of this Nature, for want whereof out of a Design for publick good made me at first at the Sollicitation of several Gentlemen, Merchants, and Others, come into it, according to the Proverb, thinking that half a Loafe was better than no Bread ; often wishing and desiring in Print that such a one would undertake it, and then no one should sooner come into it and pay more Yearly to carry it on than this Publisher, and none appearing then, nor since, (others being judges) to excell him in their performances, made him to continue. And our New Publisher being a Scholler and Master, he should (me thinks) have given us (whom he terms low, flat and dull) Admonition and told one and the other wherein our Dullness lay, (that we might be better Proficients for the future, Whither in reading, hearing, or pains taking, to write, gather, collect and insert the Publick Occurrences) before publick Censure, and a good example to copy and write after, and not tell us and the World at his first setting out, that he'll be like us in doing as we have done. *Turpe est Doctori cum culpa redarguit ipsum*. And now all my Latin being spent excepting what I design always to remember *Nemo sine crimine vivit*. I promise for my part so soon as he or any Scholler will Undertake my hitherto Task, and Endeavours, giving proof that he will not be very, very Dull, I shall not only desist for his Advantage, but also so far as capable Assist such a good Scribe.

It is to be regretted that the early numbers of Franklin's paper are not to be found, and that no trace can be discovered of either the address, which called forth the defence of Campbell, or Franklin's reply, which appeared in the Courant of the next week. That his reply was caustic and severe is evident from Campbell's rejoinder, which came out in the News-Letter of August 28, as follows : —

☞ J. C. to Jack Dullman *sendeth* Greeting.

Sir, What you call a Satyrical Advertisement was a just Vindication of my News-Letter, from some unfair Reflections, in your Introduction to your first Courant; Your reply in hobbling Verse, had they more Reason and less Railing might possibly have inclined me to think you was some Man of great Learning, or as you please to Word it, a *Meikle Man*; but Railery is the talent of a mean Spirit, and not to be returned by me. In honour to the Muses I dare not acknowledge your Poem to be from Parnassus; but as a little before the Composure you had been Rakeing in the Dunghill, its more probable the corrupt Steams got into your Brains, and your Dullcold Skul precipitate them into Ribaldry. I observe you are not always the same, your History of Inoculation intends the Publick Good,* but your Letter to Mr. Compton and Rhyme to me smell more of the Ale Tub than the Lamp. I do not envy your skill in Anatomy, and your accurate discovery of the Gall Bladder, nor your Geography of the Dunghill (*natale solum.*) You say your Ale grows better, but have a care you do not Bottle it too New, Lest the Bottles fly and wet your Toyes. You say you are the Wiseman, and his Advice is, Prov. xxvi. Ver. 4 *Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him.* And not very disagreeable to what I learned when a School Boy.

Contra verbosos, noli contendere verbis.

Against a man of wind spend not thy Breath.

Therefore I conclude with *Verbum Sapienti,*

Tutius est, igitur fictis contendere verbis,

Quam pugnare manu.

Vale.

Since like the Indian Natives, you Delight,
to Murder in the Dark, eshun and fly the light,

Farewel.

This quarrel, in which the ill-temper was probably all on one side, and the laughter and fun on the other, doubtless added popularity to both papers. A certain portion of readers have always appeared to enjoy the quarrels of editors. That the public read with avidity, — sometimes with insatiable greediness, — the controversies, which happen among the conductors of newspapers, at the present day, is a fact too notorious to need any

* The Courant strongly opposed inoculating for the small pox.

illustrative evidence. The propensity was, probably, no weaker in the days of Campbell and Franklin.

While this controversy continued, which was about two months, Campbell issued a whole sheet every week, after which the News-Letter was reduced to its original dimensions. The nick-name, Jack Dullman, was probably used by Campbell as a retort upon Franklin, for saying that the News-Letter was "dull, very dull."

The files of the News-Letter, down to the end of the year 1722, — when Bartholomew Green became its proprietor, — are very imperfect. The most complete, that I have been able to find, are those in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, — and these are all bound in two volumes, — embracing not half the numbers for the years previous to 1720. It is not probable that the missing numbers differ essentially in the character of their contents from those, which are preserved. Extracts from English papers are the principal material. It was undoubtedly the intention of Campbell to present a connected narrative of the most important political events in Europe ; and this intention he apparently fulfilled, as far as the limits of his paper allowed. The intercourse between this country and Europe not being carried on with much regularity, the intelligence was seldom imparted to his readers, till some months after the transactions, that formed its basis. The first number of the paper, April 24, 1704, contained accounts of the movements of the Jacobites in Scotland, in November, 1703, and the speech of Queen Anne to Parliament, in relation to the designs of the Pretender, delivered December 17, 1703. The narrative of the wars in Europe during the reign of Anne, and loyal addresses from various cities,

boroughs, and corporations, with her “most gracious” replies, are prominent articles in many numbers of the paper. Indeed, almost every important state paper, issued by the government of Great-Britain, may be found in the News-Letter.

The domestic affairs of the colonies occupy but a small space. Arrivals and clearances at the principal ports, and the “remarkable occurrences” of the times, are generally comprised in a few lines. Occasionally, however, we find an incident related in a style adapted to gratify the lovers of the marvelous. The two, which follow, are presumed to be the composition of the editor, and to exemplify a remark before made concerning his literary acquirements. The first is from the News-Letter of May 8, 1704: —

Piscataqua, April 29. By Letters thence, acquainted, that on Fryday the 28, four Indians Seized a Servant Maid of *Richard Waldron's*, Esq. at *Cocheco*, who went about 150 yards from the Garrison to a Spring, for a Jugg of Water, about half an hour after Sun down: Supposed to be the same *Indians* that did the mischief mentioned in my last, upon *Nathanael Meader* and *Edward Taylor*: They askt her many Questions; *Viz* — Whither there was not a *French* Shallop put on Shoar in *New-England* in a Storm? And what was become of the *Frenchmen*? Whither or not we had any Forces going out against the *French*? What number of Souldiers was in the Garrison? What *Mr. Waldron* had been doing in his Field all day? What he designed to do with that new Timber hal'd to the side of his House? They told her that they had lyen near his House all that day, and a week before to wait to catch him, whom they saw to pass over his Boom towards Capt. *Geerishes* two Houses, by Sun-set; and that they might take him on his return, they had crept down to the foot of the Boom, as near as possible: at which time the Maid came along, and were forced to take her, otherwise they must have been discovered: They told her also that they had been so near him in the Field, that one of them had cock'd his Gun at him, and going to discharge, another perswaded him to forbear, he would presently have a better Shot at him: They likewise told her 'twas never the near for him to build his New Fortifications round his

House, for they would certainly take him, and that 'twere in Vain for him to Plant his New Orchard in his Field, for he should neither eat the apples, nor drink the Cyder, for that they would have him by & by, and roast him, and She should see it. In the Interim Mr. *Waldron* coming over the Boom; the Watchman on the Top of his House, not knowing who it was, call'd out, *Stand*; which the *Indians* hearing, being frightened ran all away, one stept back and with the head of his Hatchet, knock't the Girl down, and left her for Dead, who lay in the Spot two Hours, till being found wanting, was enquir'd after and search'd for at the spring, where she was found, a little come to her self; hope she may do well, for her skull is not broke. Thus Mr. *Waldron* narrowly escap'd.

A manuscript note, attached to this article, says, — “This was a story invented by the girl to conceal her staying too long at the spring with a young man.” This note appears to be in the hand-writing of the late Rev. Dr. Eliot, by whose family the volume of the News-Letter, now before me, was presented to the Library of the Historical Society.

Here follows a recital of “moving accidents, by flood and field,” which appears to be an editorial composition, standing under “*Boston, May 15.*”

On the 11. Currant Arrived Mr. *Jacob Fowle* of *Marblehead*, at *Stonington*, in a small Sloop, about 22 days from *Curaso*: he was lately an Apprentice to Mr. *Bulfinch* Sail-maker of *Boston*; went out some 12 Months ago, in one *Reddinton* from *Rhode-Island*, for *Curaso*, in order to go a Privateering when they came there: the Governour broke their measures, the men Shipt themselves some one way and some another, his Lot was to go on board a Dutch man, bound for to trade with the Spaniards, in a Ketch of 10 Guns. A Spaniard met them, kill'd the Dutch Lieutenant. The Master, Merchant and others upon it jump't into the hole, before the Spaniard so much as boarded them; and if they had fought need not have been taken. When they were carry'd into New Spain, where he was about 9 Months, all the men were sent to the Mines, he being Sick was spared; and when somewhat recovered, the Governour of the place, wanting a Sute of Sails to be made for a Sloop, hearing he was a Sail-maker, put him to make them; for which he had a very small reward, a bit of Meat the breadth of a mans Finger,

and a little *Cassadar* bread, his chief Diet while in N. Spain was Oysters. A Trader being bound along the Coast wanted a hand, came to the Governour to desire the English man, and promised to return him again, when he came back ; 't was granted : So Mr. *Fowle* went along with him, and coming into a certain Port where a French man of War lay ; he went on board, and met another English man, to whom he said, that if he would go along with him, he would come for him in the Night, and would carry him off, 't was agreed, the other should be in the Lyon in the head, and he should come with his Canoo, and take him in ; and they two should knock the Spaniards of the Barque alongo in the head, and come away with her, and accordingly he took the Canoo in the night, when the Spaniard was asleep, and put in her two Guns, two Cutlases and 2 Pistols, took the Ancient for a Sayl and Sails to the Man of War ; the Watch on board was too quick-sighted for him, espied 'em, and was forced to paddle back again with all his might, put the Ancient in his place. The Spaniards still asleep knew nothing of it. In some short time afterwards, the Spaniards going all ashore leaving him and a *Spanish Indian* on board, he stept and unloos'd the Sails of the Barque alongo, told the Indian if he would go along with him might go & should fare well, he said still no no, & went to take up a Hand-spoke to knock out Mr. *Fowls's* brains, in the interim Mr. *Fowls* tript up his heels & threw him Over-board, & put to sea ; the Spaniards on Shoar Man'd their Canoo to overtake him, came up with him : The Boat-swain first put his hand upon the Barque-along, & Mr. *Fowle* stab'd him and he fell backwards, the Captain seeing that, said, put off ; the Fort fired several shot at him, some whereof came thro' his Sayls. They also Man'd a Parriagur after him, & pursued him about 8 hours till midnight ; but having a fair wind, in about two days, got safe into *Curaso* about 70 Leagues distant from the Port in *New Spain* he came from, having on Board about 19000 of Cocoa : The Lieut. Gov. of *Curasso* forgave him the Custom of it, saying he well deserved it. He sold his vessel & Cargo there : And bought the Sloop in which he came home in ; he met with a violent Storm the 4 instant. He says that of late the Spaniards kill all the *English* they take, but saves the *Dutch* alive.

The News-Letter of June 5 contains Governor Dudley's Proclamation, requiring all officers, citizens, &c., "of Her Majesty's Loving Subjects," to apprehend and seize certain Pirates. Captain Quelch, the commander of a brigantine, had committed a piracy on a Portuguese

merchantman, and, with several of his crew, was then in custody in Boston. More of the crew were afterwards taken at Gloucester and the Isle of Shoals. Quelch, with six of his men, was tried at Boston, and all were convicted and sentenced to be hung. A sheet, which appears to have been printed as a supplement to the News-Letter, contains "An account of the Behaviour and last Dying Speeches of John Quelch, John Lambert, Christopher Scudamore, John Miller, Erasmus Peterson and Peter Roach, the six Pirates that were executed on Charles River, *Boston* side, on Friday, June 30th, 1704." The account states that the ministers of the town had used more than ordinary endeavors to instruct the prisoners and bring them to repentance. "There were sermons preached in their hearing every day — and prayers daily made with them. And they were catechised and had occasional exhortations." It further states that, on the morning of the execution, "they were guarded from the prison in Boston by forty musketeers, constables of the town, the provost marshal, and his officers, &c., with two ministers, who took great pains to prepare them for the last article of their lives. Being allowed to walk on foot through the town to Scarlett's Wharf; where the Silver oar being carried before them; they were conveyed by water to the place of execution," &c. The "exhortations to the malefactors" and the prayer made by one of the ministers, after the pirates were on the scaffold, "as near as it could be taken in writing in the great crowd," fill near half of the paper. On going up the stage, Quelch said to one of the ministers, "I am not afraid of death. I am not afraid of the gallows: but I am afraid of what follows.

I am afraid of a great God and a judgment to come." But, says the narrative, "he afterwards seemed to brave it out too much against that fear." He pulled off his hat and bowed to the spectators, and said, "I desire to be informed for what I am here." When Lambert was warning the spectators to beware of bad company, "Quelch joining," they said, "they should also take care how they brought money into New England to be hanged for it." Peterson "cryed of injustice," and told the executioner, "he was a very strong man, and prayed to be put out of misery as soon as possible." The next paper states that "as they had led a wicked and vicious life, so to appearance, they dyed very obdurately and impenitently, hardened in their sins."

✕ There are not, generally, more than two or three advertisements in each paper. ✕ Some of them are amusing from the quaintness of their style, or from the kind of articles advertised for sale. The following are specimens : —

A Certain Person has Two or Three Hundred Pounds to let at Interest, for good Security; Inquire at the Post-office In *Cornhill, Boston*, and know further.

A Strong Lusty white Servant Maids' Time for about three years and a half, fit for any Household Service, to be disposed of by Mr. *John Edwards*, Goldsmith in *Cornhill, Boston*.

*By Order of the Post Master General of
North-America.*

These are to give Notice, That on Monday Night the Sixth of this Instant December, The Western Post between Boston and New-York, sets out once a Fortnight the Three Winter Months of December, January and February, and to go Alternately from Boston to Saybrook and Hartford, to Exchange the Mayle of Letters with the New-York Ryder, the First Turn for Say-Brook, to meet the New-York Ryder on Saturday Night the 11th Currant. And the Second Turn he sets out at Boston, on Monday Night the 20th

Curant to meet the New-York Ryder at Hartford on Saturday Night the 25th Curant, to Exchange Mayles.

And all Persons that sends Letters from Boston to Connecticut, from and after the 13th Instant, are hereby Notified, first to pay the Portage on the same.

These are to desire a certain woman that convey'd away a piece of fine Lace of Fourteen Shillings per yard from a Shop in Boston about Three Months ago to return the same.

And of another that convey'd away a piece Fine Calico under her Ryding-hood some time since Satisfaction is Demanded, or else they may expect to be publickly exposed.

From these it appears that the mystery of shop-lifting was not unknown here in former times. One class of advertisements was too common to be viewed at the present day, without regret and mortification. For example : —

A Negro man, a negro woman, and a negro Girl about 16 years old to be sold : Inquire at the Post-office in Cornhill, Boston, and know further.

Many of the historical facts, that form the basis of European history, during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., may be read in the Boston News-Letter. Several papers are filled with the despatches of the Duke of Marlborough. The funeral ceremonies of Anne, as observed at Portsmouth, Salem, and Boston, and the celebration of the accession of George, are described in a style of exquisite loyalty.

It is presumed that Campbell received but little, if any, aid in the management of his paper. The earliest communication I have seen, worthy of notice, is the following, published April 18, 1721. The article, to which it is a reply, I have not been able to find.

The Country-Man's Answer, to a Letter Intituled, *The Distressed State of the Town of Boston considered.*

SIR,

I Received your Letter, and shall draw up an Answer to it at large, when I have a little Leisure from my Husbandry, and have inquired into the Truth of matters of Fact; for I must needs tell you, we have a great many Lyes of late Years, and generally about this Season of the Year, sent up from *Boston*, and with great Industry spread among us, with respect to the State of Management of our Publick Affairs and especially a New Governour being expected; and therefore you must Excuse us if we don't believe every thing that you send us, either in Writing or Messages.

I am truly sorry for your distressing and threatening Circumstances in *Boston*, tho' I must needs say, it is no more than I have for some time been afraid of, when I have seen your sumptuous Buildings, your gallant Furniture, your Costly Clothing, and the profuseness of your Tables, and the great and scandalous Expence at Taverns, besides a great deal of other Extravagance; I have been always afraid what the Consequence of these things would be; and we are told that not only the Government, but the Ministers of your Town have with all Faithfulness and Seriousness warned you hereof. We think it very strange in the Country, that when the General Assembly have framed Laws, for the good of the Community and even for the Ease of Debtors to prevent their Oppression, that any private Person should Arraign the Wisdom and even the Justice of the *Legislature*, this is such a practice as never was attempted before, and we suppose will not be countenanced.

As to Silver and Gold we never had much of it in the Country; but we can very well remember, that before we had Paper Money, there was a sufficiency of it Currant in the Country; and as the Bills of Credit, came in and multiplied, the Silver ceased and was gone; and of all Men, you in *Boston*, especially the Merchants, should be silent as to that matter, for you have shipp'd it off, and yet now complain of the want of it.

As to the Publick Loans or Bank as you call it, all the World knows that the General Assembly, especially the Country part had never thought of or consented to it, had it not been on the great Sollicitation and pressing Importunity of the Trading part; and yet now you Arraign their Wisdom and even their Goodness, this must be lookt on as high Ingratitude. We are very much surprized, you should Rake into the Ashes of the Private Bank Projection, that has been buried so many Years; you cannot but remember that not only the General

Assembly, upon the most mature deliberation, solemnly protested against any such thing; but even your own Town of *Boston*, at such a Meeting as we understand they scarce ever had before, by a great Majority utterly refused it. It is too large a Field to enter upon in a short Letter, to recite the endless Mischiefs and Confusion that Projection would have involv'd us in; and we and our Posterity shall have reason to be thankful, that we were delivered from it.

As to your Project of Building of Bridges, Fortifications and other-ways of laying out Money, one would not think by this Paragraph of your Letter, that your Circumstances were so Distressing as you pretend to.

We understand the Province is now in Debt, 1.60000 and you would have it run 1.100000 more in Debt, and say it will be for our Advantage.

This is what we cannot Comprehend. It should seem to us not only just to pay our Debts; but even Wise and Prudent for the Country to clear the old Score, before we begin a new one; and I suppose it will be very difficult to perswade the Government into any such Projection: If the Building a Bridge to *Charlstown* be of such weighty profit, I believe the Country would rather private Persons should undertake, and run the Risque, and have the Benefits, than involve the Government in so chargeable and dangerous a thing, and which is thought by some Impracticable.

Your Advice as to setting up and encouraging Manufactures we very much approve of; and you may depend upon it, we in the Country shall, with the Favour of GOD raise our own Provisions, and wear Clothing of our own making as far as possible and live out of Debt.

I am much mistaken if His Excellency the Governour and Council give you any Thanks for these few Sugar Plumbs you are pleased to sweeten them with, when you so much affront them in their Publick Administration.

As to your Advice about the choice of our Representatives, which seems the main Spring and design of your Letter, we shall endeavour to choose Men of a Publick Spirit that understand and design the good of the Country in General, Men of good Substance and Interest in the Country, Men well affected to our great Master King GEORGE, the Religion Government and Liberties of *New-England*, Men that will take care to ease the Debts of the Province; and not run us further into Debt, Men of Virtue and Peaceable Dispositions; and we earnestly hope your People in *Boston* will make the same choice, that so we may have a good and wise Election, and a Peaceable and happy Session, and the General Assembly have the Divine Conduct and Blessing on all

their Arduous Affairs ; and the whole Country be under the Protection and Encouragement they Enjoy leading quiet and peaceable Lives in all Godliness and Honesty.

And I am

SIR

your assured Friend.

As a memorial of the pious liberality of the age, the following communication from a gentleman of Providence is not destitute of interest : —

THESE are to give Notice, That whereas there are in the Colony of Rhode-Island Providence Plantations, sundry Congregations of Different Perswasions, besides the Church of England, and a Congregational Meeting-House at New-Port: Several well-disposed Inhabitants of Providence (differing in their Opinions from the rest of their Neighbours in that great Town; being a thorow fair to the Neighbouring Colonies, where Travellers often lodge on the Lord's Day) and not being able of themselves, to build a Meeting-House, for GOD'S Worship to be performed in, by an Orthodox Minister of the Congregational or Presbyterian Perswasion, both for their own and Strangers accommodation, A Gentleman of the said Town and Perswasion (with the Advice and Consent of the others, and Approbation of sundry Able, Pious and Grave Ministers of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay) took upon himself the Toil and Labour of going from place to place, both in this Province and Rhode-Island Government, to gather and collect every Pious Soul's Voluntary Contributions, in order to forward so good and Christian a Work; which thro' Mercy (*Laus Deo*) has been so far advanced and accomplished by *John Hogle* Physician of the said Town, that on Wednesday the fifth of this Instant September; the said Meeting-House was Amicably Raised there, for which the said *Hogle* hereby desires in his own and the others Names, to render many Thanks to the Honourable and Worthy Gentlemen and other Pious People, that by their Charity lent their helping Hand, so far as to enable him and them to Effect and Perform this good piece of Service, for the further advancing, promoting, and enlarging of the glorious Gospel and Kingdom of our Dear Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

In 1721, there was great excitement in Boston, on account of the small-pox, and the attempt to introduce

the practice of inoculation. “ At a town-meeting, held on the fourth of November, it was voted, That whosoever shall come into this town of Boston from any other town presumptuously, to bring the small-pox on him or herself, or be inoculated, shall be forthwith sent to the hospital or pest-house, unless they see cause to depart to their own homes ; — or if any person be found in town under that operation, which may be an occasion of continuing a malignant infection, and increasing it amongst us, that they be removed immediately, lest by allowing this practice, the town be made an hospital for that which may prove worse than the small-pox, which hath already put so many into mourning. And that the justices and selectmen be desired to put the method above said into practice, without delay, as the law directs.”

The Rev. Increase Mather and his son, the Rev. Cotton Mather, were in favor of inoculation. Franklin and the correspondents of the *Courant* opposed it, and assailed those clergymen, in that paper, with merciless ridicule. The following communication in the *News-Letter* of August 28, two weeks after the first number of the *Courant* was published, was attributed to Cotton Mather, and probably not without reason : —

To the Author of the Boston News-Letter.

SIR,

For Publick Use, we desire the favour of you to give this a place in your *Intelligencer*, Remembering that some Weeks past, you entertained your Readers with a sad Account of a scandalous Club, set up in London ; to Insult the most sacred Principles of the Christian Religion, tending to corrupt the Minds and Morals of the People ; Against whom the King in Council gave strict Command and Orders for discovering, prosecuting and severely punishing any that are found guilty of such Impieties.

And for a Lamentation to our amazement (notwithstanding of GOD'S hand against us, in His Visitation of the Small-Pox in Boston, and the threatening Aspect of the Wet-Weather) we find a Notorious, Scandalous Paper, called the *Courant*, full freighted with Nonsense, Unmanliness, Railery, Prophaneness, Immorality, Arrogance, Calumnies, Lyes, Contradictions, and what not, all tending to Quarrels and Divisions, and to Debauch and Corrupt the Minds and Manners of New-England. And what likewise troubles us is, That it goes Currant among the People, that the Practitioners of Physick in Boston, who exert themselves in discovering the evil of Inoculation and its Tendencies (several of whom we know to be Gentlemen by Birth, Education, Probity and Good Manners, that abhors any ill Action) are said esteem'd and reputed to be the Authors of that Flagitious and Wicked Paper; who we hope and trust will clear themselves off and from the Imputation, else People will take it for granted, they are a New Club set up in New-England, like to that in our Mother England, whom we sincerely and heartily admonish warn and advise, not only to remember Lot's Wife; but also what befell several of the Club in England; (which we forbear to name) lest their Bands be made strong, and a worse thing befall them.

And will oblige them who are,

*Your Friends and Well-
Wishers to our Country and
all Good Men.*

Among the advertisements in the News-Letter of November 21, is the following:—

To prevent wrong Representations that may be made of a late Awful and Tremendous Occurrence fallen out in Boston, it was thought fit to give this true and short Account of it.

At the House of the Reverend Dr. Cotton Mather, there lodged his Kinsman, a worthy Minister under the *Small-Pox*, received and managed in the way of *Inoculation*. Towards Three of the Clock in the Night, as it grew towards the Morning of *Tuesday* the Fourteenth of this Instant *November*, some unknown Hands threw a Fired Granado into the Chamber of the Sick Gentleman: The weight whereof alone, if it had fallen upon the Head of the Patient (which it seemed aimed at) would have been enough to have done part of the Business designed. But the Granado was charged with Combustible matter, and in such a manner, that upon its going off, it must probably have killed the Persons in the Room, and would have certainly fired the Chamber & soon

have laid the House in Ashes, which has appear'd Incontestible to them that have since Examined it. But the Merciful Providence of GOD so ordered it, that the Granado passing through the Window, had by the Iron in the Middle of the Casement, such a Turn given to it, that in falling on the Floor, the Fired Wild-Fire in the Fuse was silently shaken out some Distance from the Shell, and burned out upon the Floor, without firing the Granado. When the Granado was taken up, there was found a Paper so tied with Thread about the Fuse, that it might outlive the breaking of the Shell; wherein were these Words: COTTON MATHER. *I was once one of your Meeting: But the Cursed Lye you told of ——— You know who, made me leave You, You Dog, And Damn You, I will Inoculate You with this, with a Pox to You.* This is the Sum of the Matter, without any Remarks upon it.

At the end of the year 1722, Campbell gave up his property in the News-Letter to Green, — as appears by the following advertisement, published in the paper of December 31.

* * * These are to give Notice, That Mr. *Campbell*, Designing not to Publish any more News-Letters, after this Monday the 31st Currant, *Bartholomew Green* the Printer thereof for these 18 Years past, having had Experience of his Practice therein; intends (Life permitted) to carry on the same, (using his Method on the Arrival of Vessels from *Great Britain*, &c., to give a Summary of the most Remarkable Occurrences of *Europe*, and afterwards the Thread of the News,) provided he can have due Encouragement by competent Numbers taking it by the Year, so as to enable him to defray the necessary Charges. And all those who have a Mind (either in Town or Country) to Promote and Encourage the Continuation of the abovesaid Intelligence, are hereby desired to Agree with the said *Green*, either by Word or Writing; who may have it on reasonable Terms, left at any House in Town, Sealed or Unsealed.

This notice was republished the next week, with this addition:—

This being the first of a New Year, it is sent at Present to such as bespoke the Publisher for it, and those who had it last year from Mr. Campbell, who if any of them are not willing it should be continued to them, are hereby desired to return this.

Bartholomew Green began his career, as publisher and editor of the News-Letter, with an intention of making

it a correct source of intelligence, and of giving it a moral and religious character. His third number, January 21, has the following notice on the first column :

An Advertisement from the Publisher.

It being my Desire to make this as profitable and entertaining to the good people of this country as I can, I propose to give not only the most material articles of intelligence, both foreign and domestic, which concern the political state of the world ; but also because this is a country, that has yet, through the mercy of God, many people in it, that have the State of religion in the world very much at heart, and would be glad, if they knew how to order their prayers and praises to the Great God thereupon, I shall endeavour, now and then, to insert an article upon the state of religion. I shall, therefore, from time to time, wait upon such as I may know to cultivate a correspondence with the most eminent persons in several nations, who may please to communicate to me, and thereby to the public, such things as all good men cannot but receive with satisfaction.

Agreeably to this declaration, several succeeding papers contained a column, selected from various publications, of matter concerning the *State of Religion*. On the seventh of March, following, he repeated his intention, somewhat more at large, as follows : —

☞ The design of this paper is not merely to amuse the reader : much less to gratify any ill tempers by reproach or ridicule, to promote contention, or espouse any party among us. The publisher, on the contrary, laments our dangerous and unhappy divisions ; and he would always approve himself as a peaceable friend and servant to all, and unkind to none ; nor would he ever render evil for evil, either by action, speaking, or writing. He longs for the blissful times, when wars shall cease to the ends of the earth. He would rather endeavor his utmost to advance an universal concord and harmony ; were it not for fear of adding oil to the flames ; and he remembers the fable, which shows him the danger of interceding between fierce and contending enemies. The publisher would therefore strive to oblige all his readers by publishing those transactions, that have no relation to any of our quarrels, and may be equally entertaining to the greatest adversaries. For this end he proposes to extend his paper to *The History of Nature among us*, as

well as of *Political and Foreign Affairs*. And agreeable to this design, he desires all ingenious gentlemen, in every part of the country, to communicate the remarkable things they observe; and he desires them to send their accounts post-free, and nothing but what they assuredly know; and they shall be very gratefully received and published. That so this paper may in some degree serve for the *Philosophical Transactions of New-England*, as well as for a political history; and the things worthy of recording in this, as well as other parts of the world, may not proceed to sink into eternal oblivion, as they have done in all the past ages of the aboriginal and ancient inhabitants.

Green seldom recorded any remarkable occurrence that he did not accompany the narration with some reflections of a moral or religious character; as in the two following articles: —

Boston, Feb. 25. Yesterday, being the *Lord's-Day*, the *Water* flowed over our *Wharffs* and into our streets to a very surprizing height. They say the *Tide* rose 20 *Inches* higher than ever was known before. The *Storm* was very strong at *North-East*. The many great *Wharffs*, which since the last overflowing *Tydes* have been run out into the *Harbour*, and fill'd so great a part of the *Bason*, have methinks contributed something not inconsiderable to the rise of the *Water* upon us. But if it be found that in *other* Places distant from us, and where no such reason as this here given can have place, the waters have now risen in *like* proportion as they did with us; then we must attribute very little to the reason above suggested. The loss and damage sustained is very great, and the little Image of an *Inundation* which we had, look'd very dreadful. It had been a great favour to the *town*, if upon the first Rising of the waters in the *Streets*, which hapn'd in the time of the *Fore-noon Service*, some discreet *Persons* had in a grave and prudent manner inform'd some or other of the *Congregations* of it; that such whose *Houses & Stores* lay most exposed might have repair'd timely to them. The reason in this case seems the same as if there had been a *Fire* in the *Town*. Let us *fear the GOD of Heaven, who made the sea and the dry land, who commandeth & raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves; who ruleth the raging of the sea, and when the waves thereof arise, He stilleth them.*

Boston, Oct. 29, 1730.

Last Thursday evening we had the most surprizing appearance of the *Aurora Borealis*, as 'tis thought was ever beheld here. At first it

appeared with the Northern Twilight, a bright flame in the northern quarter of the horizon. About half an hour past seven, there shot up a stream which collected into a body, and seemed to hang over us like a cloud of fire. This lasted a few minutes, when it grew fainter till it disappeared: But still the light in the North continued so bright, that one might see to read in some large print. About nine o'clock, it increased again, and the Heavens here and there grew luminous and red. At twenty-four minutes after nine, a light was observed gathering in the N. E. which moving slowly to the East, began to glow very fierce. It rose leisurely, and at last crowded into a centre near the Zenith, whence in a few minutes it branched out all over the northern half of the hemisphere, in the florid and sparkling colors of many rainbows. It continued for about a quarter of an hour, shifting its form and colors, and then by degrees grew fainter, till it quite vanished. For the remainder of the night, a settled lustre dawned round the northern edges of the hemisphere, which kept flashing at intervals, till it was lost in the morning light. This should lead our thoughts to the contemplation of that awful night, when, *the Heavens being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; when our blessed SAVIOR shall descend in flaming fire, in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.*

Green conducted the News-Letter with discretion, and with a disposition to be impartial, conciliating and honest, that renders his memory venerable. The consummation of his labors and his life is thus announced in the News-Letter of January 4, 1733:—

On Thursday last, being Dec. 28th, deceased here, after a long and painful languishment of a sore that broke inwards, Mr. Bartholomew Green, one of the deacons of the South Church; who has been the principal Printer of this town and country near forty years. He died in the 67th year of his age; being born at Cambridge, Oct. 12, 1666; and was here very decently interred on the 2d current.

His father was Capt. Samuel Green, the famous Printer of Cambridge; who arrived with Governor Winthrop in 1630. He came in the same ship with the Honorable Thomas Dudley, Esq., and used to tell his children, that upon their first coming ashore, both he and several others were for some time glad to lodge in empty casks, to shelter them from the weather, for want of housing. This Capt. Green was a commission officer of the military company at Cambridge, who chose him for above sixty years together, and he died there, Jan. 1, 1701—2, aged

87, highly esteemed and beloved, both for piety and a martial genius. He took such great delight in the military exercise, that the arrival of their training-days would always raise his joy and spirit ; and when he was grown so aged that he could not walk, he would be carried out in his chair into the field, to view and order his company. He had nineteen children, eight by his first wife, and eleven by his second, who was a daughter of the venerable Elder Clarke, of Cambridge : of which eleven children there is this remarkable ; that, though two died young, yet of the other nine, there died not one for fifty-two years ; the first breach being made about a year and a half ago.

This Mr. Green, whose loss we deplore, first set up his press with his father in Cambridge, and afterwards removed to Boston, where, on Sept. 16, 1690, soon after he was first married, his press and letters, which were then esteemed the best that had been in the country, were consumed by a fire that began in the neighborhood : upon which he returned to Cambridge, and there continued till the winter 1692, 3 ; when he came back to Boston ; where he has been Printer to the Governor and Council for near forty years, and of the Boston News-Letter (excepting a small intermission) from its beginning : And for his particular character — as the author of the Weekly Journal has very justly observed, “ He was a person generally known and esteemed among us, as a very humble and exemplary Christian, one who had much of that primitive Christianity in him, which has always been the distinguishing glory of New-England.” We may further remember his eminency for a strict observing the Sabbath ; his household piety ; his keeping close and diligent to the work of his calling ; his meek and peaceable spirit ; his caution of publishing any thing offensive, light, or hurtful ; and his tender sympathy to the poor and afflicted. He began to be pious in the days of his youth ; and he would always speak of the wonderful spirit of piety that then prevailed in the land, with a singular pleasure.

The same paper contains the advertisement of John Draper, — the son-in-law of Green, — informing the public, that the News-Letter would be carried on and sent out every week on Thursday morning, as usual ; — that care would be constantly taken to insert therein all the most remarkable occurrences, both foreign and domestic, that come to hand well attested ; — that all communications from the reverend ministers, or other gentlemen, would be thankfully received ; — and that it

would be his endeavor to render the paper as informing and entertaining as possible, to the satisfaction of all who may encourage it.

Under the hands of Draper, the News-Letter maintained the respectable character it had acquired while in the care of Green. The selections from foreign journals were copious and interesting ; and his own summary of passing events, under the Boston head, was as full, probably, as circumstances and material permitted. Communications were not frequent ; but there is one, which occupies about five pages of the News-Letter, in five or six successive numbers, and affords an evidence of the veneration, which, at that day, was attached to the New-England version of the Psalms. It is a criticism on the version of Tate and Brady, which, it seems, had just then, — in 1739, — made its appearance in Boston. The critic is, occasionally, quite severe upon those two Poets, and adduces various passages, to show that their version is an essential departure from the simplicity, and often from the meaning, of the original. In their version of Psalm VI. they use the phrase “ a wretch forlorn.” The critic says, — “ 1. There is nothing of this, either in the original or the English Psalter. 2. 'Tis a low expression ; and, to add a *low one*, is less allowable. But 3, what I am most concerned for is, that 'twill be apt to make our children think of the line in their *vulgar petty-song*, so much like it — *This is the maiden all forlorn*, &c.”

The following lines of Tate and Brady, —

No longer let the wicked *Vaunt*,
And proudly boasting say,
Tush, God regards not what we do —

give the critic an opportunity to make the following

remarks, the propriety of which will encounter no objection : —

Vaunt is a word so antiquated, that there are not ten in fifty, that know what it means. It might have been well enough used *a hundred years ago*, when our New-England Psalm Book was composed ; but is too old-fashioned to put into a new performance, for the use of a common auditory in the present age. Besides, what difference is there between *vaunting* and *proudly boasting* ? [as it is in the original.] It is perfectly *tautologous*.

But to hear a man cry TUSH, in a *prayer to God*, you would think him extremely impolite, or vain, or beside himself. How much more oddly will this sound in the midst of the devotions of a great assembly ? To hear them, both men and women, singing T-U-U-SH, whether Treble, Base, or Tenor ; 'twill be difficult for the more lively part of the congregation to keep from smiling. And the idea this raises in me is so disagreeable, that I should not wonder if this were called the *Tush Version*.

Draper published the News-Letter till near the close of the year 1762. The paper of December 2, announces that, on the Monday preceding, he died after a slow and hectic disorder, having just entered the 61st year of his age. The notice adds, — “ By his industry, fidelity, and prudence in his business, he rendered himself very agreeable to the public. His charity and benevolence ; his pleasant and sociable turn of mind ; his tender affection as a husband and parent ; his piety and devotion to his Maker, has made his death as sensibly felt by his friends and relations, as his life is worthy imitation.”

The same paper informs the public that the business of the late publisher devolved upon Richard Draper, son of the deceased. The title was changed to The Boston Weekly News-Letter and New-England Chronicle. The next year it was again changed to The Massachusetts Gazette and Boston News-Letter. The

proprietor took into partnership a kinsman, — Samuel Draper, — and the imprint announced that the paper was “Published by Richard Draper, Printer to the Governor and Council, and by Samuel Draper, at their Printing-Office in Newbury-street.” Samuel Draper died, in March, 1769, and the paper was again conducted by Richard Draper alone.

In May, 1768, the News-Letter and a paper published by Green & Russell, called the Boston Post Boy and Advertiser, were united, as official organs of the government, under the title of the Massachusetts Gazette. The business was so arranged, that each paper was still a separate publication, belonging exclusively to its proprietor. The News-Letter was published on Thursday and the Post-Boy on Monday. Each paper was equally divided in two parts, — one half bearing its proper title, and the other half of both papers was called the Massachusetts Gazette, “published by authority.” This half of both papers contained the acts and proceedings of government, and the matter was nearly identical in both; while the contents of the other half were varied according to the fancy and interest of the respective proprietors. This mode of publication was discontinued in September, 1769, and Draper resumed the former title, — Massachusetts Gazette and Boston Weekly News-Letter.*

After the discontinuance of this “Adam and Eve paper,” as Draper called it, he published the News-Letter alone, till May, 1774. During this period, it was well supplied with communications by able writers, who

* See History of Printing, vol. ii. 207 – 209.

adhered to the administration, and opposed the Whigs with the best arguments they could produce,—not unfrequently in sober earnest, but as often by effusions of wanton ridicule or cold-hearted bitterness. The proceedings of public meetings were usually published, without doubt as a measure of policy, to keep the friends of the government informed of the movements of the Whigs. In the paper of June 4, 1765, are the Instructions voted by the town of Worcester to Joshua Bigelow, their representative in the General Court, then sitting in Boston. These Instructions require of the Representative that he should use his influence to maintain and continue that harmony and good will between Great-Britain and this province, that may be most conducive to the prosperity of each, and suffer no innovations or encroachments on our chartered rights:—That he should use his influence to obtain a law *to put an end to that unchristian and impolitic practice of making slaves of the human species*, and that he give his vote for none to serve in His Majesty's Council, who will use their influence against such a law:—That he should use his influence to establish the Fee Table on principles more agreeable to the rules of justice:—That he should use his endeavors “to relieve the people of this province from the great burden of supporting Latin Grammar Schools, whereby they are prevented from attaining such a degree of English learning as is necessary to retain the freedom of any state”:—That he should make diligent inquiry into the cause of the neglect of the militia of the province:—And, lastly, that he should “take SPECIAL CARE of the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.”

No opposition to the Stamp Act was made by Draper. The officers of the government were sustained and encouraged, both in the News-Letter and the Gazette. The intelligence of the repeal of the act was received in Boston, on the 16th of May, 1766. The following account of the reception was given in the Gazette, and is substantially the same as that, which appeared in the other papers: —

Friday last, to the inexpressible joy of all, we received by Capt. Coffin the important news of the repeal of the Stamp Act; * * * upon which the bells in the town were set a ringing, the ships in the harbor displayed their colors, guns were discharged in different parts of the town, and in the evening were several bonfires. According to a previous vote of the town, the Selectmen met in the afternoon at Fanueil Hall, and appointed Monday last for a day of general rejoicings on that happy occasion. The morning was ushered in with music, ringing of bells, and the discharge of cannon, the ships in the harbor and many of the houses in town being adorned with colors. — Joy smiled in every countenance, Benevolence, Gratitude, and Content seemed the companions of all. By the generosity of some gentlemen, remarkable for their humanity and patriotism, our Gaol was freed of debtors. At one o'clock the castle and batteries and train of artillery fired a royal salute, and the afternoon was spent in mirth and jollity. In the evening the whole town was beautifully illuminated: On the common the Sons of Liberty erected a magnificent pyramid, illuminated with two hundred and eighty lamps, the four upper stories of which were ornamented with the figures of their Majesties, and fourteen of the worthy Patriots, who have distinguished themselves by their love of liberty. The following lines were on the four sides of the next apartment, which referred to the emblematical figures on the lower story, the whole supported by a large base of the Doric order:

O Thou, whom next to Heaven we most revere,
Fair LIBERTY! thou lovely goddess, hear!
Have we not woo'd thee, won thee, held thee long,
Lain in thy lap, and melted on thy tongue;
Through death and danger's rugged path pursued,
And led thee smiling to this SOLITUDE;
Hid thee within our heart's most golden cell,
And braved the Powers of Earth and Powers of Hell;

GODDESS ! we cannot part, thou must not fly —
Be Slaves — we dare to scorn it — dare to die —

While clanking chains and curses shall salute
Thine ears, remorseless G—le, thine O B—e ;
To you, blest PATRIOTS ! we our cause submit,
Illustrious Camden, Britain's guardian Pitt ;
Recede not, frown not, rather let us be
Deprived of Being, than of LIBERTY.
Let Fraud or Malice blacken all our crimes,
No disaffection stains these peaceful climes ;
O save us, shield us from impending woes,
The foes of Britain only are our foes.

Boast, foul Oppression ! boast thy transient reign,
While honest FREEDOM struggles with the chain ;
But know the Sons of Virtue, hardy, brave,
Disdain to lose through mean despair to save ;
Aroused in thunder, awful they appear,
With proud Deliverance stalking in their rear ;
While tyrant foes, their pallid fears betray,
Shrink from their arms, and give their vengeance way :
See in the unequal war oppressors fall,
The hate, contempt, and endless curse of all.

Our FAITH approved, our LIBERTY restored,
Our hearts bend grateful to our sovereign lord :
Hail, Darling Monarch ! by this act endeared,
Our firm affections are thy best reward.
Should Britain's self against herself divide,
And hostile armies frown on either side, —
Should hosts rebellious shake our Brunswick's throne,
And, as they dared thy parent, dare thy son,
To this asylum stretch thy happy wing,
And we'll contend who best shall love our KING.

Meetings of ladies were frequently held in the principal towns of Massachusetts, at which resolutions were adopted, expressing a determination to wear no articles of dress of British manufacture In reference to such

resolutions, one of Draper's correspondents indulged his wit in the following attempt at ridicule :

TO THE LADIES.

Young Ladies in town and those that live round,
Let a friend at this season advise you ;
Since money 's so scarce, and times growing worse,
Strange things may soon hap and surprize you :

First, then, throw aside your top knots of pride :
Wear none but your own country linen :
Of economy boast, let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What if homespun they say is not quite so gay
As brocades, yet be not in a passion,
For when once it is known this is much worn in town,
One and all will cry out — 'Tis the fashion !

And, as one, all agree, that you'll not married be
To such as will wear London factory,
But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such you will choose
As encourage our own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear ;
Love your country much better than fine things ;
Begin without passion, 't will soon be the fashion
To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw aside your Bohea and your Green Hyson tea,
And all things, with a new-fashion duty ;
Procure a good store of the choice Labradore,
For there'll soon be enough here to suit you.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear
Fair, charming, true, lovely, and clever ;
Though the times remain darkish, young men may be sparkish,
And love you much stronger than ever.

Then make yourselves easy, for no one will tease ye,
Nor *tax* you, if chancing to sneer
At the sense-ridden tools, who think us all fools ;
But they'll find the reverse far and near.

It would be unpardonable to pass over, without transcribing the following, — which presents the odious vice of drunkenness in its true light : —

EPITAPH.

TEMPERATE READER, — This Tomb thou mayest approach without veneration, and this Inscription peruse without pity for the subject of it ; for here are only confined from the air, which they would pollute, and from the sight, which they would offend, the odious corrupted remains of one of the most ignoble of suicides, a *sot* ; of one, who, neither induced by external solicitation nor encouraged by example, nor allured by social conversation, equally foolish as flagitious, adopted the enormity of excessive drinking, without one palliating plea ; and, resigning to others the apologies for and the pleasures of debauchery, such as they are, unnaturally habituated himself to *sullen, solitary, joyless* inebriation. With imagined privacy, he persisted in swallowing spiritous poison to his health, intellects and humanity, till he became the wretched object of detestation, or of contempt, till reduced to such difficulties of misery, as to be indebted for the last mitigation of his pain to the causes which produced it, — to causes which he acknowledged, and which he execrated as fatal, while he continued them to the hour in which they proved so. Art thou inquisitive for his motives, however inexcusable, to an indulgence so destructive, be assured they were no better than the preposterous desires of expediting the lapse of that time, which he had not the resolution to improve, and of reconciling himself to that obscurity, from which he had not the industry to emerge. By his life, which was unhappy without consolation ; by his death, which was early but unlamented, be once more admonished to reject the vicious insinuations of idleness ; be, if possible, usefully diligent ; or, at least, having *nothing* to do, resist the temptation to do what may be *worse than nothing*.

From the News-Letter of March, 1769 : —

ADVERTISEMENT. The Bell Cart will go through Boston before the end of next month, to collect Rags for the Paper-Mill at Milton, when all people that will encourage the Paper Manufactory, may dispose of them. They are taken in at Mr. Caleb Davis's Shop, at the Fortification ; Mr. Andrew Gillespie's, near Dr. Clark's ; Mr. Andras Randalis, near Phillips's Wharf ; and Mr. John Boies's in Long Lane ; Mr. Frothingham's in Charlestown ; Mr. Williams's in Marblehead ; Mr.

Edson's in Salem ; Mr. John Harris's in Newbury ; Mr. Daniel Fowle's in Portsmouth ; and at the Paper-Mill in Milton.

*Rags are as beauties, which concealed lie,
But when in Paper, how it charms the eye :
Pray save your Rags, new beauties to discover,
For Paper truly, every one 's a lover :
By the Pen and Press such knowledge is displayed,
As would'nt exist, if Paper was not made,
Wisdom of things, mysterious, divine,
Illustriously doth on Paper shine.*

Two numbers only of the News-Letter, published during the siege, have I been able to find. One of them is the publication of November 16, 1775. It is a small half sheet, one side of which is nearly filled with the proclamations of General Howe. The first is " A Proclamation for suppressing Rebellion and Sedition," calling upon " all officers, civil as well as military, and all other obedient and loyal subjects, to use their utmost endeavors, to withstand and suppress rebellion, and to disclose and make known all treasons and traitorous conspiracies, which they shall know," &c., " within any of the Colonies or Plantations in North America."

The second recommended that the inhabitants of the town of Boston " immediately associate themselves, to be formed into companies, under proper officers, selected by me, from among the associates, to be solely employed within the precincts of the town," for the " preservation of order and good government within the town." The association was to " be opened in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Honorable *Peter Oliver, Foster Hutchinson*, and *William Brown*, Esquires, on Monday, the thirtieth day of October, and continued for four days, that no one may plead ignorance of the same."

All persons, so associating, and *able to discharge the duty* required of *them*, were to be “properly armed, and to have an allowance of fuel and provision, equal to what was issued to His Majesty’s troops within the garrison.”

A third proclamation prohibited all masters of vessels arriving in the harbor of Boston, not under the immediate command of Sir Samuel Graves, from landing their cargoes, without permission, and prohibited all outward bound masters of vessels from attempting to go to sea, without first giving an exact account of their cargoes. Disobedience of this order was to be punished with imprisonment.

A fourth proclamation, dated the sixth of November, omitting the descriptive titles and offices of General Howe, is as follows : —

WHEREAS the present and approaching distresses of many of the inhabitants in the town of Boston, from the scarcity and high prices of provisions, fuel, and other necessary articles of life, can only be avoided, by permitting them to go where they may hope to procure easier means of subsistence :

NOTICE is hereby given that all those, suffering under the above-mentioned circumstances, who chuse to depart the town, may give in their names to Captain James Urquhart, Town Major, before Thursday, twelve o’clock of the ninth instant, specifying their Names, Abodes, Number and Names of those in Family, Effects, &c., that Passes may be made out, conformable to regulations already established.

Given at Head Quarters, &c.

The other number of the News-Letter, mentioned above, was published on the 22d of February, 1776. It affords pretty strong evidence of the disposition of the Tory troops and the Tory citizens to indulge in frolicsome dissipation, to ridicule the patriotism of the Whigs, and to abuse and calumniate the leading men of the Whig party. The first article in the paper is a notice

that “the fourth subscription ball at Concert-Hall is to be held on the 29th instant, 1776.” This is followed by another special notice, as follows:—

MASQUERADE.

On Monday, the 11th of March will be given at Concert-Hall, a **SUBSCRIPTION MASKED BALL**. By the sixth of March a Number of Different Masks will be prepared, and sold by almost all the Milliners and Mantua Makers in Town.

Under the Boston head, the editor says, — “We hear ten Capital Cooks are already engaged in preparing supper for the Masquerade, which is to be the most brilliant Thing ever seen in America.” This was, probably, the last of a series of entertainments, — insulting to the suffering inhabitants of Boston, — as the town was evacuated by the British troops a few days afterward, and occupied by General Washington and the American Army.

The following article, in the same paper, is introduced by its author, as “An Epilogue to the many tragic scenes recorded in the weekly publications;” and is given as a companion to “the Prologue to a tragedy acted in Boston,” which appeared in the News-Letter of the eighth:—

The SOLILOQUY

OF

The BOSTON TREE of LIBERTY,

As they were cutting it down, 1776.

And must I die? — but why complain?
Complaints and murmurings are in vain:
Tis but the lot of beast and man,
And die we must, do what we can.

My ancestors for centuries stood
The pride and honor of the wood;
A royal race, a chosen band,
The ornaments of *Shawmut* land.
For centuries they yearly shed,
The leafy honors of their head;

At each returning spring reviv'd
 Their wonted vigor, grew and thriv'd :
 Of wintry blasts they stood the shock,
 The tempests as they rag'd, they'd mock ;
 The rude attacks of winds which blew
 They faced them all and healthier grew,
 Th' uncultur'd Indian, nature's care,
 Did often to their shades repair
 Himself to cool and to refresh,
 Regaling on the fish and flesh
 Which nature generously gave,
 Free from the cheat of cultur'd knave,
 Here he enjoy'd his simple fare,
 Enjoy'd his sleep, unpress'd by care,
 'Till *European* strangers came
 With stealth, and robb'd him of his game ;
He hunted beasts — they hunted men,
 He fled and ne'er return'd again.

How happy is the *Indian's* lot !
 Few cares he knows, *they* soon forgot :
 No Av'rice with her griping paw,
 No worries from the dogs of law ;
 In friendship such as nature grants,
 He lives, and very few his wants :
 Grateful on nature's bounty looks,
 Quenches his thirst at nature's brooks.

My parent dy'd when nature bid,
 I spread my grandeur in his stead.
 'Twas when that civil creature, man,
 Unciviliz'd fair nature's plan,
 To flourish then it was my luck
 When civil folks at nothing stuck,
 But would in mobs collect together,
 And nought went down but *tar* and *feather* ;
 Ah, me ! unhappy ! — 'twas my fate,
 T' outlive the ruin of the state.

'Tis true I flourished many a year,
 And spread my branches full and fair :
 My body large and hale and plump,
 Fair all around from top to stump,
 Till that fierce creature huge of size,
 With hundred heads and saucer eyes,

Christen'd by name of *Liberty*,
 Repair'd with boisterous crouds to me,
 And for their *god* they chose a tree.

'Twas then I first knew what was pain,
 First knew that godliness was gain :
 Under my shade my vot'ries met,
 In weather cold, hot, dry or wet —
 With flaming zeal they throng'd my body
 Inspir'd with rum and gin and toddy :
 On me they hung a jockey's boot,
 And gather'd thick about my root ;
 They stifled me with sweat and stench,
 And from me did my branches wrench ;
 A massy pole they then erected,
 And with a rebel standard deck'd it,
 To make the rabble gape and stare,
 Fling up their caps and roar and swear.
 The pole it gall'd my body sore,
 Chaff'd off my bark, — my branches tore.
 A copper plate they nail'd fast to me,
 And * * * * right through me.*
 My juices by such usage thicken'd
 The circulation stop'd, I sicken'd,
 My branches they decay'd apace,
 I found I'd almost ran my race,
 Should soon be forc'd, as mankind must,
 To lay my honors in the dust.

Thanks to the hand that cuts me down,
 Thanks to the axe that lops my crown :
 The path of vice I never trod,
 I boast, I liv'd the *people's god*.

My trunk, may 't be to fuel turn'd
 By HOWE, be honor'd to be burn'd
 That I to him may warmth impart,
 Who oft himself 's warm'd many a heart.

If ever there should be a shoot,
 Spring from my venerable root,
 Prevent, oh heav'n ! it ne'er may see,
 Such savage times of liberty :

* The words here wanting have been obliterated by the wear of the paper.

May it live long to see those times
 When justice dares to punish crimes ;
 When GEORGE may see his laws regarded,
 And feel his virtues all rewarded :
 Live to rule over subjects loyal
 And live rever'd, respected by all.
 Still in his sphere of virtue move,
 And feel returns of filial love ;
 Trample rebellion under foot,
 And crush the monster, branch and root ;
 Quell *Tylers, Cades and Massianellos*
 Who sweat at puffing treason's bellows.
 From giving shades to mobs I go,
 Their future shades are *shades below*.

But the most atrociously malignant article, that I have found in the News-Letter, is the following, taken, it is said, from the London Gazetteer, of September 20, but written, unquestionably, as the signature indicates, by a Boston Tory : —

In the beginning of August, a King's ship at Rhode-Island intercepted a large packet of letters designed for the rebel Army.

Three of these letters were printed by order of the Admiral. The first of these letters, addressed to General Washington, is exceedingly curious. We are informed by it that the rebels are but indifferent soldiers ; that they are very deficient in stores ; and in particular, that they had not one engineer.

Whatever the pious Mr. Benjamin Harrison, one of the Virginia delegates, may say of the intentions of Capt. Meredith, it is certain he attempted to murder Lord Dunmore, by firing at the boat, in which his Lordship escaped.

The moral and virtuous Mr. Benjamin Harrison exhibits to us a striking picture of American hypocrisy and impiety ; for, whilst he and his rebel brethren of the Congress are incessantly clamoring† * * * *
 * * * to conduct them to victory, he is at the same time *debauching* all the pretty girls in his neighborhood, on purpose to raise a squadron of whores to keep his old General warm during his winter quarters.

The second letter is from another of the rebel Congress, Mr. John Adams, a delegate from Massachusetts. He, good soul, makes his wife his confidant, and speaks with great vexation of mind of the fidgets,

† Part of a line worn off by a fold in the paper.

whims, caprices, vanity, superstition, and irritability of his brethren *the wise men of America assembled together in Congress.*

The third letter is from the same hand to Colonel Warren, President of the Massachusetts Congress. In the beginning of his letter he severely, *but justly* remarks on the weakness of Hancock, the President of the wise men; and honestly confesses that all of them are so confounded with business in which they have involved themselves, that they hardly know what they are doing, or what to do. It is, doubtless, a puzzling affair to establish a treasury without any money. As he began with criticism, he finishes in the same stile. Warren had written to him the same oddities of General Lee; to which the Braintree Lawyer replies, that the old General is a queer creature, and advises his friend to love the General's dogs.

It has become fashionable in America for the Saints to have their *procurers* and their *Dalilahs*. Whilst the General is fighting the Lord's battles in Massachusetts, his procurer, the holy Mr. Benjamin Harrison, is *fitting* pretty little Kate, his washerwoman's daughter, for the Lord's General. Even Hancock, who presides over and directs the collective wisdom and virtue of all America, travels with a VESTAL in his train. He himself can never *fit* her for the General, though pious Benjamin, the procurer-general to the Congress, may.

A BOSTON SAINT.

Richard Draper continued the sole proprietor and conductor of the News-Letter till May, 1774, and devoted it to the maintenance of the British sovereignty, and the defence of all the proceedings of the British troops in Boston. In that month, he took in John Boyle as a partner. Boyle was a native of Marblehead, and served an apprenticeship to the printing business under Green & Russell. This partnership was of short duration. Draper died on the sixth of June following. Margaret, his widow, in partnership with Boyle, carried on the business for a few months, when Boyle, finding his connection with a Tory newspaper not quite pleasant to himself nor agreeable to his friends, left the concern. His place in the firm was supplied by the admission of John Howe, as a partner, by whom the paper was con-

ducted, till the town was evacuated by the British troops, in March, 1776. With the termination of the siege, the *News-Letter* was discontinued, and never after revived. It was the only paper printed in Boston during the siege. It was published, without interruption, for a period of seventy-two years.

Before he became connected with Draper, Boyle had a printing-office of his own. He began business, as a printer and bookseller, and published a few books. When he retired from the partnership, he resumed the business of printing and bookselling, but soon after sold his printing materials, and confined himself entirely to the selling of books and stationery. He kept, from the commencement of business on his own account to the close of his life, in Marlboro'-street, a few doors north of Bromfield-street. He died in 1819.

John Howe was a native of Boston, and there served an apprenticeship to a printer. "His father was a tradesman, and kept in Marshall's-lane."* He was quite a young man, when he connected himself with the *News-Letter*. He, with his partner, Mrs. Draper, left Boston with the British troops, and went with them to Halifax, where he printed a newspaper, and was printer to the government. He also had an office of some emolument, and was connected with the colonial administration. He died about the year 1820.

Margaret Draper remained but a short time in Halifax. She went thence to England, and received a pension from the British government, and enjoyed it till her death, which happened since the beginning of the present century.

* History of Printing, vol i. 304.



THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

IN the year 1719, William Brooker was appointed Postmaster of Boston. On the 21st of December he published the first number of a paper, entitled *The Boston Gazette*, and to the title was added, “Published by Authority.” The head was decorated with two cuts, a copy of one of which is here given ; — the other was the representation of a ship under full sail. A notice on the first page, dated at the Post-Office, says, — “The publishing of this paper has been in compliance with the desires of several of the merchants and others of this town, as also at the repeated instances of those people that live remote from home, who have been prevented from having their News Paper sent them by the Post, ever since Mr. Campbell was removed from being Postmaster.” From which, it is presumed that Campbell was so angry at his removal, that he refused to supply his customers by the mails. The character and style of

Campbell's reply may be inferred from the rejoinder of Brooker, which appeared on the 11th of January : —

The good manners and caution that has been observed in writing this paper, 'twas hoped would have prevented any occasion for controversies of this kind; but finding a very particular advertisement published by Mr. Campbell in his Boston News-Letter of the 4th current, lays me under an absolute necessity of giving the following answer thereunto.

Mr. Campbell begins in saying, *The Nameless Author* — Intimating as if the not mentioning the author's name was a fault: But if he will look over the papers wrote in England, (such as the London Gazette, Postman, and other papers of reputation) he will find their authors so. As this part of his advertisement is not very material, I shall say no more thereon; but proceed to matters of more moment. Mr. Campbell seems somewhat displeased that the author says he was *removed* from being Postmaster. I do hereby declare I was the person that wrote the said Preamble, as he calls it; and think I could not have given his being *turned out* a softer epithet. And to convince him (and all mankind) that it was so, I shall give the following demonstrations of it.

Many months before John Hamilton, Esq. Deputy-Postmaster-General of North-America displaced the said Campbell, he received letters from the secretary of the Right Honorable the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, &c. that there had been several complaints made against him, and therefore the removal of him from being Postmaster was thought necessary. Mr. Hamilton for some time delayed it, 'till on the 13th of September, 1718, he appointed me to succeed him, with the same salary and other just allowances, according to the establishment of the office; and if Mr. Campbell had any other, they were both unjust and unwarrantable, and he ought not to mention them. As soon as I was put in possession of the office, Mr. Hamilton wrote a letter to the Right Honorable the Postmaster-General, acquainting him that he had removed Mr. Campbell and appointed me in his room.

Mr. Campbell goes on: saying, *I was superseded by Mr. Musgrave from England*. To make him appear also mistaken in this point: Mr. Hamilton not displacing him as soon as was expected, the Right Honorable the Postmaster-General appointed Mr. Phillip Musgrave, by their deputation dated June 27, 1718, to be their Deputy-Postmaster of Boston; and in a letter brought by him from the Right Honorable the Postmaster-General to John Hamilton, Esq. mention is made, that for the many complaints that were made against Mr. Campbell, they had thought it fit to remove him, and appoint Mr. Musgrave in his stead, who was

nominated Postmaster of Boston almost three months before I succeeded Mr. Campbell, which has obliged me to make it appear that he was either *removed, turned out, displaced, or superseded.*

The last thing I am to speak to, is, Mr. Campbell says, *it is amiss to represent that people remote have been prevented from having the News-Paper.* I do pray he will again read over my introduction, and then he will find there is no word there advanced that will admit of such an *interpretation.*

There is nothing herein contained but what is *unquestionably true*; therefore I shall take my leave of him, wishing him all *desirable success in his agreeable News-Letter*, assuring him I have neither capacity nor inclination to answer any more of his like Advertisements.

With the office of postmaster, the Boston Gazette passed into the possession of Philip Musgrave, a few weeks after its first publication. In 1726, it went into the hands of another postmaster, Thomas Lewis, and the next year, it became the property of a third postmaster, Henry Marshall. It was printed for him till his death, in 1732. John Boydell succeeded Marshall in the post-office, and kept possession of the Gazette, till he died in December, 1739. It was printed for his heirs till October, 1741, when it was purchased by Kneeland and Green, and incorporated with the New-England Weekly Journal. The publication, under the title of The Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal, was continued by them till the dissolution of their partnership, in 1752, twenty-five years after the first publication of the Journal.

A few months after the discontinuance of this paper, and the dissolution of the partnership of Kneeland & Green, Kneeland issued another paper, under the title of The Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser. The first number was published, January 3, 1753. It was printed in the quarto form, on the type that had been used for the Gazette and Journal, and was spoken of in the

opening advertisement, as a continuation of that paper. Kneeland did not put his name in the imprint till the second year of its publication, and at the end of that year, the publication ceased, on account of the provincial stamp-act, and was never revived.

Of the four postmasters, who in succession were proprietors of the *Boston Gazette*, I have obtained no information of the first three, but what is embraced in the preceding brief and barren sketch. Of the fourth, there is the following notice in the *Gazette* of December 17, 1739 : —

On Tuesday last, died here, in the forty-ninth year of his age, John Boydell, Esq. late publisher of this paper, and sometime deputy-postmaster within this and the three neighboring governments : than whom none ever lived in this province more generally esteemed and beloved, as an honest worthy man, by persons of all ranks, persuasions and parties, or was more lamented as such at his death. He first came over from England into this country in the year 1716, secretary to the late worthy Governor Shute, and register of the court of vice-admiralty for this Province, New-Hampshire, and Rhode-Island ; after which he was appointed register of the court of probate of wills, &c. for the county of Suffolk, and naval officer for the port of Boston ; all which offices he discharged with such singular diligence, integrity, and goodness, that this community never lost a more useful and valuable member, than he was in his degree and station.

While the *Gazette* was in the possession of Brooker, its first proprietor, it was printed by James Franklin. Musgrave employed Samuel Kneeland, who printed it till Marshall took possession of it. He employed Bartholomew Green, jun., as the printer, who printed it till the death of Marshall. It was then printed by Kneeland & Green for Boydell and his heirs. Bartholomew Green, jun. removed to Halifax in 1751, intending to establish a press in that place, and died there, a few weeks after his arrival, aged fifty-two years.

Samuel Kneeland, the ancient and respectable printer, whose name occurs so often in this article, was born in Boston, and served an apprenticeship with Bartholomew Green. He printed the Gazette till some time in 1727, when, on the appointment of a new postmaster, the printing of that paper passed into the hands of Bartholomew Green, jun. Kneeland then began the publication of the *New-England Weekly Journal*, on his own account, and, a few months after, formed a partnership with Timothy Green.* He then opened a bookstore, and the printing of the Journal was conducted by Green. He gave up the bookstore after a few years, and returned to the printing-house. This partnership continued about twenty-five years, when it was dissolved, and Kneeland continued the business alone with his accustomed activity. He was a long time printer to the Governor and Council, and, for several years, printed the laws and journals of the House of Representatives. He published many books on religious subjects, and some political pamphlets. He was a member of the Old South Church, and a man of great piety and benevolence. He died, December 14, 1769, aged seventy-three years, and left four sons, all of whom were printers. The *Evening Post* of December 18, in an obituary notice, says, — “He sustained the character of an upright man and a good Christian, and as such, was universally esteemed. He continued in business, till, through age and bodily infirmities, he was obliged to quit it. His funeral was very respectfully attended on Saturday evening last.”

* Son of Timothy Green, who removed from Boston to New-London, in 1752, and was the first printer in Connecticut. When the partnership of Kneeland & Green was dissolved in 1752, Green joined his father, and assumed the management of his business, at New-London.

THE NEW - ENGLAND COURANT.

THIS was the third newspaper established in Boston. The first number was published on Monday, August 17, 1721, by James Franklin. The only copies of it, that I have been able to find, — except a very few fugitive sheets, — are in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. They are all bound in one volume, and the file is far from being perfect. The first paper in the volume is No. 17, dated November 27, 1721, and the last is No. 252, published on Saturday, June 4, 1726.*

The government of the province and its principal agents, the clergy, and various individuals, were attacked in the *Courant*, by the editor and his correspondents, without much regard to public or personal character. Such attacks were replied to in the *News-Letter* and *Gazette*. The controversy with the clergy seems to have grown out of a difference of opinion respecting the practice of inoculation for the Small Pox — a prac-

* This must be the same file as that, which Mr. Thomas used in compiling his *History*. He says, vol. ii. p. 201, "I have a file of the *New England Courant* for the first two years of its publication, with the exception of the first sixteen numbers, which are wanting"

tice, which the Courant violently opposed, both by serious argument, and by ridicule. The Mathers, — father and son, — were lampooned by the writers in the Courant, in language not always the most decent, and which would not be tolerated at the present day.

The Courant, No. 17, has a string of syllogisms, of which the following are a part, “in answer to a late piece in favor of Inoculation, entitled *Several Reasons, &c.*” * These syllogisms, the writer says, “prove that inoculating the Small-Pox is a lawful and successful practice, and not only so, but a duty. Made plain and familiar to the meanest capacity, but withal so strong as to convince all gainsayers, but such as want a purge of *hellebore.*”

Argument 1. A method of preventing death, which *I have read* is used in Smyrna and Constantinople with success, is not only lawful but a duty. But *I have read* that, at Smyrna and Constantinople, inoculating the small-pox is practised with success. *Therefore,* 'Tis not only lawful but a duty to practise it.

Arg. 2. A practice that the king and prince and most eminent physicians in London and Dublin, and elsewhere, have declared their approbation of, is not only lawful but a duty. *But,* Such eminent persons have declared their approbation of inoculating the small-pox. *Therefore,* It is not only lawful but a duty, &c.

* * * * * * *

Arg. 6. A method of preventing death, which Dr. I——e M——r and his son, and several other ministers say is the *right way*, is not only lawful but a duty. *But,* Dr. I——e M——r and his son, &c. do say that inoculation is the *right way.* *Therefore,* Inoculation is not only lawful but a duty.

Arg. 7. A method of preventing death, which he who comes into, must believe, *That it is not his duty to stay till God send the sickness on him in the common way, because then it will be too late;* such a method is

* This “piece” was a pamphlet entitled “Several Reasons, proving that Inoculating or Transplanting the Small-Pox is a lawful Practice, and that it has been blessed by GOD for the saving of many a Life. By Increase Mather, D. D.”

not only lawful but a duty. *But, He who comes into the method of inoculation, must believe, That it is not his duty to stay till God send the sickness on him in the common way, because then it will be too late to seek relief. Therefore, Inoculation is both lawful and a duty.*

INFERENCES.

I. Many, who don't use inoculation, are in *bad terms* with the *sixth commandment*.

II. They who call inoculation *the work of the Devil*, &c. are guilty of a *shocking blasphemy*.

In his *Courant* of December 4, Franklin says: —

About three weeks since a certain gentleman stopt me in the street, and with an air of great displeasure attacked me with words to this effect: — *You make it your business in the paper called the Courant, to villify and abuse the Ministers of this town. There are many curses which await those that do so. The Lord will smite through the loins of them that rise up against the Levites. I would have you consider of it. I have no more to say to you.* This heinous charge and heavy curse would have been more surprising to me, if it had not come from one who is ever as groundless in his *invectives* as in his *panegyrics*. * * * But this gentleman has endeavored to make me an object of *public odium*, for no other reason than my publishing an answer to a piece in the *Gazette* of Oct. 30, wherein the greatest part of the town are represented as unaccountable liars and self-destroyers for opposing the practice of inoculation. I speak not only my own opinion in this, but that of the town in general, who were so exasperated, that, at a town-meeting soon after, they moved, that a committee might be appointed to find out the author; but the moderator telling them that he believed it was not their province to inquire into the matter, and that besides the difficulty of finding out the author, the piece was too scandalous to deserve their notice, they were persuaded to desist.

At the close of another column of his justification, Franklin says, — The *Courant* was never designed for a party paper — that Inoculators and Anti-Inoculators were welcome to speak their minds in it — that what his own sentiments are concerning inoculation can be of no consequence to any body — “But if the gentleman above-mentioned, or those influenced by him, think themselves wronged at any time, and will not be at the

pains to defend themselves, they may treat me as they please ; I shall not give myself nor the town any further trouble in my defence."

The same paper contains a letter signed "Castalio," requesting "the author of the New-England Courant" to publish "the words that were spoken to Young Franklin the Printer, Nov. 13, 1721, (of which there have been many lies raised as the manner of them is on all occasions,)" as follows:—

"*Young man*: You entertain, and no doubt you think you edify, the public with a weekly paper called the Courant. The plain design of your paper is to banter and abuse the ministers of God, and, if you can, to defeat all the good effects of their ministry on the minds of the people. You may do well to remember that it is a passage, in the blessing on the tribe of Levi, *Smite through the loins of them that rise against him, and of them that hate him*. I would have you to know that the faithful ministers of Christ in this place, are as honest and useful men as the ancient Levites were; and, if you resolve to go on in serving their great adversary as you do, you must expect the consequences."

The reason of this faithful admonition was, because the practice of supporting and publishing every week a libel, on purpose to lessen and blacken and burlesque the virtuous and principal ministers of religion in a country, and render all the services of their ministry despicable, and even detestable to the people, *is a wickedness that was never known before*, in any country, Christian, Turkish, or Pagan, on the face of the earth, and some good men are afraid it may provoke Heaven to deal with this place, in some regards, as never any place has yet been dealt withal, and a charity to this young man and his accomplices might render such a warning proper for them.

In his reply, Franklin says, the best friend he had in the world could not have done more to clear up his reputation, and he closes with the following, which he quotes from a London paper:—

Thus P——sts, by strict rules,
May be called the edge-tools,
Which the people, *poor fools*,
Are forbidden to touch:

Be a villain, a traitor,
 Affront your Creator,
 Or glory in Satire,
 It safer is, much :
 Nay, be lewd, drunk, or swear,
 Proud, covetous as they're
 You may 'scape the holy snare ;

But if a P——st once you have thoroughly vex't
 He'll stick by you closer than e'er to his text :
 You're plagued for 't in this world, and d——d in the next.

Other correspondents of the *Courant* attacked the publisher of the *Gazette* and his Cambridge correspondent ; both of them were challenged to give the names of the persons pointed at as a Hell-Fire Club, on pain of being “branded with infamy, and suffering the utmost rigor that the law could inflict.” Dr. Mather openly denounced the *Courant*, in an address to the public, published in the *Gazette* of Jan. 29, of which the following is a copy, and, as nearly as possible, a typographical transcript :—

Advice to the Publick from Dr. Increase Mather. Whereas a wicked Libel called the *New England Courant*, has represented me as one among the Supporters of it ; I do hereby declare, that altho' I had paid for two or three of them, I then, (before the last *Courant* was published) sent him word I was *extreamly offended* with it ! In special, because in one of his *Vile Courants* he insinuates, that if *the Ministers of God approve of a thing, it is a Sign it is of the Devil* ; which is a horrid thing to be related ! And altho' in one of the *Courants* it is declared, that the London Mercury Sept. 16, 1721, affirms that Great Numbers of Persons in the City and Suburbs are under the Inoculation of the Small Pox ; In his next *Courant* he asserts, that it was some *Busy Inoculator, that imposed on the Publick in saying so* ; Whereas I myself saw and read those words in the London Mercury : And he doth frequently abuse the Ministers of Religion, and many other worthy Persons in a manner, which is intolerable. For these and such like Reasons I signified to the Printer, that I would have no more of their *Wicked Courants*. I that have known what New-England was from the Beginning, cannot but be troubled to see the Degeneracy of this Place. I can well remember when the Civil

Government would have taken an effectual Course to suppress such a *Cursed Libel!* which if it be not done I am afraid that some *Awful Judgment* will come upon this Land, and the *Wrath of God* will arise, and there will be no Remedy.

I cannot but pity poor *Franklin*, who tho' but a *Young Man* it may be *Speedily* he must appear before the Judgment Seat of God, and what answer will he give for printing things so vile and abominable? And I cannot but Advise the Supporters of this Courant to consider the Consequences of being *Partakers in other Mens Sins*, and no more Countenance such a *Wicked Paper*.

To this *Franklin* made a reply in the Courant of Feb. 5, which occupies more than half of the paper. After a few introductory remarks upon the indulgence of intemperate zeal, he says:—

A furious pretended zeal, which only regards matters of opinion, has been improved against myself with a design to destroy my reputation and interest amongst those who are strangers to my person: and that this design might be the better carried on, some persons have been so *undutiful* to the Reverend Dr. Increase Mather, as to persuade him to fix his name to an advertisement in the last week's News-Letter and Gazette, wherein the mildest appellation I meet with is that of a wicked and cursed Libeller. This charge I now lie under from the oldest minister in the Country, and in order to clear myself, I shall first give an account of the first cause of the difference between us.

He then proceeds to state that a grandson of Dr. Mather (*Mather Byles*) brought him an account of the success of inoculation in London, which he said his grandfather wished to have inserted in the Courant, and that he had copied it himself from the London Mercury. *Franklin* inserted the article, but on examining the paper referred to, he found that there was an essential difference between the original and the copy. He asserted in his next paper that the article was not to be found in the London Mercury. "Here (says he) our young spark was detected in a downright falsehood, and lost his credit with Couranto." He then considers the Doc-

tor's advertisement, first observing that those who took advantage of his creditors to deceive the world, are those who now call him a cursed libeller: —

The Doctor first endeavors to clear himself of the imputation of being one among the supporters of the *Courant*, but at the same time acknowledges that he had paid me for two or three of them. He might as well have said he had paid me for many more, as to have put me to the trouble of proving it. Whether he remembers it or no, his grandson Byles, by his order desired me to set him down as a customer some time ago; but upon the appearance of a letter in the *Courant*, wherein a certain clergyman was touched upon, he dropt it as a subscriber, but sent his grandson almost every week for a considerable time to buy them; by which method he paid more for the papers, and was more a supporter of it, than if his name had been continued on the list. At length, being weary of sending, he became a subscriber again, and expressed no dislike of the paper till after Mr. Musgrave had published his grandson's Letter in the *Gazette* of Jan. 15. So that he both had and paid me for one paper after that which he so much dislikes. The truth of this I am ready to disclose upon oath against the testimony of all the men in the country — and that he has been a subscriber and supporter of the paper, the following Letter under his own hand will sufficiently prove: —

“*Mr Franklin*, I had thoughts of taking your *Courant* (upon trial) for a quarter of a year; but I shall not now. In one of your *Courants* you have said that *if the Ministers of God are for a thing, it is a sign it is from the Devil*, and have dealt very falsely about the *London Mercury*. For these and other reasons, I shall NO MORE be concerned with you.

Your well-wishing, but grieved friend,

I. MATHER.

Franklin goes on to exonerate himself from each of the Doctor's charges, in detail, and commences as follows: —

The Doctor's great age, his exemplary piety, and the consideration of his being imposed on by others, would have prevented my making any remarks on his advertisement, if my own character had not been intimately concerned in it.

I would likewise advise the enemies of the *Courant* not to publish any thing more against it, unless they are willing to have it continued. What they have already done has been resented by the Town so much

to my advantage, that above forty persons have subscribed for the Courant since the first of January, many of whom were before subscribers to the other papers: And, by one Advertisement more, the Anti-Couranters will be in great danger of adding forty more to my list before the first of March.

P. S. In a Pamphlet lately published, under color of vindicating the Ministers, I find all persons are again advised not to countenance the Courant; and those who do so are threatened with severe judgments from Heaven. I shall take notice of what concerns myself in my next, if a *profane Son of Corah*, a *Child of the Old Serpent*, &c. may be allowed to defend himself.

Agreeably to his promise, in his next paper Franklin defended himself and his correspondents against the charges in the Pamphlet, as follows: —

Renovat pristina bella.

'Tis the misfortune of many a good man, to construe all that is said against his opinion (in matters of indifference) to be against religion, which is in effect to derive it from the power and pleasure of men; and ends (in its consequences) to destroy *all* religion, and to bring men at last to *no* religion. 'Tis a sure pledge of Atheism; for let men once be condemned as irreligious for opposing only the humors of those who profess religion, they will naturally be tempted to say, *That religion is nothing but humor*. Religion derives its authority from God alone, and will not be kept up in the *consciences* of men by any human Power.

If the author of a late Pamphlet (published under pretence of vindicating the Ministers) had turned his thoughts this way, he would never have wrote a thing so much to the dishonor of God, the discredit of our holy religion and the ministers of it. But he has thrown a praise in his own face till he is blind to his own failings; and (to speak like himself) quarrels with his neighbors because they do not *look* and *think* just as he would have them. He calls myself and several others, *Profane Sons of Corah*, *Children of the Old Serpent*, *Subjects*, *daringly profane*, &c.; and without proving any thing criminal against us, *earnestly calls on his dear friends and neighbors to depart from the tents of these wicked men, lest they perish with them*.

If the Courant is indeed *notoriously prostituted to a Hellish servitude*, (as he insinuates, p. 3) then there is reason for this advice to his friends; but what he recites from No. 23, (which he takes to be the worst charge against the ministers, by distinguishing the words in black letter) will no ways prove it. The words he recites are, *Most of the ministers*

are for it, and that induces me to think it is from the Devil; but he purposely omits the latter part of the sentence, viz. For he often makes use of good men as instruments to obtrude his delusions on the world.

By this unfair way of writing, we may persuade those who are strangers to this gentleman that he often speaks blasphemy in the pulpit—as thus—I with some others go to hear him, and he mentions that place of Scripture, *The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God*—we (designing to ruin his reputation, and the success of his ministry) publish it to the world that he said, *There was no God*. But there has been nothing of this nature in the Courant, and until there is, let him reserve his cruel invectives for those who deserve them, (if such there be, which I much question,) otherwise, his warning of sinners will be *labor in vain*, and in preaching the Gospel, he will *spend his strength for naught*.

These things considered, let any one judge, whether the author of this Pamphlet has not done more towards making the ministers *despicable and detestable to their people*, than any thing in the Courant, which he calls a *scandalous libel*. I doubt not but it would grieve him to hear, that his abusing his neighbors under color of religion, has been such a stumbling-block to some, that they were even tempted to think religion to be nothing but a cheat or contrivance, imposed on the world upon politic grounds: But this I assure him I have often heard of late; and this, if any thing, will persuade me to be silent to any other pieces of this nature published against me, unless the authors first endeavor to prove what they assert, before they pronounce judgement against me as a *Castaway*, which if they had done, the Town would more easily have believed a *false and groundless report*, lately raised to my disadvantage.

It was reported by some of Franklin's opponents that his paper was "carried on by a Hell-Fire Club, with a Non-Juror at the head of them." If the Mathers did not originate the story, it seems they gave it currency. In the paper of January 22, 1722, Franklin notices this and some other attacks of his adversaries, and adds,—

These, with many other endeavors, proceeding from an arbitrary and selfish temper, have been attended with their hearty curses on the Courant and its publisher; but all to no purpose; for, as a Connecticut trader once said of his onions, *The more they are cursed, the more they grow*. Notwithstanding which, a young scribbling collegian,* who has

* Mather Byles.

just learning enough to make a fool of himself, has taken it in his head *to put a stop to this wickedness*, (as he calls it) by a letter in the last week's Gazette. Poor Boy! When your letter comes to be *seen in other countries*, (under the umbrage of authority) *what indeed will they think of New-England!* They will certainly conclude, *There is bloody fishing for nonsense at Cambridge, and sad work at the College.* The young wretch, when he calls those who wrote the several pieces in the Courant the Hell-Fire Club of Boston, and finds a godfather for them, (which, by the way, is a Hellish mockery of the ordinance of baptism, as administered by the Church of England,) and tells us, *That all the supporters of the paper will be looked upon as destroyers of the religion of the country, and enemies to the faithful ministers of it*, little thinks what a cruel reflection he throws on his reverend grandfather, who was then and for some time before, a subscriber for the paper.

* * * * *

It is a pleasure to me, that I never inserted any thing in the Courant, which charged any man, or society of men, with being guilty of the crimes, which were peculiar to the Hell-Fire Club in London, and which the devils themselves are not capable of perpetrating. And whether Mr. M——e* or his young champion know it or no 'tis looked upon as a gross reflection on the government; that they should be told of a Hell-Fire Club in Boston (in a paper *published by authority*) and not use their endeavors to discover who they are, in order to punish them.

In the same paper, one of the correspondents of the Courant addresses a letter to Musgrave, from which the following is an extract : —

To the Gazetteer.

Hall's Coffee House, Jan. 20, 1722.

Old Muss.

I am not a little concerned at the loss you weekly sustain of customers, by your encouraging a certain paper called the Courant. It seems you gave the occasion of its first appearance in this town, by publishing a *ministerial inoculation letter*, which has been a fund of good diversion for some months past. You still continue, from time to time, to afford the Couranteer opportunities of answering as agreeably. Pray, unless you go shares with Couranto, consult your own interest more. In quality of Postmaster, you have the best opportunity to excel, and

* Musgrave, the Postmaster, proprietor, and publisher of the Boston Gazette, the official paper of the government.

recommend your paper by the freshest and best intelligences, foreign and domestic : As *Authority News-Writer*, let the spare places in your paper be filled with Speeches, Addresses, Proclamations, and other public notifications : but, above all, let the seat of the Muses be sacred. May nothing that is wicked, false, dull, or childish, be said to come from our *Alma mater Cantabrigia* ; from thence we expect solid sense and bright wit.

In the same paper, in which the preceding defence was published, Franklin inserted the following account of the Hell-Fire Club, from a London paper, which he states, he had then “just received from a Gentleman, who, by his office, is obliged to make inquiry, whether any of His Majesty’s subjects here are guilty of the like horrid impieties, as has been insinuated of late by the sworn enemies of the Courant.” He hoped that its publication would do some justice to the country and conclude the quarrel, in which he was engaged : —

The Hell-Fire Club consisted of about forty persons of both sexes ; fifteen of them were said to be ladies of considerable quality. They blasphemously assumed to themselves the tremendous names of God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, St. John the Baptist, the Prophets Enoch, Elijah, Elisha, Samuel, Jeremiah, Joshua, Isaiah, the Twelve Patriarchs, Moses, Aaron, the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalen, St. Martha, King Daniel, the Twelve Apostles, and Joseph the Father of Jesus.

The parts acted by the Demi Red Dragon Club, were Beelzebub King of Hell, Old Pluto, the Old Devil, Old Æacus, the Young Devil, the Serpent, Lady Envy, Lady Malice, Proserpina Queen of Hell, the Three Fatal Sisters.

The parts acted by the Sulphur Club were Sodom and Gomorrah, Pride, Lust, Anger, Revenge, Polygamy, Incest, Adultery, Fornication, Self-Defiler, &c.

Under these distinctions did they abuse all piety, and ridicule the attributes and perfections of the Blessed Trinity, in a manner very unfit to be related.

Their chief place of rendezvous was sometimes in Conduit-street, near Hanover Square, or else at a house in Westminster, or at Somerset-House, where they erected an altar dedicated to the Devil, having

two devils on the frame thereof. They usually set round an oval table, and each having assumed such names as above-mentioned, began with an impious health to the Devil.

Four of these daring wretches were ('tis to be feared) cut off in the midst of their impieties by the hand of divine vengeance. Two of them in a debauch at Somerset-House on the Lord's day, who caused music to be played to them in time of divine service, and persons who there drunk a most blasphemous health, died the same evening, and the other soon after. A young lady, who, as 'tis said, called herself the Blessed Virgin, died in the flower of her youth. The other, a woman of distinction, died at dinner.

These impious cabals soon reached the ears of his most sacred Majesty, who, out of tender regard to the Spiritual welfare of his people, ordered his ministers of state to take proper methods to suppress such detestable practices; whereupon an order of council was issued out for that purpose.

The controversy was kept up for some weeks longer, but both parties at length seemed to be tired of the game. Franklin published two or three Dialogues between a Clergyman and a Layman, in which, of course, the Layman had the best of the argument. He published also a mock advertisement of a doctor, who could cure all sorts of disorders, and cautioned the public to beware of quacks. The fictitious doctor tells of various miraculous cures, but in a style that cannot be repeated, and calls loudly for patients that are for inoculation. There were also two or three articles written in the "Mundungian Language," said to be for the benefit of "*Harfet Coleg*," who "strive in vain, or are too lazy, to learn the *other learned tongues*."

Mr. Thomas says, — "Among the reasons which induced Franklin to publish the Courant, probably one, which was not the least considerable, was grounded on the circumstance of the publisher of the Gazette having taken the printing of it from him, and given it to another

printer. He warmly attacked Musgrave, the publisher of the Gazette, in some of the first numbers of the Courant, and endeavored to have him turned out of office." The first allusion to Musgrave, which I find in the Courant, is in Number 23, which contains a letter, signed "Lucillus," questioning him as to certain omissions of official duty in the delivery of letters, — whether he does not give people great reason to suspect his honesty, by concealing letters, which have money enclosed in them, — and "whether so many letters taken out of the office opened, ought always to be attributed to the badness of the sealing-wax." The writer thus continues the attack : —

The old proverb, *Be not a baker, if your head be made of butter*, is very applicable to yourself. We all know you have a soft head, which cannot long endure the fire of your own kindling among the people: They are resolved to use their utmost endeavors to get you removed; which if they do, your head will be in great danger of melting.

A famous title now you boast on —
 P——st-M——r of the town of B——n;
 But when your unctuous head is lost,
 You will become a MASTER-Post.
 How will you look at Cambridge Races,
 'Mongst idle fops and gaping asses?
 You, not the least of all the crew,
 Will be exposed to laughter too;
 Nay, it will frighten all beholders,
 To see your head run down your shoulders;
 Yet this will be your fatal end,
 Unless you timely do amend.
 Think of this, and quench the fire.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

There were many other communications of a similar tone, and occasionally a squib from Franklin himself,

but they probably had no effect in hastening the removal of Musgrave.

As the controversy concerning the small-pox subsided, a series of articles was begun in the *Courant*, by a writer, or writers, who adopted the style of a female and the signature of "Silence Dogood." The first two numbers give an account of the birth, parentage, education, marriage, and widowhood of Mrs. Dogood. In the third she states her object in writing these essays, and the fourth is the *Dream*, which follows : —

I fancied I was traveling over pleasant and delightful fields and meadows, and through many small country towns and villages; and, as I passed along, all places resounded with the fame of the Temple of LEARNING: Every peasant, who had wherewithal, was proposing to send one of his children at least to this famous place; and in this case most of them consulted their own purses instead of their children's capacities. So that I observed a great many, yea, the most part of those who were traveling thither, were little better than blockheads and dunces. Alas! Alas!

At length I entered upon a spacious plain, in the midst of which was erected a large and stately edifice: It was to this that a great company of youths from all parts of the country were going; so stepping in among the crowd, I passed on with them, and presently arrived at the gate.

The passage was kept by two sturdy porters, named *Riches* and *Pov-erty*, and the latter obstinately refused to give entrance to any who had not first gained the favor of the former; so that I observed many, who came even to the very gate, were obliged to travel back again as ignorant as they came, for want of the necessary qualification. However, as a spectator I gained admittance, and with the rest entered directly into the temple.

In the middle of the great hall stood a stately and magnificent throne, which was ascended by two high and difficult steps. On the top of it sat LEARNING, in awful state. She was appareled wholly in black, and surrounded almost on every side with innumerable volumes in all languages. She seemed very busily employed in writing something on half a sheet of paper, and, upon inquiry, I understood she was preparing a paper, called *The New-England Courant*. On her right hand sat *English*, with a pleasant, smiling countenance, and handsomely attired;

and on her left were seated several antique figures, with their faces veiled. I was considerably puzzled to guess who they were, until one informed me (who stood behind me) that those figures on the left hand were *Latin*, *Greek*, *Hebrew*, &c. and that they were very much reserved, and seldom or never unveiled their faces here, and then to few or none, though most of those who have in this place acquired so much learning as to distinguish them from *English*, pretended to an intimate acquaintance with them. I then enquired of him, what could be the reason why they continued veiled, in this place especially? He pointed to the foot of the throne, where I saw *Idleness*, attended with *Ignorance*, and these (he informed me) first veiled them, and will keep them so.

Now I observed the whole tribe who entered into the temple with me began to climb the throne; but the work proving troublesome and difficult to most of them, they withdrew their hands from the plough, and contented themselves to sit at the foot with Madam *Idleness* and her maid *Ignorance*, until those who were assisted by diligence and a double temper had well nigh got up the first step: But the time drawing nigh in which they could no way avoid ascending, they were fain to crave the assistance of those who had got up before them, and who, for the reward, perhaps, of a *pint of milk*, or a *piece of plumb-cake*, lent the lubbers a hand, and sat them, in the eye of the world upon a level with themselves.

The other step being in the same manner ascended, and the usual ceremonies at an end, every beetle-skull seemed well satisfied with his own portion of learning, though perhaps he were *e'en just* as ignorant as ever. And now the time of their departure being come, they marched out of doors to make room for another company, who waited for entrance: and I, having seen all that was to be seen, quitted the hall, likewise, and went to make my observations on those who were just gone out before me.

Some, I perceived, took to merchandizing, others to traveling, some to one thing, some to another, and some to nothing; and many of these, henceforth, for want of patrimony, lived as poor as church mice, being unable to dig and ashamed to beg, and to live by their wits it was impossible. But the most part of the crowd went along a large beaten path which led to a temple at the further end of the plain, called, *The Temple of Theology*. The business of those, who were employed in this temple, being laborious and painful, I wondered exceedingly to see so many go towards it; but while I was pondering this matter in my mind, I spied *Pecunia* behind a curtain, beckoning to them with her hand, which sight immediately satisfied me for whose sake it was, that a great part of them, (I will not say all) traveled that road. In this temple I

saw nothing worth mentioning, except the ambitious and fraudulent contrivances of *Plagius*, who (notwithstanding he had been severely reprehended for such practices before) was diligently transcribing some eloquent paragraphs out of Tillotson's Works, &c. to embellish his own.

Now I bethought myself in my sleep, that it was time to be at home; and, as I fancied I was traveling back thither, I reflected in my mind on the extreme folly of those parents, who, blind to their children's dullness, and insensible of the solidity of their skulls, because they think their purses can afford it, will needs send them to the Temple of Learning, where, for want of a suitable genius, they learn little more than now to carry themselves handsomely, and enter a room genteelly, (which might as well be acquired at a dancing school,) and from whence they return, after abundance of trouble and charge, as great blockheads as ever, only more proud and self-conceited.

While I was in the midst of these unpleasant reflections, *Clericus*, (who, with a book in his hand was walking under the trees) accidentally awaked me; to him I related my dream, with all its particulars, and he, without much study presently interpreted it, assuring me, *That it was a lively representation of HARVARD COLLEGE, et cetera.*

The essays of Mrs. Dogood were on various subjects, and of very unequal merit in composition. They were doubtless the work of different hands, though I think chiefly from the pen of Benjamin Franklin. Here follows an extract from No. VII. : —

There has lately appeared among us a most excellent piece of Poetry, entituled, *An Elegy upon the much lamented Death of Mrs. Mehitabell Kitel, wife of Mr. John Kitell of Salem, &c.* It may justly be said in its praise, without flattery to the author, that it is the most *extraordinary* piece, that ever was wrote in New-England. The language is so soft and easy, the expression so moving and pathetic; but, above all, the verse and numbers so charming and natural, that it is almost beyond comparison. I find no English author, ancient or modern, whose elegies may be compared with this, in respect to the elegance of style, or smoothness of rhyme; and, for the affecting part, I will leave your readers to judge, if they ever read any lines, that would sooner make them *draw their breath* and sigh, if not shed tears, than these following: —

*Come let us mourn, for we have lost a wife, a daughter, and a sister,
Who has lately taken flight, and greatly we have mist her.*

* * * * *

*Some little time before she yielded her breath,
 She said, I ne'er shall hear one sermon more on earth.
 She kist her husband some little time before she expired,
 Then leaned her head the pillow on, just out of breath and tired.*

* * * * *

I should be very much straitened for room, if I should attempt to discover even half the excellences of this Elegy, which are obvious to me. Yet I cannot omit one observation, which is, that the author has, (to his honor) invented a new species of poetry, which wants a name, and was never before known. His muse scorns to be confined to the old measures and limits, or to observe the dull rules of critics ; —

*Nor Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor
 Purcell notes to sing.*

Now 'tis pity that such an excellent piece should not be dignified with a particular name ; and, seeing it cannot justly be called either Epic, Sapphic, Lyric, or Pindaric, nor any other name yet invented, I presume it may, (in honor and remembrance of the dead) be called the *Kitellic*.

“Mrs. Dogood” continued to furnish a column or two at a time till near the close of the year 1722. The last of her essays contains some wholesome admonition concerning drunkenness, from which the following is an extract : —

I cannot pretend to account for the different effects of liquor on persons of different dispositions, who are guilty of excess in the use of it. 'Tis strange to see men of a regular conversation become rakish and profane when intoxicated with drink, and yet more surprizing to observe, that some, who appear to be the most profligate wretches when sober, become mighty religious in their cups, and will then, and at no other time address their Maker, but when they are destitute of reason, and actually affronting him. Some shrink in the melting, and others swell to such an unusual bulk in their imaginations, that they can in an instant understand all arts and sciences, by the liberal education of a little vivifying *Punch*, or a sufficient quantity of other vivifying liquor.

And as the effects of liquor are various, so are the characters given to its devourers. It argues some shame in the drunkards themselves, in that they have invented numberless words and phrases to cover their folly, whose proper significations are harmless, or have no signification at all. They are seldom known to be *drunk*, though they are very often *Boozey, Cozey, Tipsy, Fox'd, Merry, Mellow, Fuddled, Groatable, Confound-*

edly cut, See two moons, are Among the Philestines, In a very good humor, See the sun, or The sun has shone upon them; they Clip the king's English, are Almost froze, Feverish, In their attitudes, Pretty well entered, &c. In short, every day produces some new word or phrase, which might be added to the vocabulary of the tipplers; but I have chose to mention these few, because if, at any time, a man of sobriety and temperance happens to cut himself confoundedly, or is almost froze, or feverish, or accidentally sees the sun, &c. he may escape the imputation of being drunk, when his misfortune comes to be related.

The Courant of July 16, (No. 50) has the following article: —*

——— *And then, after they had anathematized and cursed a man to the Devil, and the Devil did not or would not take him, then to make the Sheriff and the Jaylor to take the Devil's leavings. Postscript to Hickeringill's Sermon on the Horrid Sin of Man-Catching, page 39.*

I can compare the following letter to nothing else but the pelting a criminal with *rotten eggs*, while he is suffering the law; and, after asking my reader's pardon, I shall offer it to them as such; at the same time desiring the writers of it to bear with patience the unwelcome news of my enlargement. And, as I never published any thing with a design to affront the Government, so I promise to proceed with the like caution, as long as I have the liberty granted me of following my business.

A Letter to Couranto from one of his most eminent friends, on the joyful news of his imprisonment.

Thrust into the Grate by an unknown Hand.

Unhappy Man,

The crimes you have been guilty of are so numerous and heinous, that we think no punishment severe enough to be inflicted on you.

* This article, as will be perceived, was written after Franklin's release from prison. The *Orders of Council*, by which he was arrested and imprisoned, are given at length in Mr. Thomas's History, vol. ii. p. 217 – 220. Mr. Thomas says: "Franklin was imprisoned four weeks in the common gaol." This is probably correct, but I find no account of his arrest in the Courant, nor is the time of his "enlargement" stated in any other place, that I can discover, than the introductory paragraph in the extract here given.

In a note to page 218, vol. ii. Mr. Thomas says, — "No. 52 has this advertisement. 'This paper (No. 52) begins the fifth quarter, and those that have not paid for THE LASH are desired to send their money, or pay it to the bearer.' " There are two rather singular mistakes in this note. It is No. 53 — not 52 — which contains the advertisement in question. But the word "lash," which Mr. Thomas has printed in capitals, is not in it. The word is *last* — and the call is to those, that have not paid for the *last* quarter. In the copy now before me, which

The manifest design of your paper is to abuse our reverend Clergy, and reproach our learned Youth, to revile the Government, and disaffect the people to the present administration, which we are sure, *any man may*, and *every man ought to* be easy under.

O Rare Couranto !

We justly triumph in your righteous fate,
 You impious wretch, that lashed both church and state,
 Father of discord, maker of division,
 Broacher of strife, and sower of sedition,
 Fomenter of contention and debate,
 And feuds in family, in church and state.
 What! such a scoundrel rascal take in hand
 To banish vice, and to reform our land,
 Boldly to reprimand our reverend seers,
 And lug our Ghostly Fathers by the ears ;
 To tax our learned Youth with want of Knowledge,
 And impudently satirize *our College* ;
 To load our pious Judges with disgrace,
 And fault our Rulers to their very face !
 Oh, scoundrel wretch ! Your vile Courant has spread
 Its poison far and wide ! No matter you were dead,
 And your Courants all burnt, that have such discord bred.
 Your scandalous defamatory libel
 Is praised and prized by some above the Bible,
 And more devoutly read ; But yet we dare aver,
 It does more hurt than famine, plague, and war.
 And do you think a jail too bad for you,
 And all the rest of your seditious crew ?
 Why do you pine so, and your speech so falter,
 You impious wretch, when you deserve a halter,
 Or, in a stinking jail to lie and rot ?
 Nor should good people pity you a jot.
 Fellow ! be easy, cease your grumbling din,
 For better men before you have been in ;
 By H—ll—b—rn Revol—on married there,
 Nor did they grumble, languish, or despair.
 Marry, good Sir ! a jail me think's too good
 For you, and others of the factious brood ;

I presume is the copy that Mr. Thomas had when he wrote, some person has made a blot on the final letter of the word, — apparently with a pen — with an intent perhaps to make the *t* resemble an *h*. But the attempt was abortive and is easily detected.

We hope to see you on a gibbet dangle,
With all the meddling crew, that come to wrangle.

In his remarks upon this *congratulatory epistle*, Franklin makes a quotation from a speech of Mr. Atstabile to the House of Lords, and concludes by saying — “It was no mitigation of my punishment, to think that better men than myself had been in prison before me. I know the late Governor Dudley was confined in the time of the Revolution; but I never could perceive that the gaol stank a whit the less for him.” *

It does not appear that these proceedings had any effect in checking the freedom, with which Franklin and his correspondents chose to comment on public men and measures. The paper of July 30th is occupied almost entirely with a chapter of *Magna Charta*, and the comments of a correspondent, intended to show the illegality of the proceedings of the government. Almost every paper, for several weeks, contained remarks that irritated, — and probably were intended to irritate, — those in authority, by raising a laugh at their expense. One of the keenest articles of this sort is the following: —

To the Author of the New-England Courant.

The following Lines were occasioned by some unusual proceedings on a certain side of the Atlantic, which may perhaps be remembered by some yet living in that country, and elsewhere; I shall therefore offer them to you without any further explanation; and remain,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DIC. BURLESQUE.

A tract of land, of vast extent,
For want of Christian Settlement,

* What Franklin was imprisoned for, does not distinctly appear. The Resolve of the Council, that “no such weekly paper be hereafter printed or published without the same be first perused and allowed by the Secretary,” was passed on the

Lay long o'errun with woods and trees,
And barbarous tribes of Salvages.

At length a mighty Prince of Europe,
Whom Providence it seems did stir up
T' enlarge his power and territories,
(If we may credit ancient stories)
Sent o'er a number of his subjects,
Some who were filled with rambling projects,
And some indeed came out of conscience,
To settle in this country long since.

Through various forms of government
They passed, till many years were spent;
But always used (to blind the people,)
To join the *State* unto the steeple;
And those who left the State i' th' lurch,
Would cry, *The danger of the Church!*
Till some o' the Clergy and the College,
Declared against the sin of knowledge;
And truly 'tis a fatal omen,
When knowledge, which belongs to no men
But to the Clergy and the Judges,
Gets in the heads of common drudges.

But time at last had brought to light
A Painter, who, in black and white,
Would every roguish face discover,
And send them all the country over;
And every face, in every town,
Had scores of knaves to call 't his own:
Whether he drew by art, or blunder'd
Each knavish face would fit a hundred:
And what betrayed the silly asses,
They could not help comparing faces.
Nay, once (where'er it was he aim'd)
He drew a face th' whole Senate claim'd;
But though they knew the face was true,
They storm'd to see 't exposed to view.

5th of July. Only one paper was issued after that date before that, in which he announces his "enlargement;" so that, if he were in prison four weeks, as Mr. Thomas states, he must have been placed there before the passage of the Resolve in Council.

Look ye! (says one) This saucy villain!
 We're all in the compass of a shilling!
 I wonder how the rascal draws us,
 And in so small a compass stows us.
 Here, Bumbo, go and call this Painter;
 We'll make him know how he durst venture
 To post us up all o'er the country.
 We ha' n't been served so all this cent'ry.

The Painter went when he was sent for,
 But knew not what it was he went for:
 And, Bumbo having oped the door,
 He entered in and scraped the floor.

A Senator, as grave as aged,
 Whose looks some punishment presaged,
 Stood up, and having scratched his head,
 Unto the Painter thus he said;—
 "We have a picture lately sent us,
 Wherein you truly represent us;
 But pray, of whom had you the draught
 To copy from?" The Painter laughed;
 But having recomposed his visage,
 Quoth he—"It ne'er was known in this age,
 For us to tell whose draughts we use
 When we your worships' heads compose:
 And since you own the draught is true,
 'Tis needless to inquire who
 It was that drew it in the first place:
 The country knows it is a just face."

A Copper-Smith, (one of the Senate)
 Stood up and cried, "But this day se'ennight,
 No mortal man knew what we acted,
 Or how our heads were then compacted:
 How then could any foreign hand
 (As by the draught we understand)
 Draw us so true at such a distance?
 It seems to me an inconsistency.
 This Painter is a saucy elf;
 I b'lieve he drew us first himself."

"It matters not by whom you were drawn,"
 Says the Painter, "since your worships are drawn

But if so great a fault it is
 To paint your worship's sacred phiz,
 Some crime (as from your hearts it passes,
 Flies out and spreads upon your faces)
 You are afraid should thus be shown,
 And to your injured country known.
 You own yourselves the draught is true,
 And yet can blame the Painter too.
 So homely dames with ragged faces,
 Lay all the fault upon their glasses."

At this the Senate grew incensed,
 And sullen looks around commenced,
 The Painter, for his sin so vile,
 Was ordered to withdraw awhile ;
 Meanwhile, to work in him repentance,
 They drew at large the following sentence :

The Sentence of the Senate.

*In the Senate, in the month of ——. WHEREAS,
 Of late appeared among us there has
 A Painter, who in factious pieces,
 Does represent our sacred faces ;
 And though his vile seditious practice,
 We own but too, too often fact is,
 His crime has on rebellion bordered ;
 And therefore, by ourselves 'tis ORDERED :
 That Bumbo shall forthwith with him go,
 And put him close into the Limbo,
 There to remain, for his transgression,
 Until the ending of this - - - - -*

The writers in the Courant frequently amused themselves and the readers of the paper with criticisms on the *elegiac poetry*, in which the press seems to have been prolific. "Hypercriticus," in the paper of November 12, says, "Of all the different species of poetry now in use, I find the *Funeral Elegy* to be the most universally admired and used in New-England. There is scarce a plough-jogger or country cobbler that has read our Psalms, and can make two lines jingle, who has not,

once in his life at least, exercised his talent in this way. Nor is there one country house in fifty, which has not its walls garnished with half a score of this sort of Poems, (if they may be so called,) which *praise the dead to the life*, and enumerate all their excellencies, gifts and graces." He then proceeds to review "Two late Elegies : " —

The first is written by the Reverend Mr. Mæstus Composuit, J. D. V. D. M. *Dorcestræ*, which is the name he commonly signs his performances of that nature with. It is an Elegy (or rather Satire) on Mr. Samuel Topliff, one of the ruling elders of the first church in Dorchester. In the former part he smartly satirizes the Church of England, cuts down Episcopacy, and entertains us with an historic account of Bishop Laud's Persecution and the settlement of New-England ; and, in the latter he plentifully burlesques the memory of the deceased. *

* * *

In Seculars had foresight good,
And well his business understood.
In civil, military stations,
Some years he served his generation ;
Then nine years in the Deaconship,
Twenty-one in the Eldership.
Able for counsel and advice,
By long experience made wise.
Could form a speech extempore
With notable dexteritie,
And bring about his argument,
To win his hearers good consent,
Obtaining guidance from above,
Knew when to stop and when to move ;
Could act, retract, sail, row, and steer,
Sheer off from rocks with prudent fear.

Having thus burlesqued the Rev. Lay Elder, he presents us with an ample muster-roll of *shining* heroes, his predecessors. And here he wisely makes choice of double rhymes, as the most agreeable by far to celebrate their immortal memory —

Bright Withington and shining Minot,
And radiant Humfrey, (names that die not,)
Rare Blake, and two choice Claps, who stood
Sin's foes, but friends to all that 's good.

This way of marshaling heroes (either living or dead) is very common with our writers of elegy. I could give many instances, had I time; but the two following shall suffice for the present. The first is taken from an Elegy on Ichabod Plaisted, Esq. and runs thus,—

Ichabod gone ! not all our glory gone ?

William, Charles, Lewis, Abraham, Elisha, Joseph, John.

The other is from an Elegy on the Rev. Mr. Holyoke.

That godly man, John Holyoke,

We are bereft of thee,

And also Deacon John Hitchcock,

Japhet Chapen, all three.

* * * * *

An eclipse of the sun happened on the 27th of November. A few weeks previous, Thomas Robie of Harvard College,* published a calculation concerning it, which probably excited considerable curiosity. One of the wits of the *Courant*, in the paper succeeding the eclipse, wrote the following : —

I will not be so impertinent as to tell the world of the great eclipse of the sun on Tuesday last. There were too many spectators there to make it now a piece of public news. The hills and turrets were crowded with gaping planet-peepers, among whom was the author of the following lines, who, to catch the first appearance, was strained on tip-toe, almost to the cracking of his ham-strings, on the snowy top of a high building, where the Spirit of Versification seized him violently, and would not leave him, till he had railed at the moon in the following manner : —

How now, proud Queen ! what dost thou, strutting here,

On Day's bright hill ? Away to your dark sphere,

And don't presume t' invade great Phœbus' right ;

To him belongs the *Day*, to you the *Night*.

* Thomas Robie, fellow of Harvard College, was graduated, A. D. 1708 ; instructed a class from 1714 to 1723 ; he then studied physic. He was eminent as a mathematician, and a handsome writer ; specimens of his scientific abilities, and his manner of composing, may be found scattered in the magazines and newspapers during twenty years of the eighteenth century ; particularly a letter to the public, concerning a very remarkable eclipse of the sun, November 27, 1722. *Eliot's Biog. Dict.*

Besides, much better does your orb appear,
 When farthest from his dazzling beams you are.
 You with the clouds have an agreement made,
 To clothe the Sun in black, the Earth with shade.
 Ha, ha! 'tis as you spite. What have we done,
 That you should rob us of *three hours' Sun*?
 If in the midst of Summer's melting heat,
 Between the Sun and us you 'ad chose a seat,
 We 'ad paid you thanks: But now to interpose,
 When we with northern blasts are almost froze,
 Is hardly fair. For this, before 'tis noon,
 You shall surrender up th' invaded throne.
 Though of the Sun the start you 'ave sily stole,
 He'll first arrive, and seize the shining goal.
 Drive on, bright King of day! pursue the race;
 Huzza! he gains upon the moon apace!
 And soon will leave her at his shining heels;
 Bless me! how nimbly roll his chariot wheels!
 The rapid steeds race up th' ethereal road,
 Rejoicingly. Stand by, you saucy Cloud;
 Let's see fair play. Come, Boreas, with your train,
 Drive each intruder off th' encumbered plain.
 'Tis done: And now they've come in open view,
 And swift as nimble Time their course pursue.
 And now th' ambitious Moon is out of sight,
 Victorious Sol, come cheer us with your light.

Here the rhyming spirit left him in the lurch; and therefore he entreats the reader to trust him for the rest, till the next visible eclipse.

On the 14th of January, Franklin published the following article:—

— In the wicked there's no vice,
 Of which the saints have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's pious in
 The one, in t'other is a sin.
 Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
 A saint should be a slave to conscience? *Hud.*

To the Author of the New-England Courant.

SIR,

It is an observation no less true than sorrowful, which some have made, that there are many persons who seem to be *more than ordinary*

religions, but yet are on several accounts worse by far than those who pretend to no religion at all.

This sort of men would fain be thought to have arrived at an elevated pitch of *sanctity*, and outstript their neighbors in the externals of religion, while (without regard to real virtue and goodness) they do put on the *outward form*, as a cloak to cover their wicked practices and designs. These, many times, have the fairest *outside* of any men. They have the blaze of a *high profession*, when perhaps they are blacker than a coal within. If we observe them in their conversation with men we shall ever find them *seemingly religious*, full of *pious expressions* and more than ordinary prone to fall into serious discourse, without any regard to the time, place or company they are in: Whereas (every thing being beautiful in its season) it must be acknowledged that such discourse is not expedient at all times. Or, if we view them in their families, we shall find them nothing but devotion and religion there. So if we observe them on the Sabbath, they are wonderful strict and zealous in the sanctification of *that*; and, it may be, are exact observers of the evening before and after it; or, trace them to the solemn assemblies, and who is there so devout and attentive as they? Nay, sometimes they discover such distorted faces, and awkward gestures, as render them ridiculous. But yet, these very men are often found to be the greatest cheats imaginable; they will *dissemble* and *lie*, *snuffle* and *whiffle*: and, if it be possible, they will overreach and defraud all who deal with them. Indeed all their fine pretences to religion are only to qualify them to act their villany the more securely: For when they have once gained a great reputation for *piety*, and are cried up by their neighbors for eminent saints, every one will be ready to trust to their honesty in any affair whatsoever; though they seldom fail to *trick* and *bite* them, as a reward for their credulity and good opinion.

This sort of saints, if they do but perform a few duties to God Almighty in a hypocritical manner, they fondly think it will serve to sanctify their villany and give them a license to cut their neighbor's throats, *i. e.* to cheat him as often as they have opportunity: And, no doubt, had they the advantage in their hands, they would, like Judas, sell their Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver, if not for half that value.

It is far worse dealing with such *religious hypocrites* than with the most *arrant knave* in the world; and if a man is *nicked* by a notorious *rogue*, it does not vex him half so much as to be cheated under pretence of religion.

Whenever these men are striking a *bargain*, or making any kind of agreement, with what abundance of *pious cant* and *pallaver* will they do

it? and all that they may have the better opportunity to cheat their neighbor; and if they can obtain any advantage of him, they will not fail to improve it to the uttermost. Thus, sometimes when they have made a firm bargain for some commodity or other, and the money to be paid on receiving it, if the buyer delay his coming for it for a day or two, and they have a prospect of getting more, they will advance ten or twenty shillings on the price, and exact it of him. Or when accounts (perhaps of laborers) are carried in to them, they will cut off a considerable part, which is as justly due as the rest. Or if they have made a bargain with any, which proves very hard, and he apply himself to them for abatement and relief, none can be obtained: The law cannot help him, and if he put it to their *conscience*, why they have *none*, or one *that is seared with hot iron*. *Don't tell me*, (they say,) *a bargain is a bargain; You should have looked to that before; I can't help it now*. Indeed it were impossible to enumerate the many tricks and artifices, which such hypocritical zealots improve, to defraud and overreach those they deal with. And though they are very sly and cunning in their wickedness, yet they are often detected: *Oportet mendacem esse memoram*. *A liar* (and they that will cheat will lie) *had need have a good memory*, lest he contradict and discover himself. And when they are found out, they never want fair words and fine pretences to excuse themselves. They will often varnish their roguery with a *text of scripture*, and allege, that if they are not prudent and provident in looking to themselves, they shall be *worse than infidels*.

But how unaccountable is it, that men who profess the Christian religion should do those things, which many Turks and Heathens would blush to mention! Certainly *a deceived heart hath turned them aside*, and they are *flattering themselves in their own eyes*, until their *iniquity is found to be hateful*. Whatever high pretences such men make, and boast of their assurances of Heaven, verily *they have neither part nor lot in that matter*; for the great St. Paul has told us, that the UNRIGHTEOUS shall not inherit the kingdom of GOD.

For my own part, when I find a man full of religious cant and pel-laver, I presently suspect him to be a knave. Religion is, indeed, the *principal thing*; but too much of it is worse than none at all. The world abounds with knaves and villains; but, of all knaves, the *religious knave* is the worst; and villainies acted under the cloak of religion are the most execrable. Moral honesty, though it will not of itself carry a man to heaven, yet I am sure there is no going thither *without it*. And however such men, of whom I have been speaking, may palliate their wickedness, they will find that *publicans and harlots will enter the kingdom of heaven before themselves*.

But, are there such men as these in THEE, O New-England! Heaven forbid there should be any: But, alas! it is to be feared the number is not small. A few such men have given cause to strangers (who have been bit by them) to complain of us greatly. *Give me an honest man (say some) for all a religious man!* A distinction which, I confess, I never heard before. The whole country suffers for the villanies of a few such wolves in sheep's clothing, and we are all represented as a pack of knaves and hypocrites for their sake.

Moreover, religion itself suffers extremely by the dishonest practices of those who profess it. Their cheating tricks have a tendency to harden such as are disaffected to religion, in their infidelity, and strengthen their prejudices against it. Why, say they, such and such religious men will *lie, cheat and defraud*, for all their high profession; and so they presently conclude, that religion itself is nothing but a *cunningly devised fable*, a trick of state invented to keep men in awe.

This is a Lamentation, and shall be for a Lamentation.

A second communication in the same paper speaks of the dangers to be apprehended from the contentions and divisions, that exist among the people, and accuses them of having "sinned *away* one of the most extensive blessings" they were ever "possessed of" — alluding to the sudden departure of Governor Shute, who, on the first day of that month, had sailed for England. A third communication refers also to the "extraordinary manner of Governor Shute's absenting himself from the government," and says it is naturally concluded, *that any Governor departing from a government with so much privacy and displeasure, can't reasonably be supposed to promote the interest of that government, when he arrives at the British Court.* The writer proposes that "two persons, born among us, of known abilities and address, be, as soon as possible, sent to the Court of Great-Britain, there to vindicate the proceedings of the Honorable House of Representatives, from time to time, since the misunderstandings that have arisen between that honorable House and Governor Shute." He concludes

with the following “ *Quere*. Whether (pursuant to the charter) the ministers of this province ought now to pray for Samuel Shute, Esq. as our immediate Governor, and, at the same time, pray for the Lieutenant-Governor as commander-in-chief? Or, Whether their praying for his *success* in his voyage, if he designs to hurt the province, (as some suppose) be not in effect to pray for our destruction? ”

The day on which these articles appeared, the following proceedings were had in the General Court : —

In Council, Jan. 14, 1722.

Whereas the paper, called the New-England Courant, of this day's date, contains many passages, in which the Holy Scriptures are perverted, and the Civil Government, Ministers, and People of this Province highly reflected on,

Ordered, That William Tailer, Samuel Sewell, and Penn Townsend, Esqrs. with such as the Honorable House of Representatives shall join, be a committee to consider and report what is proper for this Court to do thereon.

This order was sent to the House of Representatives and was concurred in. The following Report was made by the Committee, and adopted by both branches of the government : —

The Committee appointed to consider of the paper called, The New-England Courant, published Monday the fourteenth current, are *humbly of opinion* that the tendency of the said paper is to mock religion, and bring it into contempt, that the Holy Scriptures are therein profanely abused, that the revered and faithful ministers of the gospel are injuriously reflected on, His Majesty's Government affronted, and the peace and good order of His Majesty's subjects of this Province disturbed, by the said Courant; and for precaution of the like offence for the future, the Committee *humbly propose*, That James Franklin, the printer and publisher thereof, be strictly forbidden by this Court to print or publish the New-England Courant, or any other pamphlet or paper of the like nature, except it be first supervised by the Secretary of this Province; and the Justices of His Majesty's Sessions of the Peace for the County of Suffolk, at their next adjournment, be di-

rected to take sufficient bonds of the said Franklin, for Twelve Months time.

Franklin's next paper after the publication of this order contained an article, purporting to be the advice of a correspondent, and pointing out a line of conduct for him, as the publisher of a paper, that should secure him thereafter against any annoyances from the government. In reality, the piece was a satire upon the government, and all who were opposed to the *Courant*, — quite as severe as what he had before published. The *Courant* of February 11 was issued in the name of Benjamin Franklin,* who thus introduces himself to the public : —

The late publisher of this paper, finding so many inconveniences would arise by his carrying the manuscripts and public news to be supervised by the Secretary, as to render his carrying it on unprofitable, has entirely dropt the undertaking. The present publisher having received the following piece, desires the readers to accept of it as a preface to what they may hereafter meet with in this paper.

Non ego mordaci distrinxi Carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato Litera mista joco est.

Long has the Press groaned in bringing forth an hateful brood of party pamphlets, malicious scribbles, and billingsgate ribaldry. The rancor and bitterness it has unhappily infused into men's minds, and to what a degree it has soured and leavened the tempers of persons formerly esteemed some of the most sweet and affable, is too well known here to need any further proof or representation of the matter.

No generous and impartial person, then, can blame the present undertaking, which is designed purely for the diversion and merriment of the reader. Pieces of pleasantry and mirth have a secret charm in them to

* Franklin was not inclined to subject his paper to licensers of the press, and he was unwilling to stop the publication of it ; but he dared not proceed in defiance of the order of the Legislature. The Club wished for the continuance of the paper ; and a consultation on the subject was holden in Franklin's printing-house, the result of which was, that, to evade the order of the Legislature, the *New-England Courant* should, in future, be published by Benjamin Franklin, then an apprentice to James. * * * The *Courant* was published in the name of Benjamin Franklin, for more than three years ; and, probably until its publication ceased ; but it appears, from Dr. Franklin's *Life*, that he did not remain for a long time with his brother after the *Courant* began to be printed in his name.

Thomas's History of Printing, vol. 1. p. 310.

allay the heats and tumors of our spirits, and to make a man forget his restless resentments. They have a strange power in them to hush disorders of the soul, and reduce us to a serene and placid state of mind.

The main design of this weekly paper will be to entertain the town with the most comical and diverting incidents of human life, which, in so large a place as Boston, will not fail of a universal exemplification: Nor shall we be wanting to fill up these papers with a grateful interspersion of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of life.

As for the author, that is the next question. But though we profess ourselves ready to oblige the ingenious and courteous reader with most sorts of intelligence, yet here we beg a reserve. Nor will it be of any advantage either to them or to the writers, that their names should be published; and therefore in this matter we desire the favor of you to suffer us to hold our tongues: which though at this time of day it may sound like a very uncommon request, yet it proceeds from the very hearts of your humble servants.

By this time the reader perceives that more than one are engaged in the present undertaking. Yet there is one person, an inhabitant of this town of Boston, whom we honor as a doctor in the chair, or a perpetual dictator.

The society had designed to present the public with his effigies, but that the Limner, to whom he was presented for a draught of his countenance, descried (and this he is ready to offer upon oath) nineteen features in his face, more than he ever beheld in any human visage before; which so raised the price of his picture, that our master himself forbid the extravagance of coming up to it. And then, besides, the Limner objected a schism in his face, which split it from his forehead in a straight line down to his chin, in such sort, that Mr. Painter protests it is a double face, and he'll have four pounds for the portraiture. However, though his double face has spoilt us of a pretty picture, yet we all rejoiced to see Old James in our company. There is no man in Boston better qualified than Old Janus for a *Couranteer*, or, if you please, an *Observer*, being a man of such remarkable *optics* as to look two ways at once.

As for his morals, he is a cheerly Christian, as the country phrase expresses it. A man of good temper, courteous deportment, sound judgment, a mortal hater of nonsense, foppery, formality, and endless ceremony. As for his Club, they aim at no greater happiness or honor, than the public be made to know, that it is the utmost of their ambition to attend upon and do all imaginable good offices to good Old Janus the *Couranteer*, who is and always will be the reader's humble servant.

P. S. Gentle Reader, we design never to let a paper pass without a

Latin motto if we can possibly pick one up, which carries a charm in it to the vulgar, and the learned admire the pleasure of construing. We should have obliged the world with a Greek scrap or two, but the printer has no types, and therefore we entreat the candid reader not to impute the defect to our ignorance, for our doctor can say all the Greek letters by heart.

These papers were continued, with hardly any interruption, for two years, or more. Many of them are exceedingly well written, exposing the follies of the day and descanting with the utmost freedom on politics, religion, and literature. Some of the criticisms on what was then popular *poetry* abound in wit and sarcasm. To oblige the readers of the *Courant*, Old Janus, in that paper of August 26, 1723, copied the following from the *News-Letter* of the preceding week : — *

AD REGEM.

To fix the *Laws* and *Limits* of these *Colonies*,
My humble Muse to *Royal* GEORGE now flies.
Live, *Mighty King* ! all *Protestants* do pray ;
This *New World*, too, under your *feet* I lay ;
May *Peace* & *Plenty*, in your *Kingdoms* ! *Triumph* Round ;
To increase your *Grandeur* ! yet *more worlds* be found ;
And to your *Glories* ! Let there be *no bound*.

At *Boston* in *America*, the first of *August* : Spoken Extempore by *John Winthrop*, Esq ; before his Honour the Lieut Governour and in the presence of divers Gentlemen and Ladies, and several of the Clergy ; being the happy Accession of his Sacred Royal Majesty King GEORGE to the Imperial Throne of *Great Britain*.

On the publication of this one of Janus's correspondents wrote : —

To the worshipful *John Winthrop* Esq ; on his inimitable Genius to
Extempore Poetry.

Hail Bard Seraphic ! tell what generous fire
So suddenly thy genius did inspire
Ex tempore Great George to compliment,

* The typography and punctuation are here preserved.

And with him undiscovered worlds present,
 Worlds never known before, worlds old and new,
 Reserved till now to be found out by you,
 The people's customs and (the clergy's grace,)
 The fashion of their bodies and their face,
 Describe to us; and also let us know
 If they are made like us from top to toe,
 And in their faces' centre if their noses grow.
 And if as big as yOurs or if they're less,
 Ingeniously for once the truth confess,
 If there's a symmetry in all their parts,
 And if they're famous for poetic arts;
 If not, *Great Sir*, I'd have you there retire
 And with you take each member of your quire,
 There you may live in grandeur, pomp and state,
 And doubtless you'll be made a *Poet Laureat.* *hic Cecinit*
Philo Poesis Extemporarii.

In 1725, the contributions of the correspondents of Old Janus were less frequent, and their places in the Courant were supplied with selections from London papers and other popular publications. The *Life of Jonathan Wild*, the famous thief-taker, who was executed in London some time in that year, was published in the Courant, — a portion in each number, from the first of October to the end of the year.

The following communication appears, April 30, 1726; and, is the last original article to be found in the volume from which these extracts have been taken: —

To the Worshipful Master JANUS.

Cambridge, April 25, 1726.

SIR,

The poetic performances which some times bloom in your paper, not only afford a rich entertainment to those of a fine and delicate imagination, but may, by their heat and influence, call forth from the womb of some great and hidden genius some pieces of inestimable value, of which the public might otherwise have been deprived.

What advantage such pieces may have been to the author of the following translation, is beyond my power at present to determine. But

the commendation which the public hath paid to the last piece of poetry inserted in the *Courant* has encouraged me to publish this beautiful Ode ; with some assurance, that if the reception is but correspondent to the merit of the performance, it will obtain a considerable applause ; at least with those who have any acquaintance with the charms of the original.

Yours, &c.

HORACE, Ode the XVI. Lib II. *To Grosphus.*

Through all mankind impatient ardors reign,
 To live a life of ease secure from pain ;
 The sailor, on the *Ægean* billows tost,
 By gloomy clouds the Moon's fair lustre lost,
 And stars no more seen with their radiant fires
 To guide th' uncertain ship, soft rest desires.
 In feats of war, the furious Thracians skilled,
 And Medes, with whizzing deaths to win the field,
 With thirsty soul, O Grosphus ! Ease explore,
 More worth than shining beds of yellow ore,
 Or purple garments stained with Tyrian dyes
 Which gems enlighten, as the stars the skies.
 Not sums immense, which greedy avarice heaps,
 Nor honor's greedy train, which o'er the vulgar sweeps,
 Can soothe the cares which haunt a monarch's breast,
 And flying round the court his thoughts molest.
 Happy the man, the breathings of whose mind
 Are in the circle of his power confined ;
 Whose sleep no fears disturb, his life no care,
 But at his table dines on homely fare ;
 And from the sordid lust of riches free,
 From his clear thought all brooding sorrows flee.
 Condemn'd to breathe on Earth a narrow space
 We many things and mighty projects chase :
 To foreign realms, self-banished from our own,
 With anxious speed from pressing griefs we run :
 In vain our haste, while in the conscious soul
 The angry gods their killing horrors roll.
 A guilty gloom hangs hovering o'er the ships,
 And in the minds of running squadrons leaps.
 Pursuing cares bound swifter than the deer,
 Chased by the bloody hounds and trembling fear,
 On the fleet pinions of the eastern wind,
 Which veil the sun, and leave the hours behind :
 While swift as light the clouds impetuous fly,

And spread with sack-cloth all the azure sky.
With eager joy let's grasp the present hour,
And leave the future, placed beyond our power.
Let smiles with gentle breezes soothe the tide
Of swelling grief, and restless fears subside,
Since various pleasures join to make us blest,
Denied from some, we'll live upon the rest.
Achilles, though with fame immortal crowned,
Death's fatal shaft stretched prostrate on the ground :
And Tithon, who a longer age obtains,
Yet loathes a life curst with perpetual pains,
And, mad with fury, gnaws his endless chains.
Perhaps on me the smiling hours bestow
The pleasures which my friend will never know.
What though a hundred flocks your fields adorn,
And bowing heads salute the rising morn ;
Though flying steeds before your chariot spring,
And in your ears the shrieking axils ring :
Though robes twice in the Tyrian tincture laid,
Around you their majestic honors spread :
On me the Fates with partial bounty shine,
And spin the thread of life more soft and fine.
Small is my house, surrounded with the shades
Of gloomy forests and delightful glades,
Where all the Nine my ravished breast inspire
And light with flames of their poetic fire,
Here raised above the world, my lofty eyes
View the low Vulgar, and their gaze despise.

The following scraps of news and advertisements, will be sufficient to give an idea of the style in which such matters were clad, a century and a quarter ago, and with them our extracts from the *Courant* will close : —

Boston, Feb. 1. They write from Plymouth, that an extraordinary event has lately happened in that neighborhood, in which, some say, the Devil and the man of the house are very much to blame. The man, it seems, would now and then in a frolic call upon the Devil to come down the chimney ; and some little time after the last invitation, the good wife's pudding turned black in the boiling, which she attributed to the Devil's descending the chimney, and getting into the pot, upon her

husband's repeated wishes for him. Great numbers of people have been to view the pudding, and to inquire into the circumstances; and most of them agree that a sudden change must be produced by a preternatural power. But some good Housewives of a chymical turn assign a natural cause for it. However, 'tis thought, it will have this good effect upon the man that he will no more be so free with the Devil in his cups, lest his Satanic Majesty should again unluckily tumble into the pot.

Newbury, June 14. — A serpent was killed here this week, about two foot long, with two perfect heads, one at each end; in each head were two eyes and a mouth, and in each mouth a forked sting, both which he thrust out at the same time with equal fierceness. The manner of his defence was, raising up his heads about two inches from the ground; he always kept one directed towards his adversary, thrusting out both his stings at once. The lad that killed him affirmed that when he was running, if his motion was obstructed one way, he would run directly the contrary way and never turn his body. One head was something bigger than the other, and from the biggest to the other his body was somewhat taper-wise, but in a far less proportion than in common snakes. I the subscriber with several others saw the said serpent just after he was killed, and can testify to all above-written, except his motions described by the lad, who only saw him alive.

Nath. Coffin.

Boston, Aug. 10. We are advised from Eastham, that Mr. Israel Cole of that place, lately died worth 10000*l.* 2000 of which he left to four grandchildren, and 8000 to his only son of the same name, who in return for his father's extraordinary frugality in his life, and good will at his death, ordered the most magnificent interment for him that has been known in New-England; which was performed in the following manner. The corpse being inclosed in a beautiful coffin, was decently laid in a sled, and drawn to the grave by a yoke of oxen; who notwithstanding they supplied the place of porters and pall-bearers, and had neither gloves, scarves nor rings for their trouble, yet 'tis not doubted but this neglect is entirely owing to the traders in these parts, who deal in such funeral ornaments as are fit only for human bodies. The Heir attended the funeral without any thing of mourning apparel, which must be attributed to a generous scorn of the deceitful pomp and glory of hypocritical mourners, and not to any narrowness of spirit in him, whose spacious soul extends to the utmost bounds of his land, and to the very bottom of his chests.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies old Cole ; but how or why
He lived, or how he came to die,
His son and heir may but declare it,
Who's doubly blessed with father's spirit ;
And who, whene'er he comes to breathe all
His useless breath away, and leave all
To such another son and heir,
He may be thrown — but God knows where :
Perhaps in some black chymist's dark hole,
Where out of wood he extracts charcoal.

Boston, Sept. 16. Last week a Council of Churches was held at the South Part of Brantrey, to regulate the Disorders occasioned by Regular Singing in that place, Mr. Nile, the minister having suspended seven or eight of the Church for persisting in their Singing by Rule, contrary (as he apprehended) to the result of a former Council ; but by this Council the suspended Brethren are restored to Communion, their Suspension declared unjust, and the Congregation ordered to sing by Rote and by Rule alternately, for the Satisfaction of both parties.

Boston, Decemb. 9. We have advice from the South Part of Brantrey, that on Sunday the First Instant, Mr. Niles the Minister of that Place, performed the Duties of the Day at his Dwelling House, among those of his Congregation who are opposers of Regular Singing. The Regular Singers met together at the Meeting House, and sent for Mr. Niles, who refused to come unless they would first promise not to sing Regularly ; whereupon they concluded to edify themselves by the Assistance of one of the Deacons, who at their Desire prayed with them, read a Sermon, &c.

Boston, Sept. 25. They write from Marblehead, that on Monday the 15th inst. a farmer about two miles from that town, hearing a noise among his swine, run out and discovered a Bear making off the ground on his hind legs, having the good man's Sow hugged up in his fore paws. They soon dispatched the Bear, in hopes of relieving the Sow ; but it proved too late, for the Bear had broke her back, and squeezed her to death. The sow is supposed to be about 200 weight. The Bear weighed 50 pounds a quarter when dressed.

'Tis thought that not less than 20 Bears have been killed in about a week's time within two miles of Boston. Two have been killed below the Castle, as they were swimming from one island to another, and one attempted to board a boat out in the bay, but the men defended themselves so well with the boat-hook and oars, that they put out her eyes,

and then killed her. On Tuesday last, two were killed at Dorchester, one of which weighed 60 pounds a quarter. We hear from Providence that the bears appear very thick in those parts.

Boston, Oct. 23. On Tuesday last there was a general Training at Charlestown, where 6 companies of Foot and 2 Troop of Horse were mustered and exercised, much to the satisfaction of a great number of spectators, who discovered a far greater degree of the Military spirit than in our Boston Militia, particularly by one company, commonly called Charlestown Wood Men, who appeared in their regimental apparel; that is to say, their hats were all bound with white paper, and some of them had blue stockings worked with white.

Oct. 30. A lad of about 17 years of age, having lately enticed 3 children, all about 3 or 4 years of age, into by places of the town, barbarously whipt them, and ('tis thought) otherways abominably abused them, was this week accidentally discovered by one of the children as he passed along the street, and committed to Bridewell, where he confess he whipt them, but said he could not tell for what.

Feb. 26, 1726. The Lad (mentioned in one of our former papers) who barbarously whipped several children, being found guilty at our Superior Court, this week received sentence to be whipped 39 lashes at the Cart's Tail, 12 at the gallows, 13 at the head of Summer-street, and 13 below the Town-House, and to be committed to Bridewell for six months.

Boston, March 26. We are at present amused with a very odd story from Martha's Vineyard, which, however, is affirmed for a truth by some persons lately come from thence, viz. That at a certain house in Edgar Town, a plain Indian pudding being put into the pot and boiled the usual time, it came out of a blood-red color, to the great surprize of the whole family. The cause of this great alteration in the pudding is not yet known, though it has been matter of great speculation in the neighborhood.

Advertisement.

If there be any person that has imposed his surreptitious Digits or Bubonic Aphthalins, on the Globular Rotundity of an Hatt, tinctured with Nigridity, let him convey his Intelligencies to the Preconic Potentate, where the sonorous Jar of his Tintinnabular Instrument, by a tremulous Perversion of the Minute Æreal Particles, affecting the Auricular Organs, make an Impression on the Cerebral Part of his Microcosm; and he shall receive a Premeial Donation adapted to the Magnitude of the Benefit, whether the Hat has titillated his Manual nerves, or only struck the Capilliments of his Optic Nerve.

Just published, and Sold by the Printer hereof.

† HOOP-PETTICOATS Arraigned and Condemned, by the Light of Nature, and Law of God. *Price 3d.*

Advertisement. There has been preparing, and is now published, and to be sold by Samuel Gerrish, bookseller in Cornhill, Boston, A collection of PSALM TUNES in three Parts, Treble, Medias and Bass, 28 consisting of 74 lines, or common Tunes, and ten more consisting of 8 lines, or double Tunes. Printed from a Copper-Plate, most curiously and correctly engraved, and in a page fit to be bound up with the common Psalm Books. Persons may have Psalm Books with these Tunes bound, for 5s. 6d. a piece, or the Tunes single for 3s. a Set. And by the Doz. with usual and proper Abatements, and cheaper still by the 100.

It is stated by Mr. Thomas that the publication of the Courant ceased in the beginning of the year 1727. James Franklin, at a subsequent period, removed to Newport, R. I. and established a paper there, — the first in that colony.

It is presumed that none of the names of the writers for the Courant are known at the present day, except that of Benjamin Franklin, and his whole history is as familiar to most readers as household words. His autobiography is one of the most delightful narratives that the press has ever sent forth to the world. It has been re-written for various publications, and published, times almost innumerable, with additions, embellishments, and commentaries. His name has been rendered immortal by his private virtues, and his public services, and sheds a splendor around the typographic art, of which every printer makes a boast, while he feels that he is in some degree a partaker in the honor conferred on his profession by Franklin.

THE NEW-ENGLAND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

THE first number of this paper was published on Monday, March 20, 1727. The imprint was — “BOSTON : Printed by S. KNEELAND, at the Printing-House in Queen-Street, where Advertisements are taken in.” It was a half sheet of fools-cap, two pages, with two columns in a page, printed chiefly in Brevier type. The opening address of the publisher was set in Pica Italic, beginning with a four-line letter, and read thus : —

It would be needless to mention here the particular *Reasons* for Publishing this Paper; and will be sufficient to say, That the *Design* of it is, with Fidelity and Method to Entertain the Publick every *Monday* with a Collection of the most Remarkable Occurrences of *Europe*, with a particular Regard from time to time to the present Circumstances of the Publick Affairs, whether of Church or State. And to render this Paper more Acceptable to its *Readers*, immediate care will be taken (and a considerable progress is herein already made) to settle a Correspondence with the most knowing and ingenious Gentlemen in the several noted Towns in this and the Neighbour-Provinces, who may take particular Care seasonably to Collect and send what may be remarkable in their Town or Towns adjacent worthy of the Publick View; whether of Remarkable Judgments, or Singular Mercies, more private or public; Preservations & Deliverances by Sea or Land: together with some other Pieces of History of our own, &c. that may be profitable & entertaining both to the Christian and Historian. It is likewise intended to insert in this Paper a Weekly Account of the Number of Persons *Buried*, & *Baptiz'd*, in the Town of *Boston*: With several other Things that at present can only be thought of, that may be of Service to the

Publick: And special care will be taken that nothing contrary thereto shall be inserted.

Those Gentlemen therefore whether in *Town* or *Country*, who are inclined to Encourage and take this Paper, may have it left at their Houses in the Town of *Boston* or *Charlestown*, or seal'd up, Directed and Convey'd as they shall Order, giving Notice at the Printing-House in Queen-Street *Boston*.

The Price of this Paper to those that live in the *Town* will be *Sixteen Shillings* per year, and *Twenty Shillings* if Seal'd, &c. and to be paid Quarterly.

☞ This may serve as a Notification, that a Select number of Gentlemen, who have had the happiness of a liberal Education, and some of them considerably improv'd by their Travels into distant Countries; are now concerting some regular Schemes for the Entertainment of the ingenious Reader, and the Encouragement of Wit and Politeness; and may in a very short time, open upon the Public in a variety of pleasing and profitable Speculations.

This address is followed by sundry articles under the head of "Foreign Affairs," taken from the London Journal of October 15, 1726,—five months earlier than the date of the Weekly Journal. Then follows entries and clearances at the custom-houses in Philadelphia, New-York, Salem, and New-Hampshire,—an account of the annual town-meeting in Boston for the election of municipal officers,—a paragraph of news from the West-Indies,—Burials and Baptisms in the town of Boston,—entries and clearances at the Boston custom-house,—and sundry articles of intelligence, communicated, apparently, by the "knowing and ingenious gentlemen" mentioned in the introductory address. Three short advertisements fill up the remainder of the sheet. The first, a sale of household furniture at public vendue,—the second, "a convenient piece of land for a house lot"—the third,—

† *James Lubback* Chocolate-Grinder, Living near Mr. Colman's Meeting House in Boston, sells the best Chocolate by Wholesale and

Retail at the lowest Prices: He also takes in Cocoa-Nuts to grind with expedition, at six pence per pound.

This sheet was probably issued as a specimen of what the publisher intended to present to the public,—the next sheet, issued March 27, being “Number I.” and the numbers then following in regular order.

In the third number of the Journal, April 10, (which is a whole sheet of four folio pages,) is the first of a series of essays which were continued to the end of the year. There is no title to these essays. To each of them is prefixed a motto, usually taken from a Latin Poet. The introductory paper, which here follows, is not inferior in easy and quiet humor to those, in which Steele, Addison, and Mackenzie introduced themselves to the readers of the Tattler, Spectator, and Mirror:—

NO. I.

Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras.

Ovid. Met.

An ingenious Author has observed, that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure, 'till he has a tolerable notion of the Physiognomy of the Author, the Year of his Birth, and his manner of living, with several other Particulars of the like Nature, very necessary to the right understanding his Works. This Humour I find not a little remarkable in my own Countrymen, who since the Advertisement which I lately published, have been very busy in their conjectures at my Name, the place of my Abode, and my Circumstances of Life. Many have supposed me to be a certain young Gentleman, who has given the Town several beautiful Pieces of Poetry: Though others say I am lately arrived from *England*, accomplished in Mathematical Learning. I have been frequently reported to wear a Band, and as often represented as a Merchant, wrapt up in a Callimanco Night-Gown, and seated very conveniently in a Compting-House. Sometimes I have been dispatch'd to *Cambridge* under Form of a Scholar, while some have not scrupled to divest me of all these my Dignities, and clap me into the Habit of an old Almanac-Maker.

To rectify the Judgment of my Readers in this important matter, and to sooth the Curiosity of these inquisitive Gentlemen, I shall here

give them a brief Account of myself, without Prejudice or Partiality. I was born in the Year 1666, in a small Cottage at *Salem*, which is the principal Reason, as I have been apt to imagine, that People have sometimes suspected me for a Conjuror. Though when I have often examined myself in that Particular, I have thought, as far as I know of my own Heart, that I have looked like another Christian. But as this is a Case of Conscience, fitter to be decided by Divines and others skilled in those Affairs, than by me, who am but a simple Lay-man, I shall refer it to their Consideration, and at present dismiss it. However I may possibly in the course of this Work, from Time to Time, offer to the World, such Reasons as incline me to the negative side of the Question, that I am no Wizard: But that being only my own private Opinion, I shall not presume to palm it upon others.

THE most remarkable Passage of my Childhood, was, a wonderful Talent I had to imitate any thing that I saw or heard. I could grunt like a Hog, roar like a Lion, or bellow like a Bull. I was once very near being worried by a pack of rascally Dogs, who took me for a Fox, I deceived their Ears with so natural a Squeal: And I was a particular Favorite of all the Hens in the Neighborhood, I rival'd the Cock with a Crow so very exquisite & inimitable. I will add, for the Satisfaction and Emolument of my Enemies, that when I Hoot they would infallibly take me for an Owl; as also on occasion I can Bray so very advantageously, that few Asses can go beyond me.

NAY to such a Perfection am I arrived in the Art of Mimickry, that I am able not only to take any sound that I hear, but I have a Faculty of looking like any Body I think fit. There is no Person that ever I have seen but I can immediately throw all his Features into my Face, assume his air and monopolize his whole Countenance. I remember when I was a School-Boy my Master once gave me an unlucky Rap on my Pate, for a Fault committed by *Giles Horror*, whose Visage I had at that time unfortunately put on. *Esau Absent* may remember me to this day, if he be living, how his mother took me for him, when I marched off in Triumph, with a huge Lunch of Bread and Butter, that was just spread for *Esau's* Dinner. I am the more large on this part of my character, because it is in a great measure, the Ground-work of these Lucubrations, inasmuch as I intend frequently to write in Quality of an Imitator. My way of bantering a Folly shall be to represent it as in a Glass, and I shall make it Ridiculous by exposing it just as it is. If I criticise upon any incorrect Performances, my Readers must not wonder if my Criticism is incorrect; As on the other Hand, If I have occasion to commend any beautiful or sublime Production, I shall endeavor to write in the Spirit of such an Author. Tho' as to this last Point, I

must acknowledge, I am very much afraid I shall fail ! For to confess a secret which I desire may go no further, I find I can with much more Ease & Facility, tread in the Steps of a *grub-street* or *bombastick* Writer, than of one whose Compositions are finished with Purity and Eloquence. I own it is a considerable Grief to me to reflect how much more able I am to follow People in their Infirmities than in their good Examples ; and with what dexterity I can write Improbabilities and Contradictions, when I am obliged to take such pains to attain to any tolerable degree of Propriety & Exactness. This reduces my Capacity for Imitation to the uncomfortable Diminution of Apishness & Buffoonery ; so that I have often with great shame of Heart, secretly compared myself to a *Monkey*. Those who have given us accounts of the *East-Indies* tell us of a certain Bird there, which its Fellow-Inhabitants call the *Mock-Bird*. This *Gentleman in Feathers*, is remarkable for having no Note of his own, but is beholden to every Sound he hears for his Accent. The Rustling of the Leaves on the Trees, the Rilling of Brooks, the Noise of the several Beasts, the Songs of other Birds, or the Words of Men, are alike to him ; and he repeats them all with equal Nicety and Art. I cannot but look upon myself, as having a remote Affinity to that Bird, in that I can pretend to no Fund of good sense in my Mind, but must be obliged perpetually to one Author or another for Patterns to copy after, or else I must e'en be contented to hold my Tongue.

I have now finished two momentous Articles, viz. my Age & my Aspect to which I have added the Tongue of my Voice. It remains that I say something of my present Condition, and this I shall do, (as an ingenious Author whom I am now imitating has admirably expressed it) *in a very clear and concise manner*. But first I must acquaint my Readers with some former Parts of my Life, without which my History will be very imperfect and incomplete.

Know then that when I was Three Years old, I was sent to School to a Mistress, where I learned to read with great Expedition & Dispatch ; for which Reason, in my Fifth Year, I was taken away and put to a Writing-Master. In my seventh Year I could flourish a tolerable Hand, and began my Grammar. By that time I was Fourteen, I was a considerable Proficient in the Latin & Greek Languages and was admitted into *Harvard College*. I staid a member of that learned Body the usual Time, and then entered upon my Travels to *China, Japan, & Bantam*, in the latter of which I continued several Years Fellow of a Society of *Brachmans*, from whom I learned many curious Secrets, which it may be I shall in some of my subsequent Entertainments communicate to the Publick. It was in these my Peregrinations, that I used every

Week to note down, in a Book which I Provided for that Purpose, all those things that I met with, and thought worthy Remark. From which Origin my Paper derives its Title, for being so used to the Name, I could think of nothing more readily than, *The WEEKLY JOURNAL*.

I must not omit one old Stroke of my Character, which seems to be peculiar to my self; that, though I out-stripped all my *Sodales* in every other Study, I could never attain to any tolerable understanding in Arithmetick. While I was at School I remember I was not able by any methods I could make use of, to lay three Figures together, and compute what would be the Total: Unless they happen'd to be three Unites, and then I took care to bear in mind, that my Master often told me they would amount to just 3. Indeed I am at Present a better Master of numbers than so, having by many Years close Application, joyned with the Instructions and Assistances of the *Brachmans* arrived as far in that Science, as Addition of Money, which is no little consolation to me in this my declining Old Age. And as this is a Subject upon which I have of late years delighted much to dwell upon, I shall acquaint my Readers, that I am a very Rich Old Fellow, hale and fresh, in the Sixtieth Spring of my Life. In the richest Tiller of my Chest, in all humane Probability, there cannot be less than One Pound Thirteen Shillings & Seven Pence Half-Penny. This I am the more willing to make known (tho' otherwise I love to keep my own Council in these *matters of money*, ever since I once had two pence stole from me, when I unadvisedly mentioned where I had hid it.) But at present, I say, I am the more forward to tell (and indeed I love to repeat it) that I am a wealthy old Curmudgeon, because I hope the Publick will pay a suitable Deference to my Speculations when they know how rich the Author is: As well in that it will convince them that I do not write for the Lucre of Gain, (as some well express it) and as also in that money always commands Respect.

THERE is one Question more that waits for a Solution; and that is concerning my Name. But here now is the Unhappiness! I have, through the Infirmary of Old Age, entirely forgot all about it; so that Posterity must e'en be content to know that the Author of the *Weekly Journal* had a name once, tho' perhaps neither they nor I will ever be able to invent what it was. However, for the further Satisfaction of the World, I shall allow People in their Letters to me, to dignify & distinguish me by what Title they please; and if any of them should be so happy as to hit my true name, as soon as I once hear it again, I shall remember it, and I shall accordingly make use of it for the future. This Invitation I am sensible will be the Occasion of a variety of pleasant Appellations, with which my ingenious Correspondents will be

apt to shew their Parts upon me. One will address his Epistle, *To the Worthy Mr. THOMAS FOOL*. Another will compliment me with the Denomination of the *Honourable Squire NONSENSE*. I shall be saluted by a third, *These for Honest JACK BLUNDERBUSS*: While a fourth superscribes his Letter, *Humbly Present, To the Right Worshipfull Sir JAMES NUMSCULL, Knt*. But these things I shall bear with a great deal of Resignation and Patience, and shall not only pardon my humorous Correspondents of this Kind, but so long as men are thus Witty, shall not fail to give them all reasonable Encouragement.

P. S. Those Gentlemen or Ladies who will do me the Honour to write to me, and by that means contribute to the Embellishment of my Journal, are desired to direct their Letters, till I can think of my true name, (unless they are disposed to be more than ordinary Witty and Satyrical) *To PROTEUS ECHO, Esq, at Mr. Samuel Kneeland's in Queen Street, Post Paid.* E.

In his next paper the writer proceeds, agreeably to the example of his great prototypes of the Tattler and Spectator, — then in the height of their popularity, — to give an account of the members of “the Society.” The members, at a formal meeting, were ordered to put on their best countenances, and to form themselves into a semi-circle, fronting the limner, who was seated at a convenient distance, and thus sketched their portraits: —

The Person that was opposite to me, and seem'd to demand the earliest Notice, was the Honourable *Charles Gravely, Esq*; a Gentleman of most remarkable Figure and Majesty, and for that Reason has the Honour of the Chair and is every way qualified to Adorn it. He has been for many years a Merchant of considerable Eminence in the Province of *Massachusetts*, and has traded for many Thousand of Pounds in *Wit* and *Eloquence*, and all sorts of the richest *Styles* and *Figures*, that are of such use in the Commonwealth of Letters; And could never be persuaded to venture his Merchandize abroad, upon any other Bottom than that of *Good Sense*; for which Reason he has in all his Adventures succeeded to Admiration. He is of all our Society, the best acquainted with the various Humours and Passions of Mankind, and can only by the Light of the Face, very often discover the secret motions and Propensity of the Heart; so that it is sometimes very dangerous being in his Company. I was once resolved, if it were possible, to deceive him, and had by a great deal of Subtilty, spread an artificial Melancholy

over my whole Countenance, while my breast was labouring with some comical Idea (which himself was the occasion of) and ready to burst into Laughter. The Squire gave me but one half Glance from his left Eye, and discovered the Dissimulation, to my Surprize and Confusion. He seldom speaks but at the Decision of some warm and tedious Debate, at which Time he has it in his Power to Command the Affections of his little Auditory at his Pleasure. There is something so peculiar and astonishing in his Countenance, that a Lady, as it is reported, was so unfortunate as to fall into sudden Labour at the Sight of him, as he happen'd accidentally to stalk by her Window. If at any Time the Society have started some merry and ridiculous subject, and happen at his Appearance to be all upon the Grin; his Presence will in an Instant strike out every Wrinkle, and awe them into the strictest Gravity and Composure. And when we are disposed to be dull and heavy, as is too common, he can by the Magick of a certain Figure, throw us into a kind of Convulsion, and keep us upon the Titter and Shake, for the half Hour together. In short, there is no resisting his Aspect nor Eloquence.

At the right hand of Squire *Gravely*, sits Mr. *Timothy Blunt*, who lives some distance from the Town of Boston, but is, notwithstanding, very constant in his attendance at our Meetings. He is a Person of great plainness of Aspect, Speech, and Behaviour, and has such an Aversion to Bombastick-writing, that he will not allow of any thing that is Gay or Fantastical, in his House or Apparel. His Horse for its Poverty and the Length of its Tail, is admirably calculated for the *Surinam-Market*, upon which he rides to Town once every Week, and very often brings his Wallet ballanced with two Bottles of Milk, to defray his necessary Expenses. His Perriwigg has been out of the Curl, ever since the Revolution, and his Dagger and Doublet are supposed to be the rarest Pieces of Antiquity in the Country. As for his Intellectuals, they are by Reason of Age, and an unlucky stroke which he received in a certain place in his Infancy, very much out of Repair at this Time: However, he has Soul enough left him to master the whole Mathematicks; and if it had not been for this Accident, he would doubtless have stood the fairest of any of his Contempory's to have found out the *Philosopher's-Stone*.

Next follows my dear Friend and old Companion, the famous Mr. *Christopher Careless*, an Inhabitant of *Boston*, and one who has by a close and vigorous Application to Business, sunk a very plentiful Patrimony, and reduced his Fortune to a Level with his Ambition. He has of all Men living the most passionate Thirst after agreeable Society, and Conversation: And yet has the wonderful Faculty of retiring when he

is in the best of Company: For let the Society be ever so closely engaged in Pursuits of the greatest Importance, his Soul will in Spite of all the Temptations which are before him, sink down into his Body, as a Candle into the Socket, and he hears no more of the Discourse than if he was absent: And yet he is always ready with an answer to every Question which he did not hear. This Person is, notwithstanding, of singular Advantage to our Society: He dives into himself for all those Treasures of Knowledge with which he is so wonderfully furnished, and he can, when he is much provoked, fetch out of his own Mine, such excellent Maxims and Observations, as are not to be found in any other Soil. He seems to be the favourite and darling of Nature, and receives at the first Hand, all those Intellectual Blessings which others are forced to endeavour after by a long and painful Disquisition. To conclude, He is a man of great Goodness of Temper when he is well pleased, and let him be kept from strong Liquor, and there is not a more sober temperate Person in the whole Neighborhood.

One of this Association happens to be Mr. *Will. Bitterly*, a Man that trades with the Stars, and has been all his Life a Fortune-Teller. He is descended in a direct line (tho' I have forgot the number of Generations) from old *Diogenes* the Father of the *Cynicks*, and is pretty much like him in Temper & Complection. This Person has taken up a Resolution against Matrimony, by reason of several threatening Lines and Crosses in the Palms of his Hands, which he supposes portend domestic Jangles and Disasters. I have been credibly informed, that he has foretold many extraordinary Events as soon as they have come to pass, and once I remember, his warning a Company of very hopeful Stripplings, against the Danger of being fuddled, when there appeared to be no other Symptoms of the Catastrophe, than a large Bowl, very briskly sailing round the Table; What it contained, I do not pretend to determine, but that very Night according to the Prediction, they were all unhappily Cast-away, and some of them very much Damaged. There are now entered down in the Minutes of our Society several of his Prognostications of which we expect a punctual and speedy Accomplishment: And he has very lately ventured to Prophesy something that relates to this Paper, viz. That some of the finest, most elegant and sublime Pieces that may shine out in the leaves of these Lucubrations, will certainly meet with very cold and indifferent Reception, and that all the low and grovelling Performances (if there should be any) will consequently meet with universal Applause. I shall therefore calculate some of my Speculations to the taste of the Populace, and would not by any means have the Publick suppose that it is for want of Ability, that I am now and then very dull, tho' that possibly may be the very Reason.

And now comes the wonderful Mr. *Honeysuckle*, the Blossom of our Society, and the beautiful Ornament of Litterature; a Person of most extravagant Imagination, and one who lives perpetually upon Tropes and Similes. In his common Conversation, he talks in Metaphor and Hyperbole, and his very Gesture is Allegorical. He has a lofty and poetical Countenance, which perfectly Rhimes with his Genius: And his Fancy is like a wide and magnificent Room, that is hung with a confused variety of Landskips, of his own making, and his Judgment can hardly give its Approbation to any thing, that does not border upon the Sublime. He has a tall and towering Spirit, that scorns to be chain'd to the Laws of Mortality; and will very often start away in a visionary Excursion to the distant Parts of the Universe. He has contracted an intimate Acquaintance with all the Planetary Worlds, and can give a very romantick Account of the different Species of its numberless Inhabitants, Customs and Constitutions. By the Assistance of his natural & acquired Endowments, he is such a Master at Versification that one of his acquaintance has offered a considerable Wager upon his Faculty, against the great LAW, and even Dr. H ——— R himself, and tho' I dare not rise to such a Height in my Opinion of his Capacity, yet I cannot but think he deserves the next Place to these wonderful Authors. He has attained to a considerable Perfection in the Art of Painting, and has given some incontestible Proofs of his Improvement; Having obliged our Club-Room, with the Draught of a Beau, a clown and a Coquet; and in Pursuance of a late Vote of our Society, is now taking the Phisiognomy of what we call a Critick.

I might add the Character of Two Divines who sometimes do us the Honour to sit with us half an Hour, and improve us with their Excellent Conversation; But these Gentlemen are above the reach of my Pen to do them Justice. Their Lives are regular and Exemplary; their Learning Solid and Profound, and in the Pulpit, they command the Attention of their Audience with the Gracefulness of their Air, the Musick of their Voice, and the noble Majesty of their Eloquence. These Gentlemen will have no inconsiderable Hand in these Weekly Entertainments. M.

The third number of these Essays is a "Criticism upon Nonsense," which bestows some wholesome ridicule upon the false taste, that was thought to prevail among the writers of that period. One of those writers, "*Mr. George Brimstone* by Name," is thus described: —

Mr. Brimstone, as to his exterior Figure, is one of the portliest Mortals that have flourished in our World, since *Goliath* overtop'd the

Philistian Army. He is, moderately speaking, Nine Foot high, and Four in Diameter. His Voice is not unlike the Roar and Rapidity of a Torrent foaming down a Mountain, and reverberated among the neighboring Rocks. The hurry of Vociferation in which he drives along in the Heat of an Argument, imitates the Thunder of a Cart-load of Stones poured out upon a pavement. He was educated in a Ship of war, and one would imagine he learnt the Notes of his Gamut, from the various Whistlings of a Tempest thro' the Rigging of his Vessel. I was once so unadvised as to offer my Dissent from one of his Opinions; but I had better have held my Tongue: He turned upon me, and rung me such a peal of Eloquence, that had I not made off with the greatest Precipitation, would have gone near to have stun'd, and made me Deaf all my Days. Nay, I have cause to think my Hearing has been never the better for it to this Moment.

This is a short Description of his external Accomplishments; as to the Qualifications of his Mind, they will be best perceived, by a Transcript I shall here make, from an Oration he composed in *Praise of Beacon-Hill*. I must inform my Readers, that it was conceived as he stood upon the Summit of that little Mount, one Training Day, when, as he has since owned to me, the Drums and Musquets assisted his Inspiration, and augmented and deepened the Rumbling of his Periods. It begins in the following manner—

The gloriously-transcendent, and highly-exalted Precipice, from which the sonorous Accents of my Lungs resound with repeated Echoes, is so pompous, magnificent, illustrious, and loftily-towering, that, as I twirl around my arm with the artful flourish of an Orator, I seem to feel my Knuckles rebound from the blue Vault of Heaven, which just arches over my Head, I stand upon an amazing Eminence that heaves itself up, on both sides steep and stupendous! high and horrendous! The spiry Teneriffe, the unshaken Atlas, or Olympus divine and celestial, when compared to this prodigious mountain, sink to Sands, and dwindle to Atoms. It is deep-rooted in its ever-during Foundations, firm as the Earth, lasting as the Sun, immovable as the Pillars of Nature! I behold from this awful and astonishing Situation, the concave Expanse of uncreated Space, stretch itself above, and the Land and Ocean below, spreading an Infinitude of Extension all about me. But what daring Tropes and flaming Metaphors shall I select, O aspiring Beacon! to celebrate Thee with a suitable Grandeur, or lift Thee to a becoming Dignity? How does it shoot up its inconceivable Pinnacle into the superior Regions, and blend itself with the cerulian circumambient Ether! It mocks the fiercest Efforts of our most piercing Sight to reach to its impenetrable Sublimities. It looks down upon the di-

minish'd Spheres ; the fixt Stars twinkle at an immeasurable Distance beneath it, while the Planets roll away unperceived, in a vast, a fathomless Profound ! * * * *

The writer proceeds to give an account of Mr. Brimstone's Poem on Love, addressed to his Mistress, in which, in fifty-six lines, there were three *Celestials*, eight *Immortals*, eleven *Unboundeds*, six *Everlastings*, four *Eternities*, and thirteen *Infinities* ; besides *Bellowings*, *Ravings*, *Yellings*, *Horrors*, *Terribles*, *Rackets*, *Hubbubs*, and *Clutterings*, without number. But the gentleman's Poetical Description of a Game at Push Pin, was considered his master-piece. This poem began thus : —

Rage, fire and fury in my bosom roll,
And all the gods rush headlong on my soul.

The pins are likened to two comets, enlightening the boundless deserts of the skies with a bloody glare ; and their first encounter was as if the two continents came in contact and produced a direful concussion in the midst of the briny Atlantic. The poem concluded with the following Lines : —

The Bars of Brass, harsh-crashing, loud resound,
And jarring Discords rend th' astonish'd ground.
So when aloft dire Hurricanes arise,
And with horrendouns shatterings burst the skies,
Dread ghastly Terrors drive along in crowds,
And hideous Thunder howls amongst the Clouds ;
Eternal Whirlwinds on the Ocean roar,
Infinite Earthquakes rock the bounding shore.

Most of the human passions, virtues and vices, are subjects of discussion in the following numbers, treated with becoming earnestness ; the more harmless follies of the day are touched with the pencil of levity. It is said that these essays were written by three different persons,

but it is not possible now to identify the several writers. Judge Danforth, the Rev. Mather Byles, and the Rev. Thomas Prince, were undoubtedly contributors to the Journal. Tradition affirms that most of the poetical contributions were from the pen of Dr. Byles. The thirty-first number was written soon after *the great Earthquake*. Fear is the subject of discussion, and the writer attempts to show that "Fear always rises in proportion to the worth and excellence of what it is probable we shall part with;" and as nothing is more dear than life, it is thence concluded that the terror inspired by the earthquake was a natural emotion: —

When the Earth rumbles under us, and begins to wave and quiver, where shall we run for Refuge and Safety? To our Habitations? They feel the same trembling and convulsion with the Earth. Shall we run out into our Streets? The Earth may gape under, or our Houses tumble over us. If we ascend the tops of Hills, the Earthquake is there, and the *Mountains skip and leap like Lambs*; either that part under our Feet may open and so ingulph us, or the whole of them may sink down till their Tops are lower than the Valleys which before lay at their feet. If we imagine to fly to the Waters, Flames may belch out of the Sea and make a speedy consumption of us, or our Foundation may fail us before we can get thither. So that, upon all accounts, an Earthquake leaves us the least Security of our Lives of any one temporal Judgment. If an Earthquake be caus'd by imprison'd Wind, which wanting Vent, rushes with a bellowing Roar under the Earth, and heaves up the Ground into Trembles, it must give us an amazing Horror to think this Subterranean Vapour must break out somewhere or other, and that we don't know but it may rush out under our Feet, and bury us all in one prodigious Chasm. If it be caused by Fires, which burn under us, and run in Rivers of Flame, which threaten to blaze out in the most dreadful Eruptions; it must fearfully surprize to think how the outward Convex Earth which is our present Foundation, is only an Arch, which as it were hangs over a fiery Sea; and that if it should once cave in, we should fall into a Boiling and Sulphurous Lake.

It is the Sentiment of the best modern Philosophers, that the Earth is continually sapt and undermined by Fire; and its Vitals burnt with

an hectic Fever, so that it is gradually preparing for the final Conflagration, when its extreme Surface will at last share the Fate that is now suffered by its Entrails. Doubtless those burning Mountains which throw out of their Caverns perpetual Flames and Cinder, and sometimes vomit Rivers of melted materials, have numerous Sources from all parts of this Globe, which still supply them with fresh and eternal Recruits. So that an Earthquake must needs give us some natural Expectation and Image of those last tremendous Convulsions when this large and spacious Arch which is stretch'd over the Hollow that is under it, shall descend down with a mighty noise, and the Waves of Fire breaking out, shall boil over it.

This essay closes with the following Hymn : —

The GOD of Tempest.

I.

Thy dreadful Pow'r, Almighty GOD
Thy Works to speak conspire ;
This Earth declares thy Fame abroad,
With Water, Air, and Fire.

II.

At thy Command in glaring Streaks,
The ruddy Lightning flies ;
Loud Thunder the Creation shakes,
And rapid Tempests rise.

III.

The gathering Glooms obscure the Day,
And shed a solemn Night ;
And now the heav'nly Engines play,
And shoot devouring Light.

IV.

Th' attending Sea thy will performs,
Waves tumble to the shore,
And toss and foam amid the Storms,
And dash, and rage, and roar.

V.

The Earth and all her trembling Hills
Thy marching Footsteps own :
A shud'ring Fear her Entrails fills,
Her hideous Caverns groan.

VI.

My GOD, when Terrors thickest throng, —
Thro' all the mighty space,

And rattling Thunders roar along,
And bloody Lightnings blaze :

VII.

When wild Confusion wrecks the Air,
And Tempests rend the Skies,
Whilst blended Ruin, Clouds, and Fire
In harsh disorder rise ;

VIII.

Amid the Hurricane I 'll stand,
And strike a tuneful Song ;
My Harp all-trembling in my hand,
And all inspir'd my Tongue.

IX.

I 'll shout aloud, Ye Thunders ! roll,
And shake the sullen Sky ;
Your sounding Voice from Pole to Pole
In angry murmurs try.

X.

Thou Sun ! retire, refuse thy Light,
And let thy Beams decay :
Ye Lightnings ! flash along the Night,
And dart a dreadful Day.

XI.

Let the Earth totter on her Base,
Clouds Heav'n's wide Arch deform ;
Blow, all ye Winds, from ev'ry place,
And breathe the final Storm.

XII.

O JESUS, haste the Glorious Day,
When thou shalt come in Flame,
And burn the Earth, and waste the Sea,
And break all Nature's Frame.

XIII.

Come quickly, *Blessed Hope* ! appear,
Bid thy swift Chariot fly ;
Let Angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

XIV.

Around thy wheels, in the glad Throng,
I 'd bear a joyful part ;

All Hallelujah on my Tongue,
All Rapture in my Heart.

Six stanzas of this poem are introduced by Dr. Belknap into his collection of "Sacred Poetry," and are there attributed to Dr. Byles as the author.

There is one Poem inserted among these papers which is announced as the production of "Mr. Byles." It is "on the Death of King George I., and Accession of King George II." It is a pretty good specimen of the style of "Mr. Brimstone," which had been ridiculed in a previous paper. After a column of most extravagant personal compliment, and inflated description of the condition of England under the reign of the first George, the Poet exclaims —

But Oh ! at once the heav'nly scenes decay,
And all the gaudy visions fade away ;
He dies — my muse, the dismal sound forbear ;
In ev'ry eye debates the falling tear ;
A thousand passions o'er my bosom roll,
Swell in my heart, and shock my inmost soul :
He dies — Let nature own the direful blow,
Sigh, all ye winds ; with tears ye rivers flow ;
Let the wide ocean, loud in anguish, roar ;
And tides of grief pour plenteous on the shore ;
No more the spring shall bloom or morning rise,
But night eternal wrap the sable skies.

Yet the spring *did* bloom, and the morning *did* rise ;
for the Poet, after a transition of six lines declares,
"The *first* revives within the *second* George," and adds —

Ev'n our far shores confess the high delight,
Where the faint sun rolls down the golden light ;
The daring billows leap along the main,
Proud of the extent of George's happy reign ;
Applauding thunders shake the air around,
Waves shout to waves, and rocks to rocks resound ;

Each human breast glows with resistless fire,
And ev'ry Angel strikes his sounding lyre.

O live, auspicious Prince, live radiant Queen,
Long let your influence gild the glorious scene,
And your fair Offspring, form'd for high command,
Flourish, ye blooming Honours of the land :
But when from the dim courts below you fly,
To the bright regions of the upper sky,
Where trees of life by living riv'lets teem
Wave their tall heads, and paint the running stream
May round your heads crowns flash, celestial, bright, *

In another essay, (No. xxxiii.) there is a paraphrase of the Hundred and Fourth Psalm, in heroic verse, which is rather dull and prosaic, though the versification is smoothe and not ungraceful. The following are the concluding lines : —

Joyful, my GOD, my pious Song I'll raise,
Whilst vital Spirits down their circling maze.
To thee I'll sing, till to the Realms of Light
My Soul with winged speed directs her flight.
There shall my Raptures no deception know,
But to duration's endless Ages glow.
Mean time my GOD shall every Thought employ,
My sorrow sweeten, and inspire my joy.
Whilst on the Wicked His Almighty ire
Shall rain a deluge of consuming fire ;
My Soul thy Name with inmost ardour bless,
You num'rous Worlds your grateful Songs express !

Several of these essays were republished in 1807 and 1808, in the EMERALD, a literary paper, published in Boston. In placing the first number before the readers of the Emerald, the editor said, — “ If the appetites of general readers be not entirely vitiated by the literary whip-syllabub, which is served up in the trash publications of the present time, they must relish the solid fare, on which our ancestors regaled.” In a subsequent pa-

* Three lines are here nearly obliterated from the Journal.

per, the editor remarked of these essays — “They appear to have been extremely popular, when first published, and we should be proud, at this day, of being, in the least degree, instrumental *in arresting their flight to the gulph of oblivion*. They carry internal evidence to prove themselves the production of some well bred scholar, whether of Oxford or Cambridge is of little moment. Some of them are not inferior to the numbers of the Spectator; and their writer seems to follow, and not *sub longo intervallo*, the footsteps of ADDISON. *
* * * The extensive familiarity with classical literature, which these productions discover, is perhaps such as to render it highly probable, that they originated with some English gentleman of education, then resident here. The diction is pure, the humor chaste, and the morality sound.”

In the seventy-first number of the Journal there is a “Congratulatory Poem,” addressed to Governor Burnet, who had then just taken possession of the government of Massachusetts, by appointment from the king of Great-Britain. It is highly charged with adulation, and contains more flattery than poetry. For example, —

But now, O Massachusetts, now rejoice !
And Thou, blest Boston, lift thy cheerful Voice !
For he, who long before had fill'd our Hearts,
Now to our longing Eyes Himself imparts :
He, he is come to be our Country's Prop ;
Greater than Fame, and better far than Hope.

* * * * *

While tender Infants smile to see his Face,
The Aged gravely celebrate his Praise.
Transports and Joys shine in each Face confest,
While Expectation fills each heaving Breast.
But while Priest, Senate, and the Throng express
United Joy, great Sir, can we do less ?

From Castle William then a welcome take :
 'Tis giv'n ! — what Noise our thundring Cannons make !
 'Tis nought ! — For should we forth our Raptures sing,
 Wide round the World the vast Report would ring.

The readers of the History of Massachusetts, will not need to be informed that Governor Burnet did not quite accomplish all the anticipations of the Poet. He began his administration by quarreling with the Representatives of the People, and closed it at his death, with no testimonials of their love or respect. The poem was undoubtedly written by Dr. Byles.

In January, 1729, — the third year of its existence, — the Journal was supplied with another series of original essays, which extended to eighteen numbers. Mr. Thomas says, they “were supposed by some to have been principally composed by Governor Burnet ; as they began the January after his arrival at Boston, and ceased a few weeks before his death.” These essays are written in a good style, and may properly claim the character of “moral and entertaining,” but they want the attractive sprightliness that gave popularity to those of Proteus Echo.

About the close of the year 1741, this paper was incorporated with the Boston Gazette, and published by Kneeland & Green, under the title of the “Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal.” The publication was discontinued in 1752, — twenty-five years after the first publication of the Journal.*

In the Journal of January 8, 1728, is the following account of the celebration of the king's birth-day at Bath, England : —

At four o'clock in the morning the Bells struck out, a Bonfire was

* See p. 46.

lighted, and a whole Ox set a roasting, with a Quantity of Liquor, and Huzza's to His Majesty's Health: At 6 the Drums beat the Young Gentlemen Volunteers to arms; by 8 one Hundred and Sixty assembled themselves together at the Colonel's House; by 10 they were ready to march, but first every man drank a Glass of Brandy to his Majesty's Health; the officers were extremely rich in their Apparel, Velvet, Embroidery, Gold and Silver Lace; the men with fine Caps, Cockades, Holland Shirts, Silver and Gold Ribbons, Shoulder-Knots, fine Scarlet Cloth Breeches richly laid, white Stockings, red Tops to their Shoes; the Slings to their Pieces had this Motto, God save King George the Second: By 12 they marched through the best part of the Town, with two Sword-Bearers, a Sett of Morris-Dancers, and Martial Musick before them; then came to the Market-Place, where they drew up in order for Fire; Wine was brought, and every Officer charg'd his Glass; the King, Queen and Royal Family went round distinct, with a Volley at each health; the Glasses were thrown over their Heads, and in other Parts of the Town they did the same; then Captain Goulding repeated this Verse *Ex tempore*:

*In spite of Legions of Infernal Devils below,
To ye Powers above, Supream Divine,
Let George in the Center our Standard be,
And his Queen the Great Caroline.*

One Colonel Edward Collins that keeps the White Hart Inn, & Capt. Thomas Goulding Jeweller in the Walks, Capt James Warriner Bookseller in the Walks, Lieut. Collins Wallen, Draper in the Church-Yard, Lieut. Taylor Sword-Cutler in the Church-Yard, and three more young Gentlemen of the Town-Officers, which makes 8 in number, that gave the Ox and all the Charges thereto: They drew to the Beef when roasting, with Handfuls of Silver each Officer, and obliged the Cook to stuff it into the Shoulders and Neck; and Capt. Goulding, Jeweller, stuffed above an Hundred true Stones into the Buttocks of the Ox, several Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, Garnets, Amethysts and Topasses. At two the Ox was ready brought to the Table, put into a Dish 12 Foot long and 6 wide, made on purpose: They din'd in the public Market-House; but the Stuffing made the Mob so furious that they flung themselves over the Heads of the Officers, into the Dish, and stood over their Shoes in Gravy, and one was stuff'd into the Belly of the Ox, and almost stifled with Heat and Fat; the Grease flew about to that Degree, which made the Officers quit the Table, or all their Cloaths must have been spoil'd; they stopt and look'd on their Proceedings till Three, then they all march'd to the Colonel's, and staid till Four; they went out again on their Procession; at Five the Candles

began to light; at 6 the Town was illuminated; they beat into the Colonel's Quarters near Seven, with Huzzas, *King George for Ever!* where there was great Quantities of Wine and Beer drank to his Majesty's Health, and all his loving Subjects in his extended Dominions; at Eleven the Drums beat *Go to Bed Tom*, and all departed in Peace after Pleasure.

Of the Rev. Mather Byles, one of the most prolific writers for the Journal, the history is generally known. He was born in Boston, March 26, 1706. His father was an English emigrant, and died soon after the birth of the son. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Increase Mather. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1725, and was ordained pastor of the church in Hollis-street, Boston, December 20, 1733. He was strongly attached to the royal government, at the beginning of the Revolution, on which account he was separated from his pastoral charge, in 1776. In May, 1777, he was formally denounced, in town-meeting, as a Tory, and was obliged to enter into bonds to appear at a public trial. He was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to confinement on board a guard-ship, and, with his family, to be sent to England; but this sentence, — at least, the latter part of it, — was not executed. He died in 1783, of a paralysis, which had afflicted him for some years. He made great pretensions to the character of a wit, and almost innumerable puns have been attributed to him. His literary talents gained him some reputation in England. That he understood the arts of flattery is evident from the following letter: —

TO MR. ALEXANDER POPE.

New-England, Boston, Oct. 7, 1727.

Sir,

You are doubtless wondering at the novelty of an epistle from the remote shores where this dates its origin; as well as from so obscure a hand as that which subscribes it. But what corner of the earth so

secret, as not to have heard the fame of Mr. Pope? Or who so retired as not to be acquainted with his admirable compositions, or so stupid as not to be ravished with them?

Fame, after a man is dead, has been by some ingenious writers compared to an applause in some distant region. If this be a just similitude, you may take the pleasure of an admired name in America, and of spreading a transport over the face of a New World: By which you may, in some measure, imagine the renown, in which your name will flourish many ages to come, and anticipate a thousand years of futurity.

To let you see a little of the reputation which you bear in these unknown climates, and the improvements we are making under your auspicious influences, in the polite studies of the Muses, I transmit to you the enclosed Poems: Assuring myself, though not of the approbation of your judgement, yet of the excuse and lenity of that candor which is for ever inseparable from a great genius. But notwithstanding all these representations of your goodness, which my imagination is able to form, I find it very difficult to suppress the struggle of passions which swells my breast, while I am writing a letter to so great a man. I am at once urged by a generous ambition to be known to you; and forbid by a trembling consciousness of my own unworthiness and obscurity. Prompted by desire, flushed with hope, or appalled with concern, I add to the incorrectness which I would now most of all wish to escape. In short, Sir, when I approach you it is with a real awe and reverence, like that, which you have so humorously described in the *Guardian* upon dedications.

How often have I been soothed and charmed with the ever blooming landscapes of your *Windsor Forest*? And how does my very soul melt away, at the soft complaint of the languishing *Eloisa*? How frequently has the *Rape of the Lock* commanded the various passions of my mind: Provoked laughter; breathed a tranquillity; or inspired a transport! And how often have I been raised, and borne away by the resistless fire of the *Iliad*, as it glows in your immortal translation!

Permit me, Sir, to conclude my letter with asking the favor of a few lines from the hand which has blest the world with such divine productions. If you thus honor me, assure yourself the joys you will produce in me, will be inferior to none but the poetic rapture of your own breast. Perhaps you will be disposed to write, when I confess, that I have a more superstitious ardor to see a word written by your pen, than ever Tom Folio in the *Tatler*, to see a simile of Virgil with that advantage.

I am, Sir, your great admirer, and
most obedient humble Servant,

MATHER BYLES.

To this letter, Pope wrote an answer, composed in terms of extravagant compliment, which Byles was fond of exhibiting on every practicable occasion. Among other ironical expressions, Pope said, it had been long supposed that the Muses had deserted the British empire, but the reception of this book of Poems had relieved him of his sorrow, for it was evident they had only emigrated to the colonies.*

The Rev. Thomas Prince is supposed to have been a contributor to the Journal, and to have given efficient aid to the publisher by enlightened and friendly counsel. This gentleman was a native of Middleborough, in the county of Plymouth. He was a graduate of Harvard College. Having spent several years in traveling in Europe, he arrived in Boston, in 1717, and was, the next year, ordained pastor of the Old South Church. He published a great number of sermons and tracts, but is now chiefly known by his Chronological History of New-England, — a work of great value, as far as it was completed, which was brought down only to 1633. He was an ardent friend and zealous supporter of the Rev. George Whitefield. He died October 22, 1758, in the seventy-second year of his age.

* This anecdote I had from the Rev. John Eliot, D. D.

THE WEEKLY REHEARSAL.

THIS was the fifth newspaper established in Boston. The first number of it was published on Monday, September 27, 1731, "by J. Draper, for the author."* Its author was JEREMY [or Jeremiah] GRIDLEY, a young man of fine literary acquirements. "For the first six weeks, mottoes in Latin, from the classics, were inserted after the title," and every succeeding paper had a new motto. "For the first six months, with very few exceptions, a moral or entertaining essay was weekly published, which usually filled more than half the paper."† These were mostly original, and were supposed to be the productions of Gridley alone. The following modest introductory article fills the entire first page of the first paper: —

There is nothing of greater disservice to any writer, than to appear in public under too forward and sanguine an expectation: For either he must elevate himself to the fondness of his reader's fancy, or both of them are respectively dissatisfied, — the reader by a disappointment, and the writer by a cold reception. To prevent therefore any incon-

* In most of the newspapers printed in the early part of the last century, the word "author" was used to designate the *editor* or publisher. All communications are addressed "To the author of the *Courant*," — "To the author of the *Rehearsal*," &c.

† Thomas's *History of Printing*.

venience of this nature, I shall here enter into the design of the present undertaking, and delineate the idea I would have every reader conceive of it.

As to the reasons that have engaged me in it, several I find have been assigned, all which I leave in the same uncertainty and suspense, since there is no necessity of declaring upon motives, where the production is to be useful or entertaining. And to be so as far as possible is the professed intention of this paper; an intention that takes in a wide extent and variety of subjects. For what is there either in Art, or Nature, or History, not to be accommodated in this view? The minutest things, when set in a due light, and represented in apt words, will divert, and the greatest are entertaining of themselves. The nature of this design then is confined to no particular argument, and in fact will be circumscribed by nothing but discretion, duty, and good manners. These are the fences and boundaries I would think myself obliged never to transgress; for however uneasy a dissolute and licentious pen might be under these limitations, yet without them there is certainly no real pleasure in any action of life, and with them there is room for the widest range of thought, and the freest excursions of fancy. Room enough, every one will be ready to admit, but where shall we find the powers to traverse and cultivate it? Where the man equal to it? This is a hard, unnecessary question. I need not go very far to say where he is not, neither is there any need of proceeding farther to show where he is. For without any pretensions to genius, or universal capacity, an indifferent hand may be allowed, once in seven days, to publish a Rehearsal, and perhaps to entertain. A Rehearsal, what can we suppose it, but in the general course to be derivative? and what an infinity of sources have we to derive from? The ancient are yet living, and many of these later ages will forever live with them. They are too pure to displease, too numerous to fail us. And is it impossible for an industrious hand to give them a different course? May he not be useful to the public, by directing them where they will be valued, and where otherwise perhaps they would not have been enjoyed? This is all the vanity that can be imputed to the publisher of a Rehearsal; for as the paper takes its name, the readers should form their opinion from the general design. I am well aware of the exceeding and almost insuperable difficulty of being an original in this knowing and polite age; for besides the fertile comprehensive genius that Nature must bestow, how many other qualities are requisite to form a good and just writer? Easiness of mind and a competent fortune are indispensably necessary; for how can wit and humor be employed by a man in want? How can the arrangement of ideas be attended to by

him whose affairs are in confusion ? Travel and the most refined conversation are to be added to these accomplishments : And beyond these, it were easy to select *many others*, that enter the character of an original author, and discountenance those who want them from any pretences to it. I would therefore decline this path, and presume no farther than Mr. Locke has suggested every man may, without any the least imputation of vanity. "Since no one (says that great author) sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same things, according to our different positions to it,—it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things, which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of, if they come into his mind." These views and attributes we apprehend things in, are infinitely diversified by the particular circumstances of persons. And there is, I am persuaded, scarce any man of the least observation and remark, who has not been entertained with appropriate cast of thought, and turn of humor, even where he least expected it. Should I ever, therefore, even venture beyond the limits of a *Rehearsal*, this would be my plea and vindication : and should I fail in the attempt, what a great pleasure and obligation would it be, for some of my better readers to imitate the example of the Oxford scholar, who, although he had acquired an excellent hand at music, yet afterwards, falling into melancholy, grew averse to it, and would not be prevailed upon by his friends to touch it. They had but one way to excite him, and that, for some unskillful hand to take his violin and scrape upon it. He would then immediately snatch it from him, and in a kind of resentment, give it the utmost elegance of sound and harmony.

What has been hitherto said, considers this paper only in the essay kind and a speculative view ; which is but one half the design. For it is intended to be a narrative of whatever shall occur in Commerce in the Civil or Learned World, as far as it deserves our attention, and comes within notice. It will be the endeavor of the publisher to procure the best intelligence, and to digest it in the most suitable method. He would aim to give this sheet all the variety and aspects it is capable of receiving ; for, upon looking over a list of the subscribers, he finds names of every quality, and presumes there are tastes of every degree to be pleased. He owns himself under indelible obligations to the gentlemen that have advanced and favored the design, and would not question their continuance, till it deserves their disesteem, and becomes an opiate, by having too great an infusion of the poppy.

Some of the essays in the succeeding numbers of the *Rehearsal* are written with ease and sprightliness, and

are good specimens of the kind of writing that was made popular by the influence of the *Tattler*, *Guardian*, and *Spectator*. It is not, however, always easy to distinguish the original pieces from those that are selected. Many of them bear so near a resemblance in style and structure to those of Steele and Addison, as to lead the reader, at first view, to think he has seen them before. Here is a part of a paper on the prevailing fashions, which seemed familiar to the ear when first read, but I am not able to decide upon its originality : —

The love of novelty is the parent of Fashion, and as the fancy sickens with one image, it longs for another. This is the cause of the continued revolutions of habit and behavior, and why we are so industrious in pursuing the change. This makes Fashion so universally followed, and is the true reason why the awkwardest people are as fond of this folly as the genteeldest, who give a grace to every thing they wear. . . . 'Tis plain that every novelty is not beauty, and that it requires great elegance of taste and truth of judgement to determine the modes of dress; that every one should consult the particular turn of their own manner in their choice, and be well convinced of its propriety before they ventured to set the world an example. But, as this is very seldom found, I shall content myself with recommending it only, and make the present entertainment a mere *register* of the fashions that are, by turns, in vogue, with a hint or two at the characters of the inventers.

I shall not busy myself with the ladies' shoes and stockings at all; but I can't so easily pass over the *Hoop*, when 'tis in my way, and therefore I must beg pardon of my fair readers, if I begin my attack here. 'Tis now some years since this remarkable fashion made a figure in the world, and from its first beginning divided the public opinion as to its convenience and beauty. For my part, I was always willing to indulge it, under some restrictions: that is to say, if 'tis not a rival to the dome of St. Paul's, to incumber the way, or a tub for the residence of a new Diogenes: if it does not eclipse too much beauty above, or discover too much below. In short, I am for living in peace, and I am afraid a fine lady, with too much liberty in this particular, would render my own imagination an enemy to my repose.

* * * * *

The *Farthingale*, according to several paintings, and even history

itself, is as old as Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory, though 'tis impossible it had its original in the same manner with the Hoop and was worn as universally; but the prudes of our days revived it in stark opposition to that fashion, and boasted that while they were in that circle they were secure from temptation; nay some of them have presumed to say it gave them all the chastity of that heroic Princess, who died as she had lived, a Virgin, after so many years of trial.

The *Stay* is a part of modern dress that I have an invincible aversion to, as giving a stiffness to the whole frame, which is void of all grace, and an enemy to beauty; but as I would not offend the ladies by absolutely condemning what they are fond of, I'll recall my censure, and only observe that this female armor is changing mode continually, and favors or distresses the enemy according to the humor of the wearer; sometimes the *Stomacher* almost rises to the chin, and a *Modesty-Bit* serves the purpose of a ruff; at other times 'tis so complaisant as not to reach half way, and the *Modesty* is but a transparent show to the beauties underneath; the first may give passion too great a license, and the last may be an injury to nature; for which reason I recommend a medium. Coquettes are the encouragers of one and Prudes of the other.

* * * * *

I have no objections to make to the *Tippet*; it may be made an elegant and beautiful ornament. In winter the sable is wonderfully graceful and a fine help to the complexion; in summer the colors and compositions are to be adapted with judgement, neither dull without fancy, nor gaudy without beauty. I have seen too many of the last, but, as I believe them to be the first trial of a child's genius in such performances, I only give this hint for their amendment.

As the *Breast Knot* allows a good deal of ingenuity in the delicate choice of colors and disposition of figure, I think it may be indulged, but very sparingly, and rather with a negligence than the least affectation. It seems there is a fashion even in the colors of ribands, and I have observed a beautiful purple to be lately the general mode; but 'tis not the beauty of the color that recommends it so much as the symbol it is said to bear.

I come now to the *Head-Dress*, the very highest point of female elegance; and here I find such a variety of modes, such a medley of decoration, that 'tis hard to know where to fix; lace and cambric, gauze and fringe, feathers and ribands, create such a confusion, occasion such frequent changes, that it defies art, judgement, or taste, to recommend them to any standard, or reduce them to any order. That ornament of the hair, which is styled the *Horns*, and has been in vogue

so long, was certainly first calculated by some good-natured lady to keep her spouse in countenance.

* * * * *

The *Hat* and *Peruke*, which has been some time made part of a lady's riding equipage, is such an odd kind of affectation, that I hardly know under what species to range it; 'tis such an enemy to female beauty, 'tis so foreign to every amiable grace, it adds such a masculine fierceness to the figure, and such a boldness to every feature, that neither decency nor elegance can justify it.

The *Riding Habit* simply, with the black velvet cap and white feather, is, in my opinion, the most elegant dress that belongs to a lady's wardrobe; there is a grace and gentility in it that all other dresses want; it displays the shape and turn of the body to great advantage, and betrays a negligence that is perfectly agreeable. This fashion was certainly invented by a woman of taste, and I am pleased to see the ladies in general so well reconciled to it. It argues something like good sense in their choice still remaining, and she, who makes her whole actions most conformable to that standard, will always be most secure of conquests and reputation.

This produced, in the next Rehearsal, a retort from a female correspondent, who said: —

You seem to blame us for our innovations and fleeting fancy in dress, which you are most notoriously guilty of, who esteem yourselves the *mighty, wise, and head* of the species. Therefore I think it highly necessary that you show us the example first, and begin the reformation among yourselves, if you intend your observations shall have any with us. I leave the world to judge whether our petticoat resembles the dome of St. Paul's nearer than you in your long coats do the Monument, or (not to borrow similes from abroad) our Beacon. You complain of our masculine appearance in our riding habit, and indeed we think it is but reasonable that we should make reprisals upon you, for the invasion of our dress and figure, and the advances you make in effeminacy, and your degeneracy from the figure of man. Can there be a more ridiculous appearance than to see a smart fellow within the compass of five feet *immersed* in a huge *long coat* to his *heels*, with *cuffs* to the *arm-pits*, the *shoulders* and *breast* fenced against the inclemencies of the weather (with as much care as a *wet nurse*) by a *monstrous cape*, or rather *short cloak*, *shoe toes* pointed to the heavens in imitation of the Laplanders, with *buckles* of a *harness size*? I confess the *Beaux* with their *toupee wigs* make us extremely merry; and frequently put me in mind of my favorite monkey, both in figure and apishness, and were it

not for a reverse of circumstance, I should be apt to mistake it for Pug, and treat him with the same familiarity.

The essay here annexed has two or three expressions, which the taste of the present age may condemn as indelicate, but I have presumed to transcribe it without abridgement : —

Naturam expellas furia licet, usque recurret.

Horace.

There is an old Heathen story, that Prometheus, who was a potter in Greece, took a frolic to turn all the clay in his shop into men and women, separating the fine from the coarse, in order to distinguish the sexes. The males were formed of a mixture, *blue red*, as being of the toughest consistence, fitter for creatures destined for hardships, labor, and difficult enterprizes; the females were moulded out of the most refined stuff, much of the like substance with China Ware, transparent and brittle, designing them mostly for show and beauty. By the transparency he intended the men might see so plainly through them, that they should not be capable of hypocrisy, falsehood, or intrigue, and by their brittleness he taught them they were to be handled with a tenderness suitable to their delicacy of constitution.

It was pleasant enough to see with what contrivance and order he disposed of his journeymen in their several apartments, and how judiciously he assigned to each of them his work, according to his natural capacity and talents, so that every member and part of the human frame was finished with the utmost exactness and beauty.

In one chamber you might see a *Leg-shaper*; in another a *Skull-roller*; in a third an *Arm-stretcher*; in a fourth a *Gut-winder*; for each workman was distinguished by a proper term of art, such as a *Knuckle-turner*, *Tooth-Grinder*, *Rib-cooper*, *Muscle-maker*, *Tendon-drawer*, *Paunch-blower*, *Vein-brancher*, and such like. But Prometheus *himself* made the *eyes*, the *ears*, and the *heart*; which, because of their nice and intricate structure, were chiefly the business of a *master-workman*. Besides this, he completed the whole by fitting and joining the several parts together according to the best symmetry and proportion. The statues are now upon their legs. *Life*, the chief ingredient, is wanting. Prometheus takes a *ferula* in his hand, (a reed of the island of Chios, having an oil pith) steals up the back stairs to Apollo's lodgings, lights it clandestinely at the chariot of the Sun; so down he creeps upon his tip-toes to his warehouse, and, in a very few minutes, by an application of the flame to the nostrils of his *clay images*, sets them all a stalking and

staring through one another, but entirely insensible of what they were doing. They looked so like the latter end of a Lord Mayor's feast, he could not bear the sight of them. He saw it was absolutely necessary to give them *Passions*, or Life would be an insipid thing: and so, from the superabundance of them in other animals, he culls out enough for his purpose, which he blended and tempered so well before infusion, that his men and women became the most amiable creatures that thought can conceive.

Love was then like a pure vestal flame, not made up of sudden joy, transports and extasies, but constant, friendly, and benevolent.

Anger did not appear horrid and frightful by turbulent emotions of the breast and distortions of the face; but preserved a dignity of resentment in the countenance, commanding a reverential awe in the offender.

Fear did not in the least encroach upon the bounds of Fortitude, by a slavish dejection of spirits, nor was it ever seen upon any occasion, but as a monitor, to prevent the doing of any action, which might be attended with disgrace or repentance.

In the same manner was every passion and appetite under the best regulation and dominion of reason. The world would have been a most delightful scene, had people continued in this situation; but, alas! there can be no happiness here without a mixture of misery.

Prometheus is apprehended for his theft and presumption, bound fast in chains to a rock, with a vulture to prey upon his liver. His journeymen get drunk for joy. They were now their own masters; during which interval they fall to man-and-woman-making, with excessive precipitation and hurry. Now you might see a small head set upon a pair of broad shoulders; a nose, too long, too short, too thick, too small, or awry on the face; a large heavy carcase reared upon a small pair of spindle shanks, by which means they become bandy; a long chin to a short face; one arm longer than the other; eyes too big for their sockets; mouth three times too wide or too narrow; every part and limb almost chosen and put together at random. But to conclude the farce, when they came to passion-work, instead of blending and tempering them in true proportion, they took from the worst of animals, simply and by guess. To one was given the rage and fury of a wolf; hence came a most virulent, persecuting, malicious villain; from whom has descended those boisterous and outrageous pests of society, who are every day disturbing our peace, — the only blessing we can enjoy upon earth. To another, the poison and rancor of a toad; from whom sprang the revengeful, who, upon the least touch of offence, are ever upon the watch, to ruin the inadvertent. To another, the subtlety and cunning

of a fox ; from whom we trace the politician, who turns all the motions of his soul to seducing, betraying, surprizing, *fair promises with foul intentions, perpetual stratagems to his own advantage, under the specious appearance of the public good.* To another, the alertness of a monkey : He begat a large family of jibbers, buffoons and mimics ; these are a numerous breed, and dispersed over the face of the whole earth. The chief business of their lives is to make people laugh at one another, and not to spare even their nearest friends, who, while they are copying the imperfections of others, come to be originals. You may distinguish this happy race by their hawk-noses, one eye less than t'other, and a perpetual sneer, which, by repeated habit, becomes inseparable from their faces. To another, the pride of a peacock : He turns beau, stitches all the tinsel about him that he can, hangs a tail to his head, and so walks through the world. To another, the gluttony, laziness, and luxury of a hog : From him descend all whose chief exercise consists in eating and drinking. They are easily distinguished by the plumpness and rotundity of their *dewlap*, and *torosity* of their *necks* and *breasts*, and the *prominence* of their *abdomen*. Numberless are the instances that might be given of the predominance of brutes, thus occasioned in men ; but I hasten to give a summary account of the animals chiefly chosen by these journeymen, to give proper accomplishments to the other sex, viz. Cats, Ferrets, Weasels, Vipers, Magpies, Geese, Wagtails, Rats, Stoats, Rattle-snakes, Wasps, Hornets, and some few others. It is needless to inform the reader what qualities were infused from these, when he can behold them so plainly in one half or more of his female acquaintance.

Upon the whole I shall make this remark, that the handy work of Prometheus and their progeny are to be distinguished, with the greatest ease, from that of his journeymen ; his being all humane, benevolent, easy, affable, good-humored, charitable, and friendly : whereas, those of his journeymen are cruel, malicious, turbulent, morose, ill-natured, snarling, quarrelsome, pragmatrical, covetous, and inhuman, which we daily experience among the great vulgar and the small, nor can all the power of art or education entirely wash away the dirt of the journeyman's palm, or quite abolish or restrain that exuberance of wrong passions, which are owing to the cause already assigned.

Four of this series of essays in the Rehearsal are occupied with a discussion upon the frauds and delusions, to which mankind are subjected, by natural causes or by the deceptions of the artful and hypocritical ; and in

attempting to remove the popular impressions and fears of spirits, apparitions, and witches ; a subject suggested, no doubt, by the proceedings in relation to witchcraft, which, about that time, were carried on with a pertinacity and apparent sincerity, that have been the astonishment of all the succeeding generations. The style and mode of treating this subject will be sufficiently shown in the extracts that follow : —

* * * We are not, and we cannot be, sure that there are not other beings, who are inhabitants of the air or æther, with bodies suited to and nourished by these thin elements, and perhaps with senses and faculties superior to us ; for the works of Almighty God are as infinite as is his power to do them ; and 'tis paying a greater deference to him, and having higher conceptions of his omnipotence, to suppose that he saw all things which have been, are, or ever shall be, at one view, and formed the whole system of nature with such exquisite contrivance and infinite wisdom as by its own energy and intrinsic powers, to produce all the effects and operations which we daily see, feel, and admire ; than to believe him to be often interposing to alter and amend his own work, which was undoubtedly perfect at first, though in the pursuit of his eternal decrees, and in the course, progress, and unbroken chain of his original system, he seems to us, sometimes, to act occasionally when in compliance to our weak comprehensions, and in condescension to our low capacities, he speaks and appears to act after the manner of men. We have not faculties to see or know things as they are in themselves, but only in such lights as our Creator pleases to represent them to us ; He has given us talents suited to our wants and to understand his will, and obey it ; and here is our *ne plus ultra*. We may be very sure that we are not obliged to know what 'tis beyond our power to know ; but all such things are as nonentities to us.

Whenever therefore we hear of or see any surprising appearances or events in nature, which we cannot trace and connect to their immediate causes, we are not to call in supernatural powers, and interest heaven or hell in the solution to save our credit and cover our own folly, when there are so few things in the world we know any thing of, and of these few we know but very little. We are not to measure the works of God by our scanty capacities ; and believe that he miraculously interposes in the course of human affairs, but when he pleases to intimate to us, that he intends to do so ; much less ought we to introduce demons into his

system of the universe, unless as objects or instruments, and executioners of his vengeance ; but not to intrude into his government of the world, to trepan and mislead his creatures, and to thwart and oppose himself ; and every now and anon, to cut the chain, stop the wheels, and interrupt the course of his Providence.

* * * * *

Which of our senses does not often deceive us ? Strangling, or strong pressure of the eyes, causes all things to appear on fire ; of the ears, makes us hear noises ; straight things, in the water, appear crooked ; bodies, by reflection or refraction, appear otherwise and in other places, than they are in Nature. All things appear yellow to men in the jaundice ; and to those in calentures, the sea appears like a green meadow, and, if not restrained, they will leap into it. Melancholy and enthusiastic persons fancy themselves to be glass bottles, knives, and tankards ; madmen often believe themselves gods or princes, and almost always see spirits. . . . The frame and contexture of our bodies betrays us to these delusions. For as all objects and images from without are let in upon the mind by the windows or conduits of the senses, and the mind afterwards ranges, methodizes, operates, and reasons upon them ; so it can only work upon such materials as it receives, and consequently when the organs of sensation are wrong-framed in their original contexture, or depraved after by sickness or accidents, the mind must be misled too, and often mistake appearances for real beings : When the spies, scouts, and out-guards are seized, corrupted, or deceived, the intelligence will be fallacious or none at all.

* * * * *

Our present workers or seers of miracles never tell us any thing worth knowing ; and we have no other evidence that they are seen or done, but the veracity of those who tell them, who may be deceived themselves, or invent lies to deceive others. The proof ought always to be equal to the importance of the thing to be believed ; for, when it is more likely that a man should tell a lie, or be deceived, than that a strange phenomenon should be true, methinks there should be no difficulty to determine on which side of the question we should give our assent.

If one or two men affirm they saw another leap twenty yards at one leap, no one will doubt but they are liars ; but if they testify that they saw a goblin with saucer eyes and cloven feet, in a church yard, leap over the tower, all the town is in a fright, and few of them will venture to walk abroad in a dark night. Sometimes these phantoms appear to one who is in company with others, and no one can see them but himself ; and yet all the rest are terrified at his relation, without reasoning that they have the same, or better faculties of seeing than he has ; and

therefore that his organs must be indisposed, or that he designs to impose upon them ; but it passes for a miracle, and then all doubts are solved and all inquiries at an end. All men believe most of these stories to be false, and yet almost all believe some of them to be true, upon no better evidence than they reject the rest. The next story of an old woman inhabiting a cat, or flying in the air upon a broomstick, sets them a staring, and puts their incredulity to a *non plus*. We often hear of a spirit appearing to discover a silver spoon, a purse of hidden money, or perhaps a private murder ; but we are never told of a tyrant, who by private murder has slaughtered thousands, and by public butcheries destroyed millions, ever dragged out of his court by good or evil spirits, as a terror to such monsters ; such an instance would convince all mankind ; and if Almighty God thought fit to work by such engines, and intended that we should believe in them or any of them, it is impossible to believe but he would take the properest methods to gain our assent.

From what I have said, and much more which might be said, I think I may with great assurance conclude, that these capricious and fantastical beings are not suffered to interfere and mingle with human affairs, only to mislead men, and interrupt them in the pursuit of their duty ; nor can I see any foundation in nature, reason, or Scripture, to believe there are any such as they are usually represented to us, which neither agree and keep up to the characters, dignity, and excellence of good angels, or the sagacity, use, and office of bad ones. When are we commanded to believe that the Devil plays hide-and-seek here on earth ; that he is permitted to run up and down and divert himself by seducing ignorant men and women ; killing pigs, or making them miscarry ; entering into cats, and making noises, and playing monkey-tricks in church-yards and empty houses, or any where else on earth, but in empty heads ?

* * * * *

Methinks the advocates for Satan's empire here on earth are not very consistent with themselves ; and in the works they attribute to him do not credit enough to his abilities and power. . . . They give him a power to do miracles ; make him prince of the air, lord of the hidden minerals, wise, rich, and powerful ; as well as false, treacherous, and wicked ; and are foolish and presumptuous enough to bring him upon the stage as a rival for empire with the Almighty, but at the same time put a fool's coat and cap upon him. His skill has hitherto gone no farther than to cram pins down children's throats, and throw them into fits ; to turn wort, to kill pigs, to sell wind, (dog-cheap too ;) to put out candles, or to make half blind people see two at once ; to help hares to

run away from dogs ; . . . and such like feats of knight-errantry And what is yet worse, I cannot find in these last eighteen hundred years, that, with all his cunning, he has invented one new trick, but goes on in the same dull road ; for there is scarce a story told of a spirit or a witch, who has played pranks in the next parish, but we have the same story, or one very like it, in Cicero's Tract, *de Divinatione*.

He always plays at small games, and lives mostly upon reck-beef. His intrigues are all with old women, and when he has gained his ends of them, feeds them only with bread and water, and gives them but a groat in their pocket to buy tobacco ; which, in my mind is very ungal-lant, not to say niggardly and ungenerous in so great a potentate, who has all the riches of the hidden world within his dominions. I cannot find in all my reading, that he has expended as much in five hundred years last past, as would have carried one election.

Methinks, he might have learnt a little more wit from his faithful emissaries here on earth, who throw and scatter about money as if there was never to be an end of it ; and get him more votaries in a week than he can purchase for himself in a century, and put him to not a penny charge neither ; for they buy people with their own money : But to keep such a clatter and coil about an old woman, and then leave her to be hanged that he may get her into his clutches a month sooner, is very ungrateful ; and, as I conceive, wholly unsuitable to a person of his rank and figure.

I should have imagined, that it would have been more agreeable to the wisdom and cunning always attributed to him, in imitation of his betters, to have opened his purse-strings, and have purchased people of more importance, and who could do him more real service. I fancy that I know some of them, who would be ready to take his money, if they knew where he was to be spoken with ; and who are men of nice honor, and would not betray or break their word with him, whatever they may do with their countrymen. Besides, I conceive, it is very impolitic in one of his sagacity and in one who has so many able ministers in his own dominions, and elsewhere, to act so incautious a part. It is very well known, a plot discovered, or a rebellion quelled, gives new credit and reputation to the conquerors, who always make use of them to settle their own empire, effectually to subdue their enemies, to lessen their powers, and to force them for the most part to change sides ; and, in fact, one witch hanged or burnt, makes old Beelzebub a great many adversaries, and frightens thousands from having any more to do with him.

For these reasons I doubt he is shrewdly belied by those from whom he might expect better usage ; and that all the stories commonly told about, and believed concerning, him, are invented and credited by such

only as have much less wit or not more honesty than himself. To enter into a detail of them is endless, as well as unnecessary for my purpose.

An essay on *Liberty and Toleration* concludes with these very just remarks : —

Perverseness and obstinacy are generally charged upon those that refuse a compliance in all schemes. This may not be true, even where the scheme is most unexceptionable ; but they are for the most part drawn up in words and forms so liable to dispute, and take in so many and unnecessary points, which are all equally prescribed under the same sanctions with the plainest and most important parts ; and without giving assent to all and every particular, how near so ever a man may approach towards it, there is no coming in honestly ; that what is called stubbornness is frequently nothing else but the most unbiassed integrity, and a more awful sense and reverence of truth than the greatest part of men have. And in all instances of non-compliance to a man's evident disadvantage in several considerable respects, 'tis fair presumption that he is a person of probity and conscience, though he may lie under an unfortunate mistake.

The following Lines in the Rehearsal of December 13, were inserted at the request of a friend, and said to be the production of a young gentleman in the country :

ON A LADY, SINGING.

Whilst Celia sings, let no intruding breath
Deform the air ; ye winds, grow calm as death.
On silken wings, ye whispering zephyrs fly,
And in soft murmurs steal along the sky,
Soft as the murmurs of a virgin's sigh.
Close in the deep recesses of my breast,
Those deep recesses, where she reigns confest,
Let every traitor passion lie confined ;
Let Love himself seem banished from my mind.
Let every sigh be hushed ; for should my sighs
Burst forth, and in rebellious murmurs rise,
My sighs with noise the solemn scene would fill
And breathe a storm, though all the winds were still.
In vain, ye gales, your silken plumes display,
In silence rise, in silence melt away,
Soft as the voice, and gentle as the lay.

Strange power of harmony ! whose silver sound
Can charm so sweetly, and so sweetly wound.
Transported with the notes, that pierce our ear,
Our raptured souls exulting spring to hear.
My raptured soul would soar with every strain,
But that thy eyes command it back again.
To raise our powers with heavenly notes is thine,
To bid our grosser parts to soul refine ;
'Tis thine, fair Maid, with gentle warbling airs,
To soothe our passions, and beguile all cares.
All — but the cares of love ; these still arise,
Heave in our breasts, and wanton in our eyes.
Assisted by thy breath, the flames aspire,
Glow with new rage, and blaze with double fire.
Thus darts in venom steeped with barbarous skill,
Wing certain fate, with two-fold anguish kill.
None but the Father of the gods, and you
Could dart a flame so bright and killing too.
Swift as Jove's lightning flies each fatal sound,
And, like Jove's lightning, kills without a wound.
The muse invoked in elegiac strains
Soft warbling, strings the lyre to ease our pains.
Flow soft, ye strains ! and soothe her savage mind ;
O learn to charm the nymph, who charms mankind.
In vain, alas ! the muse and treacherous lyre
Torment our flames and face the raging fire ;
Whilst you, like Echo, with so sweet a sound,
Repeat our strains. . . . Our strains increase the wound.
Think, then, thou Fairest of the fairer train !
What fatal beauties arm thy face and mein ;
Whose very voice can lasting flame inspire,
We think 'tis *air*, but ah ! we feel 'tis *fire*.

The original essays of the editor of the Rehearsal were discontinued before the close of the first year. It became then a mere record of the passing events of the day. In 1733, Thomas Fleet who had, for some time, been the printer, and was interested in the publication, became the sole proprietor. In announcing the new arrangement to the public, he declared himself of no

party, and invited "all gentlemen of leisure and capacity, inclined on either side, to write any thing of a political nature, that tends to enlighten and serve the public, to communicate their productions, provided they are not over long, and confined within modesty and good manners ; for all possible care will be taken that nothing contrary to *these* shall ever be here published."

Of Jeremy Gridley, the projector, author and proprietor of the Rehearsal, the Rev. Dr. Eliot says, in his Biographical Dictionary, — "He was Attorney-General of the province, member of the General Court, Colonel of the first regiment of Militia, President of the Marine Society, and Grand Master of Freemasons. In 1725, he took his degree at Cambridge ; was assistant in the Grammar School in Boston, and a preacher of the Gospel ; but soon turned his attention to the law, and became one of the most eminent of the profession. In 1732, he was editor of a newspaper called the Rehearsal, and filled the first page with an essay, either moral or critical, besides writing political paragraphs. His manner of writing is handsome, and his speculations ingenious. At the bar his speech was rough, his manner hesitating, but energetic, and his words forcible by a peculiar emphasis. His opinion was always given, even to the judges, with a magisterial air ; his legal knowledge was unquestionable. He was on the side of the Whigs ; and, in the House of Representatives, where he was a member some years from Brookline, he opposed the measures of Great-Britain ; but in a question on search-warrants, his speech as Attorney-General, contains sentiments incompatible with freedom, which was confuted by Otis. . . . He died poor, because he despised

wealth." He died in Boston, September 7, 1767. The Gazette and News-Letter of the 17th of that month has the following "Extempore Lines" on his death : —

Of parts and learning, wit and worth possessed,
Gridley shone forth, conspicuous o'er the rest ;
In native powers robust, and smit with fame,
The genius brightened and the spark took flame ;
Nature and Science wove the laurel crown,
Ambitious, each alike conferred renown.

High in the dignity and strength of thought,
The maze of knowledge sedulous he sought,
With mind superior studied and retained,
And Life and Property by Law sustained.

Generous and free, his liberal hand he spread,
The oppressed relieved, and for the needy plead ;
Awake to friendship, with the ties of blood ;
His heart expanded and his soul o'erflowed.

Social in converse, in the Senate brave,
Gay e'en with dignity, with wisdom grave ;
Long to his country and to courts endeared,
The Judges honored and the Bar revered.

Rest, peaceful Shade ! innoxious, as thy walk,
May Slander babble, and may Censure talk,
Ne'er on thy memory Envy cast a blot,
But human frailties in thy worth forgot.

THE BOSTON EVENING POST.

IN the Rehearsal of August 14, 1735, Thomas Fleet, then its sole proprietor, gave notice that, for the future, he should print it every Monday evening,—instead of Monday morning, as it had previously been published: But the next Monday, instead of the Rehearsal, he issued a paper with the title of The Boston Evening Post,—in every thing except the title, a *fac simile* of The Rehearsal. It was numbered 202,—the last number of the Rehearsal having been 201; but, in order to break off the apparent continuity of connection between the two papers, and to destroy their identity, the second number of the Evening Post was marked Number 2, and all succeeding issues followed in their proper numerical order.

The Evening Post soon became the most popular of the Boston newspapers. Fleet was a man of considerable talent, and often afforded specimens of his wit and humor in editorial paragraphs and advertisements. It does not appear, from the files of his paper, that he took a very decided part in the political or religious controversies of the day. Writers of entirely different

views, on topics, which agitated the public mind, made use of his columns, without stint, and, sometimes, with little regard to decency. They indulged, occasionally, in language, which, now, would subject a printer to severe public censure, if not to the action of a grand jury. Public sentiment, in regard to the newspaper press, has undergone an essential revolution, since that period. The following is a copy of the proceedings of the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, concerning a paragraph, published by Fleet, on the eighth of March, 1741 : —

At a Council, held at the Council Chamber in Boston, upon Tuesday the 9th day of March, 1741.

Whereas there is published in the weekly paper called the Boston Evening Post of yesterday's date, a paragraph in the following words : "Last Saturday Capt. Gibbs arrived here from Madeira, who informs us, that before he left that Island, Capt. Dandridge, in one of His Majesty's ships of forty guns, came in there from England, and gave an account, that the Parliament had called for all the Papers relating to the War, and 'twas expected the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole would be taken into custody in a very few days. Capt. Dandridge was going upon the Virginia station to relieve the valiant and vigilant Knight there, almost worn out in the service of his country, and for which he has a chance to be rewarded with a *Flag*." Which paragraph contains a scandalous and libelous Reflection upon his Majesty's Administration, and may tend very much to inflame the minds of his Majesty's subjects here and disaffect them to his Government;

Therefore, *Ordered*, That the Attorney-General do, as soon as may be, file an Information against Thomas Fleet, the Publisher of the said Paper, in his Majesty's Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Gaol Delivery, in order to his being prosecuted for his said offence, as Law and Justice requires.

W. SHIRLEY.

Copy Examined, per *J. Willard*, Sec.

How this affair ended, is not known. Mr. Thomas thinks that no prosecution took place, "as Fleet procured five respectable persons to testify to the truth of the contents of the paragraph."

Several of the Boston newspapers had been printed for postmasters, and very little printing had been executed by printers on their own account. To these circumstances allusion is made in the following editorial in the *Post*, No. 50: —

We have lately received from an intelligent and worthy friend in a neighboring Government, to the Southward of us, the following remarkable Piece of News, which we beg our Readers Patience to hear, viz. That the Printer there gets a great deal of money, has *Twenty Shillings* for every Advertisement published in his News-Paper, calls *Us* Fools for working for nothing, and has lately purchased an Estate of *Fourteen Hundred Pounds* Value. We should be heartily glad (had we Cause for it) to return our Friend a like surprizing account of the Printers Prosperity here. But alas! the reverse of our Brother's Circumstances seems hereditary to *Us*: It is well known we are the most humble, self-denying Set of Mortals (we wish we could say Men) breathing; for where there is a Penny to be got, we readily resign it up to those who are no Ways related to the Business, nor have any Pretence or Claim to the Advantages of it. And whoever has observ'd our Conduct hitherto, has Reason enough to think, that we hold it a mortal Crime to make any other Use of our Brains and Hands than barely to help us

To purchase homely Fare, and fresh small Beer,
(Hard Fate indeed, we can't have better Cheer,)
And buy a new Blue Apron once a Year.

But as we propose in a short Time to publish a Dissertation upon the *mean* and *humble* state of the Printers of this Town, we shall say no more at present upon this important Subject, and humbly ask Pardon for so large a Digression. Only we would inform, that in this most necessary Work we are promised the Assistance of a worthy Friend and able Casuist, who says he doubts not but that he shall easily make it appear, even to the Satisfaction of the Printers themselves, that they may be as good Christians, as useful Neighbors, and as legal Subjects, altho' they should sometimes feed upon *Beef* and *Pudding*, as they have hitherto approved themselves by their most rigid abstemious way of living.

Here are some of Fleet's advertisements: —

To be sold by the Printer of this paper, the very best Negro Woman in this Town, who has had the small pox and the measles; is as hearty as a Horse, as brisk as a Bird, and will work like a Beaver.

To be sold by the Printer of this Paper, a Negro man, about thirty years old, who can do both Town and Country Business very well, but will suit the Country best, where they have not so many Dram Shops as we have in Boston. He has work'd at the Printing Business fifteen or sixteen years; can handle Ax, Saw, Spade, Hoe, or other Instrument of Husbandry as well as most men, and values himself, and is valued by others, for his Skill in Cookery and making of Soap.

☞ A Certain Person in this Town wants to buy a good easy and gentle Horse, that will go in a Chaise. Whoever has got one to dispose of is desired to inform the Printer, who will direct him to a chap.

☞ The Subscribers for this Paper, (especially those at a Distance) who are shamefully in Arrear for it, would do well (methinks) to remember those Apostolical Injunctions, Rom. xiii. 7, 8. *Render therefore to all their dues;—and Owe no man any thing.*—It is wonderful to observe, that while we hear so much about a *great Revival of Religion in the Land*; there is yet so little Regard had to *Justice and Common Honesty!* Surely they are *Abominable Good Works!*

In the Post of March 30, 1741, a correspondent informed the editor that on the preceding evening he had the curiosity to attend the lecture of Mr. John Presbyter, [the Rev. John Morehead, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Federal-street,] where, instead of the Gospel of peace and love, he heard the most violent rant, the most angry and ill-natured invectives, that he had ever heard in his life. “Mr. Presbyter was expounding the second chapter of Solomon’s Song, and when he came to the 15th verse, — ‘*Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil our vines,*’ &c.—having worked up to a proper temper of rage and fury, he fell foul of Wesley’s Sermon on Free Grace, [then lately printed by Fleet,] calling it a bundle of the vilest heresies, and declaring that it ought to be burnt by the common hangman; and having dismissed the author, he bawled against the printer, in a most hideous manner, denouncing the judgements of God against him, calling

him a mercenary *little fox*, that worked for hire ; and last of all, brought in the poor printing-press, as a vile and wicked creature, a dangerous engine, a sink of sedition, error, and heresy, and advised the magistrates to have it put down," &c. To this Fleet published a reply, that filled more than a column of his paper, — rather sarcastic in its tone, and not very complimentary to his reverend opponent. "For my part (he said) as I have often declared, so I do again declare, that I am of no party, but act purely as a printer, and would as soon serve one side as the other. I printed Mr. Wesley's Sermon, not because I liked it, but because several gentlemen of learning and good sense (who I think have as good a right to be gratified as other people) desired to have it printed, and I had a prospect of getting a penny by it, as I have by all that I print, having no other way to support my family, and to pay what the Church and State expect from me : And I cannot see with what front Mr. Presbyter could charge my working for hire as a crime, when I never yet heard that he served his people *gratis*. . . . Of all the books of controversy, that I have ever read, (and I have read some,) I never met with one that blamed the printers. The great Dr. Edwards, who, for his knack at finding fault, might have claimed the office of *Accuser-General of all Europe*, and made as free with authors as any man ever did, and for aught I know, has censured more than Mr. Presbyter ever read, never, that I can find, meddled with the printers : and it is but of late, that some weak men have thought it the safest and easiest way to answer books, and prejudice people against authors and printers, to *whisper* against them in chimney corners, or declaim

in more public and exalted places, where none may with safety oppose them, or speak in their own defence." * * *

After much more in a similar strain, Fleet closed with a "P. S. I am just now told that Mr. Presbyter's railing fit is not gone off yet : This is just as I expected : For, as I know the man, I'd have laid *five pounds* to a *pipe of tobacco*, that *Nature* would be too strong for *Prudence*. However, I'll own I was mistaken in this ; I did not expect he would have profaned any part of the Sabbath with his wild and uncharitable *rant*, as he did yesterday, when I am told he had no more mercy on the poor printers than a sow would have had on a tailor. *O Monstrum Horrendum !* to use a barbarous Latin scrap of his own. To have done, I advise all good folks that have sore heads or thin skulls, to play at cudgels as little as possible ; and such as are troubled with sore shins, to beware of a foot-ball."

The ministers and the printers of Boston were often engaged in disputes, if they were not in a state of continual warfare. In December, 1742, Fleet said, — "We are credibly informed that an eminent minister of this town has lately warned his people against reading of pamphlets and newspapers, wherein are contained religious controversies. This seems a bold stroke, and a considerable step (if the advice should be regarded) towards that state of ignorance, in which, it seems, some folks would willingly see the body of this people enveloped. The next stroke may probably be at the *Liberty of the Press*. And what a fine introduction this will be to *Popery*, we leave our readers to judge. However, we cannot forbear saying, that however desirous some men may be of having the sole direction of our con-

sciences, and that we should believe *all* that *they* say, and *nothing* else, yet there is reason to suspect, from the squabbles and contentions observable among *themselves* at this day, that there are but few men in these parts of the world, whose dictates are infallible.

Here is one of his humorous editorials : —

Last Wednesday was published, (in a half sheet in octavo) a Paper, called the *Boston Weekly Magazine*, containing some pieces from the Magazines formerly printed in London, a Poem to a *political* Lady, an Ode by Mr. Addison, a short article of news from *this* paper and another from the Post-Boy, the Boston entries, and two Advertisements. And, on Saturday, *another* Paper made its appearance among us, entitled, *The Christian History*; containing (besides the Title Page and a long advertisement) some extracts from a printed pamphlet just arrived from Scotland. Both Papers are designed to come out weekly. The *first* offers Room for Disputes on both sides, (which is fair enough,) so that our Religious Controversies are more likely to increase than subside. The *last* seems a *Party Paper*, and design'd only for the use of *special Friends*, it being with great Difficulty that we could obtain one, they refusing (for some Time) to sell 'em, either at the *Printer's* or at the *Publishing-office* but on Conditions too hard to be complied with by many, who were yet desirous to see the Specimen.

The *sudden* Appearance of these two Papers, without the previous Proposals for Encouragement, must needs be very mortifying to the Rev. Gentleman, who, more than a year ago published Proposals for printing a weekly *Casuistical* Paper, but has not yet found sufficient Encouragement to begin it. And, as we are now favoured with a Paper *every* day, except *Friday*, (which, by the way, is said to be a very *unlucky* Day to go to Sea, make Soap, or begin any other *important* Business on) it behoves the Gentleman to bestir himself, lest some other Person, out of *pure Love to his Country*, should put out a Paper on *that* Day, and thereby he be utterly excluded.

The appearance of the Rev. George Whitefield in Boston, caused a great "*stir*" among the people. The clergy were much divided in their opinions regarding him. Some of them invited him to their pulpits to preach and to assist in the administration of the sacrament of the supper; while others endeavored to stay the pro-

gress of an enthusiasm, that seemed to threaten the overthrow of some of the established congregational churches. Fleet, himself, was evidently opposed to Whitefield, and looked upon him and his followers as enthusiasts and bigots, or something worse ; but a large portion of the *Evening Post*, during the interval between Whitefield's first and second visits, was occupied with the communications of those who chose to defend, as well as those who opposed him. These two parties ridiculed and abused each other without remorse. Whitefield's second visit to Boston was in 1744. He was attacked and defended not only in the newspapers, but in pamphlets. The Rev. Thomas Foxcraft, senior pastor of the First Church in Boston, wrote and published a labored "Apology in Behalf of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield," &c. which was followed by a number of very severe pieces in reply in the *Evening Post*. The Rev. William Hobby of Reading published "A Defence of the Itinerancy and Conduct of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield," which subjected him to numerous attacks, some seriously indignant, and some sarcastically ludicrous. Fleet published and advertised for sale, "*A Sprig of Birch for Billy's Breech* — a Letter to the Rev. William Hobby, &c. '*Judgements are prepared for scorers, and stripes for the back of fools.*'" The Rev. Mr. Gee of Boston, published in the *Boston Gazette* an account of a conversation he had held with Fleet in relation to something he had published about Whitefield. Fleet replied in his own paper, in an article of great severity, and with a boldness which showed that he was not much afraid of his *spiritual* antagonist. The following is the concluding paragraph : —

It is in vain, Sir, for men to call upon the government to protect their characters, while they take so little care of 'em themselves, or to complain of calumny and slander, when their own actions are the greatest enemies to their reputation; or to seek sanctuary in the ministerial office, when they hardly ever discharge any part of the ministerial function. Suffer me, therefore, as a friend, to advise you, Sir, to *study to be quiet, and do your own business*, and in every thing to behave as the Gospel requires you should; then will you be honored and respected by all men, and by none more than your very humble servant,

Thomas Fleet.

Two letters appeared in this paper, signed “Deborah Shearman,” — probably written by Fleet, — from which the following paragraphs are extracts: —

Dear Mr. Whitefield,

For since there are so many folks about you, that I can't come to talk with you, I must write to you. I am glad you are come back; I wanted to see your dear self again, as well as to hear you preach. And besides I wanted you to come to stop the mouths of the wicked opposers, who say you were glad to get out of the way, that you might not be obliged to take notice of the two wicked letters that were published about you. Dear Sir, do own you an't a churchman, but are turned dissenter, and then all the long letter will come to nothing. You know, Sir, there is no harm in changing, when a body sees a reason for it. You must do something about it, for a good many of your friends are disturbed at it. O how bold have the opposers been since you have been gone. Almost every day something or other has been printed about you. Ay, and the bold creatures no longer conceal themselves, but put their names to what they write. Besides the letter-learned Rabbies of Cambridge, (and you know that sort of people have always been against you in every part of the world,) eight and twenty ministers have signed a paper against you. Dear Sir, the Philistines have come out of their lurking-holes, and set the battle in array against the people of Israel. What names have they not called you? Some of them are wicked enough to laugh at your sermons, and say you told us with much gravity, that *Jacob's ladder had got two ends to it*. Just so they served dear Mr. Moorh—d, but for all that he keeps his lectures up yet. Ah, dear Sir, don't mind their laughing. Do, dear Sir, let us have a Journal of your last Journey, for I long to know what passed upon every spot of ground, where dear Mr. Whitefield trod.

* * * * *

Welcome once more, dear Mr. Whitefield. It is quite time for you to come back again. Your cause suffered very much by your absence. We have had fine work here since you have been gone. Next time you go away, do leave things in better hands than Mr. M——d's, to keep up your morning lectures, and Mr. H——by's to write in vindication of your *Itinerancy*. They have both of them come off badly. As to Mr. M——d, indeed, Sir, he wo'n't do. It is not worth one's while to get up early for him. He talks along so fluently and uses so many hard words, that I really believe he is a very learned man; but something or other is the matter; when meeting is done, a body can't tell one word he has been saying. Your other assistant, poor Mr. H——by, what work they have made of him! They have whipped him to some tune. They call it only a *twig*, but it falls so heavy, that I should take it for a *stick* as thick as my arm. But what frets one the most is that every body says it is no more than he deserves. I had like to have forgot dear Mr. F.; he has done all he could for you. But Heaven grant he may write no more *Apologies*. I am sure the women have no reason to thank him. If what he has wrote be true, there is no safety in *matrimony*, especially for Sailor's wives. Their husbands may have sweethearts at every port they go to. He has been sadly handled by a man with three or four names.

Dear Mr. Whitefield, what have you been doing ever since you have been gone? O why won't you let us know! What spiritual battles have you fought? What victories have you won? What towns, churches, and pulpits have you entered triumphantly against opposers? . . . Ah, Sir, you were quite wrong in leaving off your *Journals*. I did not think you would let your opposers laugh you out of any thing. For want of leaving us something to read and talk about, your name has been hardly mentioned except among a few choice friends, any more than if you had never been in the country. . . . Ah, Sir, you had better have wrote *Journals*, and talked of the ministers as you used to do, for I do assure you one great reason why we thought you the best minister in the world, was because you had persuaded us that most others were good for nothing. Now you are come back, I hope you will set all to rights. O how tedious have been the hours of your absence! how long your delay! how dull all the preaching I have heard!

Now the gentle zephyrs unbind the earth from winter's icy chains, the fields resume their cheerful dress, and all nature begins to look lovely. Now you need not regard the opposition made to your being admitted into pulpits. To no purpose are they shut against you, while the fields are open. There unconfined by walls, you may make your

charming voice roll over the wide extent, while prattling Echo, enamored with it, delights to repeat it from every rising ground. O how do the sweet sounds enter deep into our hearts ! how do they soften our affections and make us all tenderness ! Ah ! they may call it *enthusiasm*, they may call it *quietism*, they may call it what they will. They that never felt it, can't tell how charming it is to be lulled into such a sweet insensibility, such a languid indolence. . . . Come, then, dear Mr. Whitefield, come away into the fields. Delay not our joys any longer. That I mayn't be any hindrance, I will break off my tattling, and subscribe once more, dear Mr. Whitefield, your humble servant,

Deb. Shearman.

April 3, 1745.

The Rev. Dr. Chauncey, the colleague of Mr. Foxcroft, wrote a pamphlet, entitled "Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New-England," which, judging from the notices of it in the newspapers, was intended to allay the ill feelings that pervaded the community. Some one addressed to him, through the *Evening Post*, a poetical epistle, beginning, —

Rev. Sir,

While you are boldly set in Truth's defence,
And true religion join to solid sense,
Pardon a Muse, who, with her infant lays,
Dares to offend, by lisping in your praise ;
That dares to interrupt that sacred pen
That vindicates the laws of God and men ;
And since you will engage in Virtue's cause,
Learn to forgive, and bear mankind's applause.

* * * * *

Go on, Sir ; still Religion's cause maintain,
Fear not the weak or wicked to restrain ;
No wonder such your steady zeal oppose,
Since Truth and Reason are their greatest foes.
Go on, regardless, Sir, of what they say,
Your part is still to pity and to pray.
Let them curse on ; with bitter censures rail ;
Such angry curses never can prevail :
Their willful ignorance with candor view ;
Where there are *Davids* there 'll be *Shimeis* too.

And ending, —

May you possess your wonted calm of mind,
 Your universal love for all mankind;
 May godlike charity inspire your breast;
 Still may you entertain that heavenly guest,
 Foretasting the delights of saints above,
 Where all eternity is filled with love;
 That so, when all things else shall fade away,
 Your sun may shine with everlasting day.
 Many shall then surround the throne of God,
 Arriving there in paths which you have trod,
 Blessing their Savior for his tender care,
 In lending such a guide to lead them there.

The great Comet of 1744, was thus noticed by
 Fleet : —

The Comet now rises about five o'clock in the morning, and appears very large and bright, and, of late, it has been seen with its lucid train, in the day-time, notwithstanding the lustre of the Sun. This uncommon appearance gives much uneasiness to timorous people, especially women, who will needs have it that it portends some dreadful judgements to this our land: And if, from the apprehension of deserved judgements, we should be induced to abate of our present pride, extravagance, &c. and should become more humble, peaceable, and charitable, honest and just, industrious and frugal, there will be reason to think that the Comet is the most profitable Itinerant Preacher, and friendly NEW LIGHT, that has yet appeared among us.

The same paper contains the following Poem, stated to have been published the week before, with a curious cut, representing the Comet, the Sun, &c. and to be sold by the booksellers, price four-pence : —

THE COMET: A POEM.

Descend, Urania, and inspire my verse;
 I raise my song to sing your kindred stars;
 I aim to rove where glittering Comets stray,
 Trace the bright wanderers through the ethereal way.

See, heavenly Muse, view with attentive eyes,
 The ruddy wonder of the evening skies!
 From star to star, the burning ruin rolls,
 Beams through the ether, and alarms the poles.
 Around the earth the wondering nations gaze
 On the dire terrors of the lengthened blaze,

While, trailing on, they dream its sparkling hair
Shakes famine, earthquake, pestilence, and war :
Illusions vain ! remote from human things,
Where other planets roll in other rings,
It travels vast, and all around proclaims
A world in chaos, or an earth in flames.

So through the ether swept the ancient earth,
Ere time, and forms, and beauty first had birth ;
Unshaped and void, through space immense it roamed,
Till spake the God, — and Eden instant bloomed.

What ruin, what confusion might be hurled,
By such a ball upon our guilty world !
Witness, ye waves, which in the deluge spread,
Whelmed o'er the earth, and stretched the nations dead.
Down heaven's high steep, wide-spread, the steaming train
Rushed on the fields, and poured the floods of rain :
The dark abyss, attracted into day,
Gushed o'er the mountain tops, and roared away ;
The tossed ark, tottering, through its fabric shook,
Involved in clouds and darkness, foam and smoke,
By tempests plunged along from steep to steep,
Bounds to the clouds, or dashes down the deep.
Ye angels ! guard her through the stormy scene,
Till the gay rainbow arch the heavens serene.

But, O my Muse ! swift must the time come on,
When, fresh inspired, and fervid from the sun,
The flagrant stranger shapes a different path,
And from its annual orbit drags the earth.
Ye fancy, mortals ! distant as ye are,
All calm and placid round the sailing star,
In gentle rays serenely gleams the head,
And easy lustre through the train is spread :
Ah ! ye perceive not what loud tumult reigns
Through the hot regions of its wild domains ;
What hideous thunder the wild ether shocks,
Of tumbling mountains, and of crashing rocks :
Fierce seas of flame beat round the burning shores,
And every tempest raves, and every furnace roars.
To this devoted earth it marches on,
And midnight blazes with the glare of noon :
Big and more big, it arches all the air,
A vault of fluid brass the skies appear,

From their foundations where they ancient stood,
Down rush the mountains in a flaming flood :
The minerals pour their melted bowels out,
The rocks run down, the flying rivers spout ;
The earth dissolves through its disjointed frame,
Its clouds all lighten, and its *Ætnas* flame :
The sea exhales, and in long volumes hurled,
Follows the wandering globe from world to world ;
Now at the sun it glows, now steers its flight
Through the cold deserts of eternal night,
Warns every creature through its trackless road,
The fate of sinners and the wrath of GOD.

No wonder that “timorous people, and especially women,” were frightened out of their wits, if they read much of such sublime nonsense as this *poem*.

In 1748, during the war between England and Spain, a Spanish ship, captured by an English cruiser, was sent into Boston. Among other articles in the captured vessel, were several bales of Bulls or Indulgencies, issued by the Pope, and printed on one side of a small sheet. Fleet purchased a large quantity of them at a low price, and printed songs and ballads on the back of them. In the *Evening Post* he advertised them, as follows : — “Choice Pennsylvania Tobacco Paper to be sold by the Publisher of this Paper, at the Heart and Crown ; where may also be had the BULLS or Indulgencies of the present Pope *Urban VIII.* either by the single Bull, Quire, or Ream, at a much cheaper Rate than they can be purchased of the *French* or *Spanish* Priests, and yet will be warranted to be of the same Advantage to the Possessors.”

THOMAS FLEET, the proprietor and editor of the *Evening Post*, died on the twenty-first of July, 1758, having nearly completed seventy-three years of age.

He was the son of Thomas Fleet, of Tillstock, in the county of Shropshire, England, and was born in that place, on the eighth of September, 1685. He served an apprenticeship to the printing business at Bristol, and worked as a journeyman in that place. While he was employed there in that capacity, the notorious Dr. Sacheverell passed through Bristol, on his "tour of triumph," after having undergone his sentence of suspension from the performance of his clerical functions. The Doctor was carried in the procession on men's shoulders, amidst the waving of flags, the display of handkerchiefs, and the shouts and huzzas of the populace. As the procession approached the house where Fleet was at work, he, (though he felt no interest in the affair,) in mere sport, hung a halter on a pole and waved it from a window. This was considered as a signal of contempt, and caused an attack on the house. Stones and other missiles were hurled at the windows; the doors were broken in, and search was made for the offender, — who, in the mean time, had gone to the top of the house, and passing from the roof of one house to another, at length descended into an unfrequented street, and made his escape. He absented himself for some time. Supposing that his offence might be forgotten, he returned to his employment, but found that he was still likely to get into trouble. He thought that his personal safety required that he should emigrate; and, accordingly, he went on board a vessel bound to America, and landed in Boston, in 1712.

Soon after his arrival, Fleet opened a printing-house in Pudding-lane, (now Devonshire-street,) and carried on the printing of ballads, pamphlets, and small books

for children. He was industrious and frugal, and acquired property. In 1731, he rented a new brick building, on the northerly corner of Water-street and Cornhill, (now Washington-street,) which he afterwards purchased, and in which he spent the remainder of his life. The price he paid for this estate was about \$2200! The house was spacious, and afforded rooms sufficient for the accommodation of his family, and for the transaction of his business. To his occupation as a printer and bookseller, he added that of an auctioneer, — of which he gave notice in the News-Letter of March 7, 1731, as follows : —

This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen, Merchants, Shopkeepers and others, that *Thomas Fleet* of Boston, Printer, (who formerly kept his Printing House in Pudding Lane but is now removed into Cornhill at the sign of the *Heart & Crown*, near the lower end of School Street) is willing to undertake the Sale of Books, Household Goods, Wearing Apparel, or any other Merchandize, by Vendue, or Auction. The said Fleet having a large & commodious Front Chamber fit for *this Business*, and a Talent well known and approved, doubts not of giving entire Satisfaction to such as may employ him in it; he hereby engaging to make it appear that this Service may be performed with more Convenience and less Charge at a private House well situated, than at a Tavern. And for farther Encouragement, said Fleet promises to make up Accompts with the Owners of the Goods Sold by him, in a few Days after the sale thereof.

The following anecdote, — related by Mr. Thomas, — if true, proves that Fleet would not lose a joke, though he might enjoy it at the expense of the feelings of others : — “The members of his family, though worthy and good people, were not remarkable for personal beauty, and he sometimes indulged in a joke at their expense. He once invited a friend to dine with him on *Pouts*, — a kind of fish, of which he knew the gentleman was remarkably fond. When the dinner

appeared, the guest remarked that the Pouts were wanting. “O no, (said Fleet,) only look at my wife and daughters!”*

On the death of Fleet, he was succeeded by his sons Thomas and John, who had learned the printing business of him. They formed a partnership, which continued till the death of Thomas, in March, 1797. They were born in Boston, and received a common school education. They were skillful and correct printers, and were much respected as good citizens, and men of integrity and punctuality in all their dealings.

On assuming the proprietorship of the *Evening Post*, T. & J. Fleet introduced at the head a cut representing the sign, which their father had placed over his door: †



* At his death, Fleet left a widow, three sons, and two daughters. One son and the daughters were never married. The first son, William, was a sea-captain and merchant, and died in 1787, leaving children;—one of whom was married to Andrew Oliver, a hatter, of Boston. She was the mother of William Oliver, late of Dorchester, merchant, who left all his property, — more than \$ 110,000, — after the death of two sisters, to the Asylum for the Blind and the Massachusetts General Hospital.

† This cut remained at the head of the paper till the publication was discontinued in April, 1775. The sign was afterwards changed to the *Bible and Heart*:—a sign well remembered by many persons now living.

The paper was conducted on the principles established by the father ; and through the exciting period, in which it was in possession of the sons, maintained its character as an independent journal. The political communications were numerous, and both Whigs and Tories seemed privileged to lash each other in its columns. The Tories took advantage of the privilege to abuse the writers in Edes and Gill's Boston Gazette, to an extent that was hardly to have been expected, if the Fleets were in full communion with the Whig party. There is, however, no partiality to the Tories discoverable in their editorial notices of the stirring incidents that marked the few years immediately preceding the Revolution.

A correspondent of the Post, August 22, 1768, says the following song was much in vogue, and was heard resounding in almost all companies in town, and by way of eminence was called "The LIBERTY SONG." He requests its publication, "for the benefit of the whole continent of America : " — *

To the Tune of *Hearts of Oak.*

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call ;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.

In Freedom we 're born, and in Freedom we 'll live ;

Our purses are ready,

Steady, Friends, steady,

Not as Slaves, but as Freemen, our money we 'll give.

Our worthy Forefathers — let 's give them a cheer —
To climates unknown did courageously steer ;

* This song was written by John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, the author of the celebrated Farmer's Letters. It was first published in the Boston Gazette, July 18, 1768. See *Tudor's Life of James Otis*, p. 322, and Appendix, p. 501.

Through oceans to deserts for Freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeathed us their freedom and fame :

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they prized ;
We 'll keep what they gave — we will piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

The Tree their own hands had to Liberty reared
They lived to behold growing strong and revered ;
With transport they cried, — “ Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain.”

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners soon will appear,
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year ;
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If *we* are to *drudge* for what *others* will *spend*.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all ;
By *uniting* we stand, by *dividing* we fall ;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

All ages shall speak, with amaze and applause,
Of the courage we 'll show in support of our laws ;
To *DIE* we can *bear* — but to *SERVE* we *disdain*,
For *shame* is to Freemen more dreadful than *pain*.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

This bumper I crown for our Sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth ;
That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
If *she* is but *just*, and *we* are but *free*.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

A few weeks after the publication of this Song, the following Parody appeared in the Post — but whether inserted by request of those, who approved its temper and style, or to expose that temper to the indignation of the Whigs, does not appear.

A PARODY

Upon a well-known LIBERTY SONG.

[Said to be in great vogue at a certain Fortress, where it was composed.]*

Come shake your dull noddles, ye Pumpkins, and bawl,
 And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call;
 No scandalous conduct can add to your shame,
 Condemned to dishonor, inherit the fame.

In Folly you're born, and in Folly you'll live,
 To madness still ready,
 And stupidly steady,

Not as men, but as monkeys, the tokens you give.

Your grandsire, Old Satan, now give him a cheer,
 Would act like yourselves, and as wildly would steer;
 So great an example in prospect still keep,
 Whilst you are alive, Old Belza may sleep.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Such villains, such rascals all dangers despise,
 And stick not at mobbing when mischief's the prize;
 They burst through all barriers, and piously keep
 Such chattels and goods the vile rascals can sweep.

In Folly you're born, &c.

The Tree, which the wisdom of Justice hath reared,
 Should be stout for their use, and by no means be spared;
 When fuddled with rum the mad sots to restrain,
 Sure Tyburn will sober the wretches again.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Your brats and your bunters by no means forget,
 But feather your nests, for they're bare enough yet;

* This Parody was also published in the Boston Gazette, Sept. 26, 1768, — introduced by the following notice: — Last Tuesday, the following Song made its appearance from a garret at Castle W——m." Immediately following it is the following Letter:

Castle William, Boston Harbor, Sept. 25, 1768.

Messieurs Edes & Gill,

Having been told that you intended to publish a Song in your Newspaper, called a Parody on the Song of Liberty, under my name as the Author of it, I think proper to forewarn you from publishing such a falsity, or any other thing under my name, without my authority; and if you persist in doing it in this, or any other instance, it shall be at your peril.

I am, Your humble Serv't,

HEN. HUTTON.

The editors add in a note — As we have never published any thing, and never intend to, under the name, much less under the AUTHORITY of Mr. Hutton, we should have been glad, if he had explained his idea of the word *persist*.

From the insolent rich sure the poor knave may steal,
Who ne'er in his life knew the scent of a meal.

In Folly you're born, &c.

When in your own cellars you've quaffed a regale,
Then drive, tug and stink, the next house to assail;
For short is your harvest, nor long shall you know,
The pleasure of reaping what other men sow.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Then plunder, my lads, for when red coats appear,
You'll melt, like the locust when winter is near;
Gold vainly will glow, Silver vainly will shine,
But, faith, you must skulk, you no more shall purloin.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Then nod your poor numskulls, ye Pumpkins, and bawl,
The De'il take such rascals, fools, whoresons, and all;
Your cursed old trade of purloining must cease,
The dread and the curse of all order and peace.

In Folly you're born, &c.

All ages shall speak with contempt and amaze,
Of the vilest banditti that swarmed in these days;
In defiance of halters, of whips, and of chains,
The rogues would run riot, — fools for their pains.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Gulp down your last dram, for the gallows now groans,
And over depressed her lost empire bemoans;
While we quite transported and happy shall be,
From mobs, knaves, and villains, protected and free.

In Folly you're born, &c.

The Post of the next week contained

THE PARODY PARODIZED.

Or the MASSACHUSETTS LIBERTY SONG.

Come swallow your bumpers, ye Tories! and roar,
That the Sons of fair Freedom are hampered once more;
But know, no *such furies* our spirits can tame,
Nor a host of oppressors shall smother the flame.

In Freedom we're born, and, like sons of the brave,
Will never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive, if unable to save.

Our grandsires, blest heroes ! we'll give them a tear,
Nor sully their honors by stooping to fear ;
Through deaths and through dangers their trophies they won ;
We dare be their rivals, nor will be outdone.

In Freedom, &c.

Let tyrants and minions presume to despise,
Encroach on our rights, and make Freedom their prize,
The fruits of their rapine they never shall keep ;
Though vengeance may nod, yet how short is her sleep !

In Freedom, &c.

The Tree, which proud Haman for Mordecai reared,
Stands recorded, that Virtue endangered is spared ;
That rogues whom no bands and no laws can restrain,
Must be stript of their honors, and humbled again.

In Freedom, &c.

Our wives and our babes, still protected, shall know,
Those who dare to be free, shall forever be so ;
On these arms and these breasts they may safely rely,
For in Freedom we'll live, or like heroes we'll die,

In Freedom, &c.

Ye insolent tyrants ! who wish to enthrall,
Ye minions, ye placemen, pimps, pensioners, all ;
How short is your triumph ! how feeble your trust !
Your honors must wither, and nod to the dust.

In Freedom, &c.

When oppressed and reproached, our King we implore,
Still firmly persuaded our rights he'll restore ;
When our hearts beat to arms to defend a just right,
Our monarch rules there, and forbids us to fight.

In Freedom, &c.

Not the glitter of arms, nor the dread of a fray,
Could make us submit to their chains for a day ;
Withheld by affection, on Britons we call, —
Prevent the fierce conflict which threatens your fall.

In Freedom, &c.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,
On the prudence we show in support of our cause ;
Assured of our safety, a Brunswick still reigns,
Whose free loyal subjects are strangers to chains.

In Freedom, &c.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all!
 To be free is to live; to be slaves is to fall;
 Has the land such a dastard, as scorns not a lord,
 Who dreads not a fetter much more than a sword!
 In Freedom we're born, and, like sons of the brave,
 Will never surrender,
 But swear to defend her,
 And scorn to survive if unable to save.

The practice of publishing for writers on both sides of the great question which then agitated the whole country, was persisted in, but evidently created dissatisfaction among the Whigs. In the paper of the 10th of March, 1775, the following notice was published:—

Whereas it hath been hinted in several letters lately received from England, that one or more printers of the public newspapers in the principal towns in America are hired, or rather bribed, (from a fund said to be established for that use) for the vile purpose of publishing pieces in their respective papers tending to favor despotism and the present arbitrary and tyrannical proceedings of the ministry relative to America; The publishers of the Boston Evening Post (whose papers have always been conducted with the utmost freedom and impartiality) do, for themselves, thus publicly declare, that no application has ever been made to them to prostitute their paper to such a base and mean purpose; and should they hereafter be applied to for that design, they shall despise the offer and those who make it, with the greatest contempt; not but that their paper shall, as usual, be open for the insertion of all pieces that shall tend to amuse or instruct, or to the promoting of useful knowledge and the general good of mankind, as they themselves (who are the sole directors and proprietors thereof) shall think prudent, profitable, or entertaining to their numerous readers.

This proclamation of neutrality was unavailing, but tended to increase rather than diminish the discontent of the public. In a few weeks after, viz. on the 24th of April, the Post contained the following notice:—
 “The Printers of the Boston Evening Post hereby inform the Town that they shall desist publishing the papers after this day, till matters are in a more settled

state.” Just preceding this notice is the following paragraph: —

The unlucky transactions of the last week are so variously related, that we shall not at present undertake to give any particular account thereof.

The “unlucky transactions” here alluded to, it will be perceived, were the battles at Lexington and Concord. With that declaration the publication of the Post was suspended and never revived.

THOMAS FLEET, the second of the name, and the senior partner in the house of T. & J. Fleet, was born April 10, 1732, and died, single, March 16, 1797, aged 65 years. JOHN, the other partner, was born September 25, 1734, and died March 6, 1806, aged 71½ years.* He had a son, Thomas, who was a printer, and connected in the business with his father, but gave it up soon after his father died. He died a bachelor, in 1827, about 59 years of age. These Fleets, — father, sons, and grandson, — conducted the printing business, through a period of seventy-five years, in the building before mentioned, at the corner of Washington and Water-streets. The estate is still in possession of the heirs.

When they discontinued the publication of the Evening Post, the Fleets pursued their business of printing in all other respects, and executed a large share of the *job work* of the town. At one time they did all the printing required for the General Court, and County and Town officers, and acquired what was considered a

* This John Fleet had also a son John, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1786, — was a respectable physician in Boston, and died unmarried, in January 1813, aged 47. He had also three daughters, two of whom were married to Ephraim Eliot, — long known as a respectable apothecary in Hanover-street: — the other, born April 5, 1772, is still (1850) living, enjoying, as many of the Fleet family had before enjoyed, an old age of unblessed celibacy.

handsome property. They were also employed to print most of the valuable works, which were published during the War, and a few years that immediately succeeded it. The first edition of Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts was printed at their press. In 1779, they published the first number of the "Pocket Almanack and Fleet's Annual Register," which was continued annually, and met with extensive sales, till the year 1801, when it passed into the hands of Manning & Loring and John West.

Soon after the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, the Fleets removed the sign of the "Crown and Heart," which had been erected by their father, and put in its place the "Bible and Heart;" and this remained on the building, till the final relinquishment of their business, and the removal of the family, in 1808. Many persons expressed a desire that it should be preserved, but it was found to be much weather-beaten and decayed, and fell to pieces in the hands of the workmen who removed it.



THE BOSTON WEEKLY POST-BOY.

THE first number of this paper was issued in October, 1734, by Ellis Huske, who had just been appointed postmaster of Boston. No printer's name appeared in the imprint, during its whole existence, which was about twenty years. The latest number that is preserved in the Historical Library, was published in December, 1754, in which there is no notice of any intended discontinuance. Mr. Thomas thinks the publication was continued till some time in 1755. The character of this paper did not differ essentially from that of its predecessors, — the News-Letter and the Gazette. It was simply a weekly issue of extracts from English papers, and a few articles of intelligence, concerning trade and navigation, and a brief notice of the common occurrences of the week. It does not appear that Huske became

involved in any controversy with his cotemporaries of the press, or in any exciting disputes that might have existed in regard to matters of public interest. The paper has no pretension to a literary character, and had rarely a contribution from a correspondent.

In relation to the personal history of Huske, I have not been able to discover any thing more than what is stated by Mr. Thomas. "He was afterward appointed deputy-postmaster-general for the Colonies. He had a son, bred a merchant in Boston, who was afterward a member of the British Parliament. He was superseded in the department of the post-office by Franklin and Hunter."

The devices at the head of this paper were the same as those used in the first Boston Gazette, viz. the Ship on the left of the title, and the Post-Boy on the right. The Post-Boy was also used by Green & Russell, when they began the Weekly Advertiser.



THE INDEPENDENT ADVERTISER.

THE first number of this paper was published in Boston, January 4, 1748, by Rogers & Fowle. It was printed on a half-sheet of crown size, two pages folio ; — the head embellished with a cut, the device of which Mr. Thomas thus explains : — “ Britannia liberating a bird, confined by a cord to the arms of France. Britannia is represented sitting ; the arms of France lying on the ground before her ; the bird is on the wing, but being impeded by the cord, one end of which is fastened to the arms of France and the other to the bird, Britannia is in the act of cutting the cord with a pair of shears, that the bird may escape.”

The opening address it will be seen, is written in a better style, than had been usual in that department of the newspaper press : —

The PUBLISHERS to the READERS.

GENTLEMEN.

Upon the encouragement we have already received, and agreeable to our printed proposals, *The Independent Advertiser* now makes its entrance into the world, and as it will doubtless be expected upon its first appearance that we should more fully explain our design and show what the public may expect from it, we would accordingly observe, That we shall by no means endeavor to recommend this our paper by depreciating the merit of other performances of the same kind, neither would we flatter the expectations of the Public by any pompous promises which we may not be likely to fulfil; but this our Readers may depend upon; that we shall take the utmost care to procure the freshest and best intelligence, and publish it in such order, as that every reader may have the clearest and most perfect understanding of it; and for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the geography of foreign parts, we may insert such descriptions as may enlighten them therein. But as we cannot expect to gratify our inquisitive customers with a constant supply of news, (especially in this barren season,) we propose occasionally to insert such valuable extracts from our most celebrated writers, which may be most likely to improve or entertain our readers. And as our present political state affords matter for a variety of thoughts, of peculiar importance to the people of New England, we propose to insert every thing of that nature that may be pertinently and decently wrote. For ourselves, we declare we are of no party, neither shall we promote the private and narrow designs of any such. We are ourselves free, and our paper shall be free, — free as the constitution we enjoy, — free to truth, good manners and good sense, and at the same time free from all licentious reflections, insolence and abuse. Whatsoever may be adapted to state and defend the rights and liberties of mankind, to advance useful knowledge and the cause of virtue, to improve the trade, the manufactures and the Husbandry of the country, whatever may tend to inspire this people with a just and proper sense of their own condition, to point out to them their true interest, and rouse them to pursue it; as also any piece of wit and humor, shall at all times find (free of charge) a most welcome reception. And although we do not altogether depend upon the casual benevolence of the public to supply this paper, yet we will thankfully receive every thing from every quarter conducing to the good of the public and our general design.

The Advertiser was devoted chiefly to politics. Most of the essays, which were ably written, were contributed by a society of gentlemen, associated for that pur-

pose, among whom the inflexible Whig, Samuel Adams, was prominent and influential.

Rogers & Fowle, the publishers of this paper, formed a partnership in 1742, and carried on the printing business on a scale somewhat larger than any of their predecessors or cotemporaries. They issued a number of volumes, which were neatly and accurately printed, — chiefly on their own account. In 1743, they published the first number of the *American Magazine*, — in its execution equal to that of the English periodicals, — which was continued three years. They were excellent workmen. They manufactured ink for their own works, and are supposed to be the first printers in America, who were successful in that branch of domestic manufacture. They printed an edition of two thousand copies of the New Testament for Daniel Henchman, — the first impression of that book in English, which had issued from an American press. In 1750, about two years from the commencement of the publication of the *Independent Advertiser*, Rogers & Fowle dissolved their partnership, and the *Advertiser* was discontinued.

GAMALIEL ROGERS served his apprenticeship with Bartholomew Green, senior. He began business as a printer, in 1723, and printed chiefly for the booksellers. After the dissolution of his partnership with Fowle, he opened a printing-house at the westerly part of the town, and wrought at his profession, in a small way for two or three years, when his house was burned, and his press and most of his types destroyed. His property being chiefly lost, he gave up business as a printer. Dejected and broken in spirit, at an advanced period of life, he opened a shop near the Old South meeting-house, where

he supported his family by retailing groceries in small quantities, and selling a few pamphlets, — the remnants of the stock accumulated in more prosperous days. “He was an industrious, sensible, amiable man, and a good Christian.” Soon after the battle of Bunker-Hill, in 1775, when Boston was in possession of the British troops, and besieged by the provincial army, Rogers obtained permission of the British commander to leave the place. He removed to Ipswich, in the county of Essex, and died there, in the autumn of that year, aged seventy years.

DANIEL FOWLE, the junior partner in the firm of Rogers & Fowle, was born in Charlestown, and served his apprenticeship with Samuel Kneeland. He began business as a printer on his own account, in 1740. Soon after his separation from Rogers, in 1750, he opened a printing-office in Ann-street, where he kept a small collection of books for sale, and printed a number of pamphlets. In July, 1755, a pamphlet made its appearance in Boston, of which Fowle was suspected to be the printer, and on that suspicion was subjected to severe treatment. The pamphlet was entitled “The Monster of Monsters: a true and faithful Narrative of a most remarkable phenomenon lately seen in this Metropolis; to the great Surprize and Terror of His Majesty’s good Subjects; humbly dedicated to all the Virtuosi of New-England: By Thomas Thumb, Esq.” This *allegorical* monster appears to have been an excise law, which was on its passage through the House of Representatives. It was said to have made its first appearance in an Assembly of Matrons, where it was received with great favor, and great pains taken to make others admire it.

A number of speeches were reported as having been made by the principal ladies of the assembly; but whether the speeches bore any resemblance to the discussions in the House of Representatives, is quite doubtful. But the House chose to make an application of the remarks to several of its members, and

Resolved, That the pamphlet entitled *The Monster of Monsters*, is a false, scandalous Libel, reflecting upon the proceedings of the House in general, and on many worthy members in particular, in breach of the privileges thereof.

Ordered, That the said pamphlet be burnt by the hands of the common Hangman, below the Court-House in King-street, Boston, and that the Messenger of the House see the same carried into execution.

Resolved, That the Messenger of the House do forthwith take into custody Daniel Fowle of Boston, Printer, who, they are informed was concerned in printing and publishing the said pamphlet, and that the Speaker issue his warrant for that purpose.

In pursuance of the Speaker's warrant, on the 24th of October, while he was at his dinner, Fowle was arrested, taken to the House, and examined, after an hour's confinement in the lobby. In a pamphlet, entitled, "A Total Eclipse of Liberty," written and published by Fowle, in the latter part of the year 1755, he gives the following account of his examination: —

After proper compliments before that Grand Assembly, I was interrogated in the following manner, by Mr. Speaker, viz. *Do you know any thing of the printing of this?* After looking it over some time, I said it was not of my printing, neither had I any such letters in my print-house. After some considerable pause, and the gentlemen looking at one another, I was asked, *Whether I knew any thing relating to said book?* I then desired the opinion of the House, *Whether I must answer to that question.* But notwithstanding this reasonable request, there was no vote passed, that I could perceive, except three or four gentlemen said, *Yes, Yes, very earnestly:* Upon which I informed them I could not say, *I had no concern;* for, as I heard there was such a pamphlet to sell, I had bought two dozen, and sold them out of my shop, and should not thought any harm, if I had sold a hundred of them. This brought on

the following questions and answers, viz. *Who did you buy them of?* I replied, they were sent, I thought, by a young man, but could not tell his name. *Who did he live with?* I then again desired the opinion of the House, Whether I was obliged to tell who I bought of? Three or four again rose up, and said, *I must.* Upon which I said I believed the young man lived with Mr. Royal Tyler. It was then demanded, *Whether I had any conversation with him about them?* I replied, I believe I might in the same manner as I had with many others, not that I imagined him the author, nor any other person, for I never agreed with any person about the printing of it, neither was it ever offered to me. I was then asked, *Whether any of my hands assisted in the doing of it?* I believe my Negro might, as he sometimes worked for my brother. I was then queried, *Whether my brother had any help?* I said, No. Then a gentleman said, *Somebody must help him, for one could not print alone.* As this was what I never knew before, I replied, one could print, and I could do five hundred with my own hands. I was next questioned, *Whether I ever saw any of it while printing?* As I was determined to show no contempt of authority, I acknowledged I had seen some of it printing off, as printers transiently go into one another's houses. *Whose house was it?* I think it was my brother's. *What is his name?* Zechariah. *Where does he live?* Down Cross-street. One gentleman stood up and said, *Some time ago I said I bought but two dozen, afterwards I bought a hundred;* to which I replied, I would have bought a hundred if I could have sold them. Another then stood up, and said, before I had time to answer, **YOU DO NOT KNOW WHEN YOU LIE:** Upon which I said, Begging your pardon, Sir, I know when I lie, and what a lie is, as well as yourself: to which there was no reply.

Fowle was then again locked up for three hours in the upper chamber of the Court-house. He was then taken down and re-examined, and repeated what he had said before. He was locked up in the garret, a third time, and kept there till between nine and ten o'clock, when he was removed to the gaol. According to his account he was treated with great harshness and indecency. On the 28th, he was taken to the House of Representatives and reprimanded by the Speaker, and an order was issued for his discharge on his paying the costs. Not complying with the condition he was returned

to the gaol. The next day he received information that his wife had been suffering under violent agitation on account of his confinement, and was pronounced in a dangerous condition by a doctor. He sent a message to the House of Representatives, asking to be permitted to go home to his wife, and promising to be ready to wait on them when they should have occasion for him. He was accordingly discharged, and no further proceedings were had in the matter.

Royal Tyler was arrested and taken before the House, but declined to answer any interrogatories. He was committed for contempt, but was released on a promise to appear when called for.

The treatment he received from the government induced Fowle to leave Massachusetts, and establish a printing-office in Portsmouth, N. H. In the following year, 1756, he commenced the publication of the New-Hampshire Gazette. He was the first printer that settled in that state. He was appointed printer to the government, and continued in business, till his death, which happened in June, 1787, at the age of seventy-two.

The Negro, mentioned by Fowle in his examination, was called Primus. Mr. Thomas says, — “He was an African. I well remember him; he worked at press, with or without an assistant; he continued to do press-work, until prevented by age. He went to Portsmouth with his master, and there died, being more than ninety years of age; about fifty of which he was a press-man.”



THE BOSTON GAZETTE, OR WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

AFTER the dissolution of the partnership of Kneeland & Green, Kneeland began the publication of a new paper, with the title of the *Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser*. The first number was issued January 3, 1753, and was avowedly a continuation of the old *Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal*. It was printed on a half sheet of crown quarto. The title was embellished with a cut, which had been originally intended to illustrate one of *Æsop's Fables*; but after the first year, it was exchanged for that which stands at the head of this article. This was better executed than any cut that had before appeared in any newspaper. During the first year, no name of printer or publisher appeared in the imprint. At the close of that year Kneeland inserted his name, as printer. The paper was handsomely print-

ed. It contained nothing original except occasionally a paragraph of intelligence. It was discontinued in March, 1755, on account, as was stated, of the provincial stamp act, and was immediately succeeded by Edes & Gill's Boston Gazette.





THE BOSTON GAZETTE AND COUNTRY JOURNAL.

ON the seventh of April, 1755, — one week after S. Kneeland relinquished the publication of his “*Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser*,” — a third newspaper, bearing the title of the *Boston Gazette*, was published by Edes & Gill. It was a crown half sheet, printed in two pages, folio. When it first appeared, its head was decorated with two cuts, one of which was the same that Kneeland had used for *his Gazette*; the other was that, which embellished the title of Rogers & Fowle’s *Independent Advertiser*. The title of the paper stood between these two cuts. About the year 1760, both these devices were laid aside, and that, which appears at the head of this article, was adopted, and was continued as part of the title as long as the paper was published. This device, according to Mr. Thomas, repre-

sents Minerva (instead of Britannia) seated before a pedestal, on which is a cage; Minerva holds a spear surmounted with the cap of liberty in her left hand, and, with her right opens the cage, and liberates the bird, which is represented as flying towards a tree that stands at some distance from a city. At the time of this change, the form of the paper was enlarged, and it was printed on a whole demy sheet, and the typography underwent some improvements.

The establishment of this Gazette was an important event among the memorable circumstances and incidents, which preceded the Revolution. The office of its publication became the habitual resort of the most distinguished political writers of that period. Some of them had been correspondents of the Independent Advertiser. James Otis, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Thomas Cushing, John Adams, and Josiah Quincy, jun. inflexible advocates of civil, political, and religious liberty, were the moving spirits at these meetings; and there is no doubt, that many of the measures of opposition to the acts of the British Parliament for taxing the Colonies, which produced the Declaration of Independence and resulted in the complete separation of the Colonies from the parent country, originated in the deliberations of this association of patriots and statesmen. Edes and Gill were men of bold and fearless hearts, of good reputation as private citizens, and unwavering in their opposition to the policy of the government. Supported and encouraged, as they were, by writers of the first talent and respectability, the Gazette soon became the organ of the Whigs, and gained extensive circulation. Every innovation upon the chartered privileges of the

Colonies was examined, reviewed, reprobated, and condemned, with a freedom which knew no fear, and a severity which despised all control. No press in the country exerted a more powerful influence over the feelings, opinions, and conduct of the people.

The measures of the provincial government furnished a long catalogue of grievances, on which the writers for the Gazette were wont to make their comments, even from the first publication of the paper; and the warmth, with which they began, increased with every succeeding act of oppression, — the Stamp Act, the Massacre, the Tea Tax, and the closing of the port of Boston, — to the highest pitch of indignation. The proceedings of town-meetings, of committees, and of individuals, concerned in opposing the arbitrary measures of the government are detailed in the Gazette, and impart an interest to its columns, which will not be subdued till the events themselves shall be forgotten. The Boston Massacre, which took place on the evening of the Fifth of March, 1770, is minutely narrated in the Gazette of the twelfth; and this narrative has always been deemed faithful and authentic. As it was an event that could not be foreseen, the public could not be prepared for it by any warning voice from the press, as in the case of the Stamp Act; and such was the horrible nature of the transaction, — involving the certainty of a judicial trial for assassination — that the press preserved an almost total silence after the tragedy was performed. Little concerning it can be found in any of the papers of the day, until after the trial. The result of the trial was not universally satisfactory. From an occasional remark in the Gazette, it may be inferred that the editors would have been better

pleased, had the verdict been otherwise than it was. A writer under the signature of "Vindex," published a series of articles, reviewing the arguments of counsel and the decisions of the Court, and tending to show that the verdict was not such as the testimony in the case would have justified. That John Adams and Josiah Quincy engaged in the defence of the soldiers, who were indicted for the murder, was evidently much regretted by many of their friends, as well as by a large portion of the people.

The anniversary of the massacre was marked, in Boston, by the observance of solemn ceremonies, and an oration for several succeeding years. On the evening of the anniversary in 1771, a pageant was exhibited, which is thus noticed in the Gazette : —

Tuesday last was the Anniversary of the never-to-be-forgotten Fifth of March, 1770, when Messieurs *Gray, Maverick, Caldwell, Carr,* and *Attucks* were inhumanly murdered by a Party of Soldiers of the XXIXth Regiment in King-Street : — The Bells of the several Congregational Meeting-Houses were tolled from XII o'clock at Noon till I : — In the Evening there was a very striking Exhibition at the Dwelling-House of Mr. PAUL REVERE, fronting the Old North Square. — At one of the Chamber-Windows was the appearance of the Ghost of the unfortunate young Seider, with one of his Fingers in the Wound, endeavoring to stop the Blood issuing therefrom : Near him his Friends weeping : And at a small distance a monumental Obelisk, with his Bust in Front : — On the Front of the Pedestal, were the Names of those killed on the Fifth of March : Underneath the following Lines,

*Seider's pale Ghost fresh bleeding stands,
And Vengeance for his Death demands.*

In the next Window were represented the Soldiers drawn up, firing at the People assembled before them — the Dead on the Ground — and the Wounded falling, with the Blood running in Streams from their Wounds : Over which was wrote FOUL PLAY. In the third Window was the Figure of a Woman, representing AMERICA, sitting on the Stump of a Tree, with a Staff in her Hand, and the Cap of Liberty

on the Top thereof, — one Foot on the Head of a Grenadier lying prostrate grasping a Serpent — Her Finger pointing to the Tragedy.

The whole was so well executed, that the Spectators, which amounted to many Thousands, were struck with solemn Silence, and their Countenances covered with a melancholy Gloom. At nine o'clock the Bells tolled a doleful Peal, until Ten; when the Exhibition was withdrawn, and the People retired to their respective Habitations.

Another subject of great and permanent interest among the people of Boston during this period of general excitement and irritation, was the tax upon Tea, and the proceedings of the town in reference thereto. The Gazette has a full account of the various town-meetings, and the correspondence between several committees appointed at those meetings and the persons, to whom the Teas, then on board certain ships in the harbor, were consigned. The *Destruction of the Tea* — a world-renowned exploit, — is thus recorded in the Gazette of December 20, 1773 : —

On Tuesday last the body of the people of this and all the adjacent towns, and others from the distance of twenty miles, assembled at the Old South meeting-house, to inquire the reason of the delay in sending the ship Dartmouth, with the East-India Tea, back to London; and having found that the owner had not taken the necessary steps for that purpose, they enjoined him at his peril to demand of the collector of the customs a clearance of the ship, and appointed a committee of ten to see it performed: after which they adjourned to the Thursday following, ten o'clock. They then met, and being informed by Mr. Rotch, that a clearance was refused him, they enjoined him immediately to enter a protest and apply to the Governor for a passport by the castle, and adjourned again till three o'clock for the same day. At which time they again met, and after waiting till near sunset, Mr. Rotch came in and informed them that he had accordingly entered his protest and waited on the Governor for a pass, but his excellency told him he could not consistent with his duty grant it until his vessel was qualified. The people finding all their efforts to preserve the property of the East-India Company and return it safely to London, frustrated by the tea consignees, the collector of the customs, and the Governor of the Province, DISSOLVED their meeting. — But, BEHOLD what followed! A number

of brave and resolute men, determined to do all in their power to save their country from the ruin which their enemies had plotted, in less than four hours, emptied every chest of tea overboard the three ships commanded by Captains Hull, Bruce, and Coffin, amounting to 342 chests, into the Sea!! without the least damage done to the ships or any other property. The masters and owners are well pleased that their ships are thus cleared; and the people are almost universally congratulating each other on this happy event.

The state of public feeling, in regard to the use of Tea, is truly illustrated in the annexed article, from the *Gazette* of September 5, 1784,—evidently the composition of one of the editors:—

About ten days since, there came a villanous pedlar to a store in Leominster, who, upon examination was found to have a quantity of the destructive and detestable weed, Tea—which he asserted he had brought with him in a late foreign voyage, and pretended he was carrying it home to his dear wife; but it seems he had not the greatest regard and affection for her, by his giving her poison.—However, he offered his Tea for sale, thinking the store-keeper to be an enemy to his country; but, to his great sorrow, he soon found it was not so; for, by this time, the shop was well stored with true Whigs, (a most respectable assortment,) who, it seems, were privately invited there by the store-keeper; at First sight, struck a horrid damp on the Tea-Merchant, and perhaps caused as violent an agitation in his knees, as ever was in those of Belshazzar; so that he cried for quarter, begging they would not clothe him in the modern dress, the weather being excessively hot. The Whigs granted his petition, but repeatedly exhorted him to reform, and be no longer an enemy to himself and country;—and finally they made him these very friendly proposals, which were as follows, that he should either immediately burn that Tea, at his own cost, or at theirs, or have it taken by force and consumed; the former of which he readily agreed to, by burning the Tea. He then departed, heartily thanking them for their kindness and benevolence toward him.

But lenity cannot, must not be exercised towards these enemies much longer;—it is to be feared the direful period is at hand, when the Sons of Liberty will be bound in duty, both to God and themselves, to hang, drown, or otherwise demolish these execrable villains from the face of the earth, that posterity may enjoy a peaceful and happy land, preserved from utter ruin by the noble efforts of Freedom's Sons. Oh! that the refulgent rays of liberty might penetrate the transparent skulls of those abandoned few, who are ever plotting their country's ruin.

During the administration of Governor Hutchinson, frequent and almost constant attacks were made upon it by the editors or correspondents of the Gazette. His speeches and messages to the General Court were reviewed and censured with freedom, and frequently in severe and indignant language. A writer under the signature of "Lucius" addressed to him a series of letters, of which the following, — being No. II. — is a specimen : —

TO MR. HUTCHINSON.

I have again perused your letters, and am constrained to revisit you. Being unused to claim audience of *the Great*, you will pardon my ability to attemper my awkward but honest salutations to the elegant organs of *the courtier*. Your repeated injunctions of secrecy to your confidential correspondents, evidence you to be perfectly callous to the feelings of humanity. Those who shrink not at guilt frequently recoil at shame. The most finished profligate is more appalled at the hazard of detection, than in the perpetration of the grossest enormities. Influenced as I am by that first great duty of every citizen to drag to light the conspirators against the public safety, I feel some regret to wound a sensibility so tremblingly alive. I could applaud you, could I hush my conscience to a dead sleep, with less reluctance than I now censure you. Were I not thoroughly persuaded your conspiracies tend to the ruin of my country, you might glut your unsated ambition, and cram your avarice to bursting, sooner than provoke my indignation.

The iniquitous measures concerted by you and the junto of enemies to the peace and welfare of the colony, have steadily received all that encouragement and support, which your native cunning, specious address, and extensive popularity could afford them. The natural weight of family interest, joined to the adventitious aid of exterior circumstances, and that fertile source of corruption, *titular dignities*, which you have managed like a skillful gambler, have preponderated in the adverse scale, by the foul revolt of the natural guardians of the rights of the people. The infamous monopoly of the offices of government in your family, has served to render the most of them of some significance: Others have been elevated in the true policy of a Roman prefect, from the very dregs of mankind: So far from being distinguished by their natural or acquired excellences, they are rather remarkable for a gross defect of education and understanding: These have been

modestly denominated *the better sort of people*. I affect not to despise any man, but detest the motive of snatching a rascal from the dunghill, though, by arts the most contemptible, he may have acquired a casual opulence, and introduce him to rank and place, to abet the designs of a traitor. Men of such characters, so unaccountably distinguished by you, to be sure, could not be ungrateful; they must of necessity adopt the sentiments, and concur in the measures, of a person of your reputed wisdom, from whom they live, move, and have their political being; the dread of being consigned to their primitive nothingness, should they be possessed of one spark of virtue, would prevent their acting counter to your sovereign dictates. Could they be supposed to court disgrace by an heroic act of self-denial, you had another tenure to secure obedience by your assurance, that *they would certainly meet with favor and encouragement*.

In your own person you exhibit a shining example of the corrupt traffic of the times; you have received a noble compensation for your pliability. If you are become a pack-horse of tyranny, you bound over us with glittering trappings. I cannot but admire the fertility of your genius; rich in expedients, you could ever bend your interpretations to the temper of your masters: ministerial mandates operate in your hands with an energy uncontrollable: Right, justice, private judgement and public convenience, have ever been annihilated at the *fiat* of a private instruction; yet by the strange struggle of a political lillate, you have affected to wash your hands of the guilt of parricide. But have you not gone beyond your tether, Sir? In the career of success, you have failed to consider the times might alter still. As you have proceeded too far to retreat without covering yourself with disgrace, persevere, I charge you. Let us not arraign you of want of fortitude or consistency; blush only in secret, if conscience, awakened, denies you repose; laugh at that bugbear of the sordid and timorous; despise the frowns of the virtuous, the curses of the multitude; preserve what? Conscience placated, honor unimpeached, integrity untainted, or your country unthralled? No, Sir; preserve your place.

You insist, *there must be an abridgement of what are called English Liberties*; you wish to see a further restraint of Liberty in the Colony: for what reason, Sir? Because your misrepresentations would fail of their designed effect, without the total ruin of the colony? Let me challenge you in the face of Heaven, What right has the colony justly forfeited? What claim has she not justly made? Do not reason and equity forbid us to pay submission to such acts and regulations, which, so far from being beneficial, are grievous and unconstitutional? Are we indulged in the personal security of British subjects? No! Is acquired property

ours by any certain tenure? No. Are not our claims of charter-rights deemed nugatory, insolent, and contumacious? Yes. One question more I must be indulged in,—What must be the opinion of your virtue and honesty, among your confidential correspondents, when they consider you as a native American so solicitous to abridge the liberties of your countrymen? What must be the resentments of your fellow-citizens respecting the man, whom they have peculiarly caressed, honored, and promoted? You have intended the colonies irreparable mischief, by inculcating that narrow and diabolical maxim, that *a colony, distant from the parent state, cannot possibly enjoy all the liberty of the parent state*. You refer, probably, to the colonies of Rome, the fruits of conquest: Do not the circumstances of these colonies materially differ from those? Pray inform me, What is the bond of our subjection? Those colonies were harassed by other Bernards and other Hutchinsons. They finally revolted; and, after tearing the empire to pieces by intestine broils, Rome, the mistress of the universe, gave up the ghost; and bequeaths a wiser lesson to Britain than that of the sage Mr. *Hutchinson*, quoted above. Through your machinations, and those of your great antetype *Bernard*, this colony has suffered violence; even at this period, power has no barrier in America. A tyrant, Sir, can make no atonement for reducing subjects to slavery. Power, once perverted to the radical injury of a state, becomes too poor to make them compensation, and must and will be checked, whenever time and abilities present a favorable opportunity. To this dilemma your wicked counsels have reduced the nation: they certainly foresee that civil discord must eventually purchase what is unreasonably withheld from unavailing petitions.

LUCIUS.

The letters, alluded to at the beginning of the preceding address to the Governor, were written by him to a member of the British cabinet, in the year 1772. The originals were obtained by Dr. Franklin, and sent to Massachusetts, to a member of the General Court, who presented them to that body. The doors leading to the galleries of the House of Representatives were closed while the letters were read. The House immediately voted, “That the tendency and design of said letters was to subvert the constitution of this government, and to introduce arbitrary power into the provinces.” The

next day the Governor sent a message to the House, stating that he had been informed of their vote, and denying that he had ever written any public or private letter with such an intention, or that could have any such effect. He demanded a transcript of their proceedings, and information as to the letters referred to. The demand was complied with, and another message was transmitted to the House, in which he endeavored to exculpate himself from the imputation implied in the vote of the House ; but the attempt was ineffectual and the treachery of the Governor became apparent. The matter was discussed in the House, and, on the 15th of June, that body passed, by a very large majority, a set of Resolutions, the last of which was — “That this House is bound in duty to the King and their constituents, humbly to remonstrate to his Majesty the conduct of his excellency Thomas Hutchinson, Esq. Governor, and the honorable Andrew Oliver, Esq. Lieutenant-Governor of this Province ; and to pray that his Majesty would be pleased to remove them *for ever* from the government thereof.” The House immediately appointed the Speaker, and Messrs. Adams, Hancock, Hawley, and Leonard, a committee to carry the resolution into effect.*

I have not been able to ascertain at what time John Adams began to write for the Boston Gazette. It is probable that many of the communications, animadverting on the arbitrary proceedings of the ministry, and of their agents in the colonies, and published under different signatures, were his productions. A controversy

* A full and interesting history of proceedings and events connected with the transmission and receipt of these Letters, may be found in Sparks's *Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin*, vol. iv. p. 414.

arose between him and William Brattle, of Cambridge, concerning the appointment and salaries of Judges, which was published in the Gazette. The articles written by Mr. Adams, in this controversy, are signed with his name. It was in January, 1775, that Mr. Adams began to publish in the Gazette the celebrated series of papers, under the signature of "NOVANGLUS." These were occasioned by a series signed "MASSACHUSETTENSIS," written by Jonathan Sewall — an eminent lawyer, who abandoned his country and her cause, and went to England in 1775. "He and John Adams were bosom friends. He attempted to dissuade Mr. Adams from attending the first continental congress; and it was in reply to his arguments, and as they walked on the Great Hill at Portland, that Adams used the memorable words: 'The die is now cast; I have now passed the Rubicon; swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country is my unalterable determination.' They parted and met no more, until Sewall came to America in 1788. The one, the high-souled, the lion-hearted Adams, had a country, and a free country; the eloquent and gifted Sewall lived and died a colonist." *

Mr. Adams addressed his communications "To the Inhabitants of the Colony of Massachusetts-Bay," and promises, in his introductory paper, to accompany his antagonist, in his "ingenious labors to convince the people that the system of colony administration, which has been pursued for ten or twelve years, is a wise, righteous, and humane plan; that Sir Francis Bernard and Mr. Hutchinson, are their best friends; and that those gentlemen in this and the other colonies, who have been in

* Sabine's *American Loyalists*, p. 609.

opposition to it, are from ignorance, error, or from worse and baser causes, your worst enemies." Massachusettensis had pledged himself to "avoid personal reflections, but to penetrate the arcana, and expose the wretched policy of the Whigs." "I, on my part," says Novanglus, "may, perhaps, in a course of papers, penetrate arcana, too; — show the wicked policy of the Tories — trace their plan from its first rude sketches to its present complete draught; — show that it has been much longer in contemplation, than is generally known — who were the first in it — their views, motives, and secret springs of action, — and the means they have employed. This will necessarily bring before your eyes many characters, living and dead. From such a research and detail of facts, it will clearly appear who were the aggressors, and who have acted on the defensive, from first to last — who are still struggling, at the expense of their ease, health, peace, wealth, and preferment, against the encroachments of the Tories on their country, — and who are determined to continue to struggle, at much greater hazards still, and, like the Prince of Orange, resolve never to see its entire subjection to arbitrary power, but rather to die fighting against it, in the last ditch." This series of papers was continued for several months, — occupying a large portion of the Gazette, not unfrequently two or three pages at a time. They were received and approved, everywhere, by the Whigs; admired for the manly freedom and energy of their style, the clearness of the writer's reasoning, the pertinence of his reflections, and the indisputable facts and testimonies, on which his arguments were founded. They placed the grounds and progress of the controversy in the fairest point of view,

and detected the base arts and false glosses, by which the principles and conduct of the Whigs had been misrepresented.

One of the most bold, powerful, and eloquent, of the fearless patriots, who wrote for the Gazette, was Josiah Quincy, jun. This gentleman, — born in 1744, and graduated at Harvard College in 1763, — published in the Gazette of September 28, 1767, an article signed "HYPERION," which was followed by a second piece under the same signature, on the 5th of October. He was then only in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and had just commenced the practice of the law in his native town of Boston. The following sentences are extracted from the first of these articles : —

'Tis a political maxim, that all government tends to despotism, and, like the human frame, brings, at its birth, the latent seed, which finally shall destroy the constitution. This is a melancholy truth — but such is the lot of humanity. The art of an ingenious physician may, indeed, for a time, illude the desperate poison, the skill of an able patriot may prolong, for a while, the political existence of a state ; but the constitution still hastens, with increasing velocity, to inevitable death. This truth is founded in nature : Experience, has, in every age, verified this maxim of politics, and the approaching fate of our mother country shall but confirm the observation.

An insatiable appetite, an enormous thirst of despotic sway, is a threatening symptom and sure presage of the final catastrophe of the constitutional system. A desire of absolute government prompts to the extension of legal authority, and states, like men, are precipitated head-long, by a boundless ambition, from the giddy precipice of power into the gulf of ruin and destruction. O Britain ! hold thy cruel hand ! suspend the bloody sword an instant, and while, with an outstretched arm, thou art forcing from thy injured colonies one right after another, — while, even now, thou art making the desperate pass, which stabs the very vitals of thy children, reflect, one single moment, upon the unnatural, the brutal action. But if the dismal scene of wo, — thy sons and daughters weltering in their infant blood, touch not thy adamant heart, look back to distant ages, and see the rise and fall of ancient kingdoms ! Behold their fate, and learn thine own ! . . .

The powers of the human mind were never made for unlimited jurisdiction over the extensive realms of science, neither was the sceptre of civil society formed for arbitrary and universal empire. The political like the animal body is in the best health, while the original constitution is kept pure and undebauched.

The second communication of "Hyperion," published in the Gazette of October 5, 1767, here follows entire. The motto, it will be perceived, is a string of quotations from Shakspeare, with slight variations, to adapt the sentiment to the time and the occasion. This seems to have been a common practice with Mr. Quincy. The mottoes to many of his subsequent contributions to the Gazette, are thus constructed. "His compositions, during this period, prove that he was extensively conversant with the best writers of the French and English schools. Above all, the genius of Shakspeare seems to have led captive his youthful imagination. In his writings, quotations, or forms of expression modeled upon those of that author, perpetually recur. There still exists among his papers a manuscript of the date of 1762, he then being in the junior class of the college, of seventy closely and minutely written quarto pages of extracts from that writer." *

———— Are we unpregnant of our cause ?
Can we do nothing, no, not for our country,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A vile defeat is made ? Are we all cowards ?

———— ——— It cannot be
But we are pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,
We should have fatted all the region kites
With the offal of these slaves. Bloody villains !
Remorseless, treacherous, kindless villains !
O vengeance ! ——— ——— ———
O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! What else ?

* See "*Memoir of Josiah Quincy, jun.*, by his Son, Josiah Quincy," page 7.

And shall I couple Hell ? O fie ! Hold, hold, my heart !
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Can I forget thee ?
 O my poor country ! while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe, I will remember thee !
 Yea, from the table of my memory,
 I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That Youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandments all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixed with baser matter : — Yes, by Heaven !

When I reflect upon the exalted character of the ancient Britons, when I call to mind the fortitude of our illustrious predecessors, when my memory retraces the noble struggles of the late memorable period ; when from these reflections a very natural transition is made, and I contemplate the gloomy aspect of the present day, my feeling heart is alternately torn with doubt and hope, despondency and terror. Can the true, generous magnanimity of British heroes be entirely lost in their degenerate progeny ? Is the Genius of Liberty, whose breath, but a few days since, inflamed our bosoms with a celestial ardor, fled forever ? Is the spirit of the prophets departed from among us, that our enemies should become triumphant, and those, who seek our destruction, should rejoice ? Or does the Lion of the wood but sleep, that when he is roused from his slumbers, the roaring of his mouth and the flame of his nostrils may be the more terrible ? O ye ravenous blood-hounds ! who eager stand, with wide-expanded jaws, to seize your prey, *to you I call, but with no friendly voice.* Have you not seen the young Lion of the forest enraged ? have you not heard the thunder of his voice ? have you not beheld the lightning of his eye ? — Come not too near his sacred retreat ; disturb not his peaceful repose ; tempt not his wrath, lest he gnash his teeth with indignation, lest he tear you in pieces in the frenzy of his passion, and give your flesh to the birds of the air, and your bones to the wild beasts of the field.

An attentive observer of the deportment of some particular persons, in this metropolis, would be apt to imagine that the grand point was gained ; the people entirely broken to the Yoke ; all America subjugated to bondage. Does the baleful blast of calamity blow upon our land ? — See these accursed betrayers of their *native* soil snuff with joy the tainted gale. Does the herald of report sound forth the doom of a sister colony ? — See these *vipers of our bosom* swell with triumph ; see them, even now, devouring, in imagination, the vitals of their country,

and anticipate the riotous feast they expect shortly to make upon the blood and treasure of their fellow-citizens; and, as if already they had fattened and grown wanton upon the spoils of the land, see them toss the head of insolence, put on the haughty air of contemptuous disdain, and insultingly display their lordships and dominions, their potentates and powers; nay, they dare to tell us, our only hope is to crouch and cowl under the iron rod, and kiss the sceptre of oppression. Precious sample of the meek and lowly temper of those, who are destined to be our imperious lords and masters!

Be not deceived, my countrymen, by these venal hirelings, these mercenary tools of power. Let them not cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vaporings into compliance. Should some wretched minion, who would palm himself as "*a true Patriot*," endeavor to flatter you into "*moderation and prudence*," tell him that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judgement; courage and intrepidity are to command in action. Should he tell us to "*perceive our inability to oppose the Mother Country*,"—we boldly answer, that, in defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare to *oppose* the world; that, with the God of armies on our side, even the God, who fought our Fathers' battles, we fear not the hour of trial; though the host of our enemies should cover the field like locusts, and set their armies in dreadful array against us, yet the sword of the Lord and of Gideon shall prevail.—But, "*away with political enthusiasm!*" If this, thou Blasphemer, is enthusiasm, then will we live and die enthusiasts.

"IF YOU ARE AGGRIEVED," says the "True Patriot," "*strive by all prudent means to obtain redress.*"—Go, thou dastard! Get thee home! A rank adulterer riots in thy bed, a brutal ravisher deflowers thy only daughter, a barbarous villain now lifts the murderous hand, and stabs thy tender infant to the heart. See the sapphire current trickling from the wound, and the dear boy, as he now gasps his last, cries out for the ruffian's mercy. Go! thou wretch! be calm, and soothe the frenzy of thy soul into tame *moderation*;—Go! *Doubt the injuries you feel*;—Go! question with *the assassin of thy wrongs*;—and when, insultingly, he brandishes the fatal dagger, reeking with thy infant's gore, nay, holds the crimson-tinged point to thy own bosom, and bids defiance to thy utmost rage, then, in the very instant of tumultuous fury,—Go! Let even thy coward soul boast, if it can, of "*prudence, calmness, and deliberation.*"

Out, thou abandoned caitiff! Desist thy vile but impotent attempts to lure my fellow-countrymen to the hidden snare. Thy blandishments will not fascinate our eyes, neither do thy threats of a "halter" intimidate us. For, under God, we are determined, that, wheresoever, when-

soever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men. And well do we know, that all the regalia of death cannot dignify a villain's past life, nor diminish the ignominy with which a slave shall quit his existence; neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom, though he should make his departure on the already-prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the new-erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudit of conscience he will go off the stage; the crown of joy and immortality shall be his reward; the history of his life, his children shall venerate; the virtues of their sire shall excite their emulation.

Hear me, thou *Patriot-Traitor*, and all ye despicable tribe of great and petty villains! Display not too soon your "*halter, fire, and jaggot*;" quaff not our blood *before your time*, lest your eagerness to anticipate forestall the delights of fruition.

My much respected countrymen! Be not terrified by the threats and vaunting of your sworn foes: For, even in our times, we have seen the finger of the Lord; and we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, the great things which God did for them in their day; how he delivered them, in the howling wilderness, out of the paw of the Lion, and out of the paw of the bear; how, with an outstretched hand, he led them through the dreary desert, giving them the manna of heaven for food, and the water out of the rock for them to drink; how he miraculously preserved his chosen people from tempest, fire, sword, and famine, and put all their lurking and insidious enemies to flight. Surely, his ear is not heavy, that he cannot hear, nor his arm shortened, that he cannot save. — Did he not plant us with his own hand? Hath he not nourished and brought us up as children? Surely, he will not, now, altogether cast us off! If we seek him, he will be found of us; while we serve him, he will never forsake us. And, if our God be for us, who shall be against us? Though our enemies should be as the vermin of the field, or as the insects of the air, yet will I not be dismayed; for the breath of his mouth shall scatter them abroad, the power of his strength shall confound and overwhelm them with mighty destruction.

HYPERION.

The agreement, entered into by most of the Boston merchants, to discontinue the importation of British goods, was greatly annoying to the Tories. A writer in the *Boston Chronicle*, who adopted the signature of "a Bostonian," was illiberal and abusive, and endeavored to divert public attention from matters of general moment

to the concerns of individuals. Mr. Quincy published in the Gazette of February 12 and 26, 1770, two articles, signed "an Independant," in reply to "Bostonian." In the first of these, the following paragraphs occur:—

A writer, who sets out, with telling us that "our attention has long been engrossed *with wild chimeras*," carries "a title-page, that speaks the nature of a volume." The objects that have attracted our eyes, as well as the hearts of all North-America, need no further elucidation to show their value and importance. If there is any "charm," that is like to ensnare us,—any "fascination," that should be dispelled, it is the "fascinating charm" of imitating the enticing luxuries of those, who riot on the toil of others;—a greater danger, a danger, that is alarming, in proportion as it is not generally perceived. A great danger of the present day is, that we should be allured by the affluence and splendor of the creatures, among us, who are insinuating their poison, by increasing their connections, and corrupting the minds of the young and unwary, with flattering expectations of eating idle bread.

* * * * *

"If I ask, (says the Bostonian,) an advocate for the non-importation agreement, what end it is to answer, I am told it is to bring about a REPEAL of the revenue laws." But, by the gentleman's leave, I, who am an advocate for the same agreement, would make a very different answer. I believe, if those laws are never repealed, it will be happy for my country; and therefore, as a good citizen, I wish for their continuance. . . . From a conviction in my own mind, that America is now the slave of Britain; from a sense that we are every day, more and more, in danger of an increase of our burdens, and a fastment of our shackles, I wish to see my countrymen break off—OFF FOR EVER!—all social intercourse with those, whose commerce contaminates, whose luxuries poison, whose avarice is insatiable, and whose unnatural oppressions are not to be borne. That Americans will know their rights, that they will resume, assert, and defend them, are matters, of which I harbor no doubt. Whether the arts of POLICY, or the arts of war, will decide the contest, are problems we will solve at a more convenient season. He, whose heart is enamored with the refinements of political artifice and finesse, will seek one mode of relief;—he, whose heart is free, honest, and intrepid, will pursue another, a bolder and more noble mode of redress. This reply is so intelligible, that it needs no comment for explanation.

The Gazette of August 6, 1770, contains another of Mr. Quincy's communications, signed "An Old Man," in which he says:—"A wise people will inquire thoroughly into every scheme proposed for their adoption, and when its baneful or salutary effect is discerned, will be inflexible in their resolutions. A nation would be mad, indeed, should they see, as in the meridian sun, a design to enslave them, and, after a feeble opposition, be cajoled or bullied into timid acquiescence. But their conduct would be singularly infamous and deplorable, should they tamely surrender their birthrights to pimps, parasites, and harpies, when their solemn protestations of resistance, to their hearts' blood, had been registered in the records of eternity. Dead, also, must they be to every moral sentiment, should they be actuated to commit the most atrocious crime by a fondness and precipitudo to imitate the perfidy of others. Surely, it is to good men and Christians a strange doctrine, that the villany of one part of society, is a sanction for the wickedness of the residue. Men, who have a genuine attachment to their most important concerns, will examine what is their duty, and what the Lord their God requireth of them; and then will walk as a well-informed conscience shall dictate. On such men alone, under God, do we depend;—on those, who, despising the disingenuity of fraudulent subterfuge, will persevere, with untainted probity, to the end.

"We have been verging, an unexpected length of time, to that trying period, which is to delineate, and mark for ever, our true characters. If we are blind, we shall surely be deluded; if discerning, we shall escape the snare. If we are pusillanimous wretches, we may

be easily frightened ; if brave, our courage, vigor, and stability will accumulate strength by opposition. And let those, who fear the wants arising from loss of trade, remember the toils and labors of their forefathers, and blush when they repine at fancied miseries. If it did not move our derision, it would excite the sharpest anger, to hear the difficulties we now sustain, mentioned with a complaining regret. Good God ! Consider my fellow-citizens, what you are struggling for — consider what you oppose, and what you seek ! In defending your fair inheritance, it is impossible for you to suffer half the pains and sorrows your pious ancestors bore, in the arduous acquisition.”

Mr. Quincy continued to write for the Gazette, adopting various signatures, as fancy or circumstances might induce him to change. Many of his productions it would be difficult to identify. In the Gazette of November 25, 1771, there is a piece signed “Hyperion,” which, from the style, as well as from the fact that he had formerly written under the same signature, may be attributed to Mr. Quincy. It is addressed “To the man, whom Conscience forbids to style my Governor.” The annexed paragraph is a specimen of its serious admonition : —

Are riches the desire of your eyes ? In the right hand of wisdom and virtue are riches, yea, durable riches and pleasures forevermore. Does power inflame your ambition ? Consider you can be but a subordinate ruler ; you must please a master, or be at last “dismissed and punished,” let the denunciation seem as grating to you as it will ; and who so great, so powerful, or so honorable a master, as the King of kings, who requires you, on pain of his highest displeasure, to govern this great people as one that must give an account ? The meanest peasant is as much the darling of heaven as the finest courtier. Is a good conscience a most cordial companion through life, and a comforting stay to the

soul, when, sublunary things receding, the DIVINITY enlarges upon the mind? This is only to be maintained in *doing unto others*, as, by change of circumstances, you wish them to *do unto you*. A timely check to the *rabies dominandi*, which early infected your mind, would have secured you all these. But, alas! such a conquest as this was too hard for a stripling, who early confessed he had *sucked prerogative milk*, and observed *it would never be good times till the landed interest was got into few hands*.

An article signed "Calisthenes," in the Gazette of February 10, 1772, was written by Mr. Quincy. It is a severe and bitter rebuke to the Judges of the Supreme Court, for postponing the sentence of the law upon a criminal, who had been legally convicted of murder. The delay of judgement and execution is attributed to political favoritism. The criminal had then been in gaol twenty-two months. "Twenty-two months imprisonment for a capital crime, (says Calisthenes,) in a tormenting suspense between life and death, is what no man, undeserving of death, ought to bear. Either the laws want mending, or the ministers of justice want *something else*. . . . Is Richardson kept in gaol in order to recommend him to mercy? The *honor* of magistracy ought openly to avow it; — the *wisdom* of recommenders ought to justify it. A *secret, cunning-like* conduct, in persons of *judicial* characters, is base, odious, and execrable. It is base, because little: odious, because wicked: execrable, because destructive of social security and happiness. . . . Prisoners have their rights, as well as other men. COMPLAINT IS THE PREROGATIVE OF THE INJURED. No order of men are too high *to be called upon*, — too honest to *exclude suspicion*, — too pure to be tempted, — too powerful to be amesned to the tribunal of the public, and punished by — THE PEOPLE. Remember this important truth: What

is law for a *Richardson*, is law for a *SIDNEY*. If oppression is warranted by law, the *PATRIOT* is much more likely to fall a victim, than the pimp and pander. *HAMPDENS* will stain the scaffold with blood, while a robber or murderer finds a city of refuge. *No tyranny so severe, none so intolerable, none so dangerous, none so remediless, as that of EXECUTIVE COURTS.*"

In the Gazette of June 7, 1772, is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Quincy, under the signature of "*MARCHMONT NEDHAM.*" It begins as follows: —

"The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field."

I scarce ever inspected the face of Mr. H. [Hutchinson] or considered his conduct in public and private life, but some passage of my beloved Milton came to my mind: And however "*doubtful or equivocal*" his behavior may appear to the *gullable* and *gaping*, he is easily kenned and seen through by the sagacious and penetrating. Worldly policy and serpentine insinuation have, in general, been his characteristics. These have so often served his turn, and a dolt must become so considerable an adult by practice, that when he obviously stumbles out of his common track, I suspect he is ridden by a *superannuated* driver, or urged on by one, who has been a *blunderer* from the beginning.

The act of Governor Hutchinson, which was the occasion of the attack upon him in this paper, was his *convening* the General Court at Cambridge instead of Boston, under pretence that "it was, in many respects, very inconvenient for the sitting to be held in Boston." The House of Representatives had earnestly requested "a removal to Boston, as a matter of the greatest public advantage."

Several messages passed, on this occasion between the House of Representatives and the Governor. In one of them the Governor said — "I must govern myself by the measure not of your understanding but my own. What appears to you to be sufficiently plain, appears to

me to be doubtful and equivocal. So in complying with your desire, founded upon this among other reasons, I should or should not conform to the instructions of the King, whose servant I am. As reserved as you have been in your answer to my message, I will be unreserved and open with you. Whilst you dispute the authority by which I at first removed the court from Boston, I do not intend to carry it thither again."

"Lelius," a writer in the Massachusetts Gazette, (which was the official organ of the Governor) undertook to defend the Governor, and complained that he was assailed in the "language of a porter;" to which "Nedham" replies, — "This writer ought to know that *propriety of language* must be determined by a joint consideration of the sentiment to be conveyed, the person addressed, and him, who is spoken of. Now, when the sentiment of the heart is justly abhorrent of the turpitude of the culprit, the language of the lips ought to be expressive of the feelings. Hence it is becoming the man, who acts from principle, to treat all villains with words and actions correspondent to their crimes. This alone ought to silence one half the clamors made about civility and politeness to dignified knaves and robbers. **FACT** is a test of just sentiment. **TRUTH** is an eternal standard of propriety in language."

The following is from a subsequent number of these essays: —

An elevated oppressor may make a trade for life of his oppression, and there may be none found to detect, or of ability to punish: he may, by betraying the interests of a single town, make his way to a station more fitted for the destruction of a province: the fall of a province may give a rise sufficient for accomplishing the sacrifice of a new world: the reign of a tyrant — (shame to the morals and virtue of

man!) — is seldom thought a time for complaint, conviction, or punishment. Thousands become interested to obey; thousands to serve; thousands to protect: the few discern, the many gaze, and the tamest tremble: The deceivers and deceived, the oppressors and the oppressed, make so great a part of the community, that the wise and good, the noble and brave, are often crushed and overwhelmed in the general calamity. Every sensible man knows that this is not a time to review or display in a true light, Mr. Hutchinson's whole conduct. Our business is to take such parts of his administration, as we may treat with wisdom and safety; to form a proper estimate of the man from his *more open* operations, and draw that *useful* knowledge, which may serve to counteract or defeat his *more secret, but not less dangerous and desperate* machinations.

I have known this gentleman a selectman of the town, a representative, and a counselor. I have seen him sit in judgement, heard his speeches and his charges, and have now lived to see him in the chair of government. I have attended and marked him, and think *I know him*. As an *individual*, having never received any private injury from him, I bear him no enmity. As far as he is an *adversary of my native country*, I am his foe. Disappointed ambition (of which we have sometimes heard) has not moved me; for I never had an ambition, which Mr. H. had an *opportunity* to gratify; and, at my present time of life, and health, I ought to feel no higher ambition, than that of fulfilling the more important duties. Being advanced in age and infirmity, I wish to see my country free and happy; that my children may partake as fair an inheritance as I have received. These and similar motives actuate me in my present works, and, I hope, will lead me to those pursuits and labors, which may render the small residue of my days profitable to my species, to whom I bear much affection.

Believe me, my countrymen, that a love to the human race is a moral and religious duty. It is a great, and too successful, art, which is often practised, to disseminate an aversion of man to man. More of this seed is sown, and more evils spring from it, than is generally apprehended. Disunion inevitably succeeds this aversion, till the divided *many* fall an easy prey to the contracted *few*. For this infernal purpose, the execrable WALPOLE propagated his accursed maxim — “EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.” For similar purposes the servile imitators of that odious prostitute have continued to inculcate like principles and doctrines; and, whether *caroled* at a noisy riot or *retailed* in Draper's paper, the same object is still ultimately in view, — To destroy all faith and confidence among men, that the subtle and rapacious may sooner subjugate the poor and innocent. This is the true *leading plan* of the rich

and powerful;—a plan, that levels virtue with vice, benevolence with selfishness, and all that is good and great with all which is vile and despicable. To oppose a project so pregnant of every moral and political evil, is a common duty. He, who sneers at all public virtue, and denies or ridicules the supposed existence of all affection for mankind, betrays that turpitude of heart, which characterized Satan in the garden of Eden:—he ought to be avoided as a pestilence. Cultivate an affection for each other, and for the world; and let this love be fervent, and it will do mighty works. Oppose with bitterness all, who go about to disunite the members of that great body—**THE MULTITUDE**. I bless **GOD** that, in early youth, I considered all men as my brethren: and now, in the decline of life, if I have one prominent desire, next to the plaudit of my **CREATOR** and my conscience, it is, that of having **THE MANY** to *arise and call me blessed*.

In the *Gazette* of December 20, is the first number of a series entitled “Nedham’s Remembrancer,” intended as a supplement to the papers already noticed. This was a few days after the destruction of the tea in the harbor. In allusion to that proceeding, the writer says—“**THE PEOPLE** have been mild and considerate; they have been temperate and patient. When their mildness was called timidity, and their consideration want of courage, they did not cease to reason and entreat. When their temperance was treated with insult, and their patience with contempt, they felt the injury, though they stayed their vengeance. When the situation of public affairs called them to resolve upon their danger and duty, they were unanimous and determined; and when the exigency of the times increased, and *resolutions alone* were vain, they proceeded to action with order and discretion; and executed *the only remaining duty*, without unnecessary outrage and intemperate revenge.”

The same paper contains the publishers’ account of the throwing overboard of the tea. After a brief recapitulation of the proceedings at the several town-meet-

ings, at which every possible endeavor to induce the consignees to take the teas back to London had been made, the record proceeds — “The people, finding all their efforts to preserve the property of the East-India Company and return it safely to London, frustrated by the consignees, the collector of the customs, and the governor of the province, DISSOLVED their meeting. — But, BEHOLD what followed! A number of brave and resolute men, determined to do all in their power to save their country from the ruin, which their enemies had plotted, in less than four hours, emptied every chest of Tea on board the three ships commanded by Captains Hall, Bruce, and Coffin, amounting to 324 chests, into the sea!! without the least damage done to the ships or any other property. The masters and owners are well pleased that their ships are thus cleared; and the people are almost universally congratulating each other on this happy event.”

This series of “Nedham’s Remembrancer,” extended to seven numbers. The following are disconnected extracts: —

——— Think on thy country,
And die in terror of thy *guiltiness*.

Politically speaking, the crime of betraying one’s country is — the unpardonable sin. No guilt more deeply poisons the heart and embitters reflection. What pangs must swell the breast of a man, in the close of life, who looks back and sees himself laboring to *abridge the liberties of his country*, enslaving its inhabitants, and procuring the introduction of troops, which insult the civil magistrate, and shed the blood of his brethren? What and how exquisite must be his feelings, when he hears young and old imprecate vengeance on his hoary head, and sees his name and progeny blasted with execrations and infamy!

Jan. 10, 1774.

——— Meet it is I here set down,
That one may *smile*, and *smile* and be a VILLAIN!

——— And, with this visage, sugar o'er
THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

Subterfuge and evasion are the true characteristics of a little mind; and so are falsehood and cowardice. Such artifices are but temporary expedients which great souls scorn to use; like base coin they may pass currently with the ignorant and incautious for a time, but the cheat is soon discovered, and the impostor is punished and remains infamous for life. Thus he, who practises the low arts of political cunning, will, in the end, be detected, and sink into contempt, unless his crimes and his station consign him to an *exemplary* punishment and everlasting infamy.

Jan. 17, 1774.

These objurgatory passages are introductory to animadversions on the conduct of Governor Hutchinson, most tremendously severe and biting. That, which follows, is the conclusion of the whole series: —

Thus have I considered Mr. Hutchinson as degrading the highest station in the law to the lowest office of the inquisition; as descending from the rank of CHIEF JUSTICE to that of a COMMON INFORMER: an informer against “particular persons and the province in general:” — yes, — the *dark* assassin of *private characters* and HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

Convinced, as I am, that Governor Hutchinson, in defiance of every principle of right, every sentiment of honor and gratitude; convinced, I say, that HE is the first, the most malignant and *insatiable* enemy of my country; — that he is the chief author and supporter of the severest calamities under which this people labor; — convinced that he has done more general mischiefs, and committed greater public crimes, than his *life* can repair or his *death* satisfy; — and that *he is the man*, against whom the blood of my slaughtered brethren cries from the ground; I have, and shall, as strength is given me, pursue him. And if, at this time of life, I am too *old* for an AVENGER OF BLOOD, I am also too *young* to desert the service of my country. But it may be profitable now to leave him to the reflections of his own conscience — the anguish of a *departing* spirit. And if he be not speedily called to the great bar of the universe, peradventure I shall once more call him — but with no *friendly* voice — to the highest, the most terrible, tribunal on earth; — the tribunal of his injured countrymen.

Addressing to the contemplations of his pillow, I close, for the present, with the words of a favorite author: —

YOU have *lived long enough*; your *way of life*
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 You must not look to have: But, in their stead,
 CURSES, BOTH LOUD AND DEEP.

MARCHMONT NEDHAM.

This is supposed to be the last article written by Mr. Quincy, for publication. He went to England, soon after, on account of ill health. In March, 1775, he set out on his return. "On the 20th of April, within sight of that beloved country, which he was not permitted to reach, he expired. A few hours after his death, the ship, with his lifeless remains, entered the harbor of Gloucester, Cape Ann." *

The writers for the Gazette, for several years which preceded the beginning of the Revolutionary War, were numerous, bold, fearless, and patriotic. Several volumes might be filled with their productions, — inculcating the principles of civil and religious freedom, and exposing the hypocrisy and knavery of their rulers, and the agents of the government. One united spirit of hostility to the arbitrary exercise of power and prerogative pervaded their minds, and each seemed strengthened and invigorated by contact with another. It is to be lamented that so few of these interesting and important papers can now be appropriately assigned to their respective authors. If the writers of the papers signed "Vindex," "A Military Countryman," "A Bostonian," (Letters to Sir Francis Bernard,) "Candidus," "Fervidus," &c., could now be ascertained, their names might pass to pos-

* Memoir of Josiah Quincy, jun., by Josiah Quincy, p. 348.

terity with honors like those attached to the names of Otis,* Quincy, and the Adamses.

The closing of the harbor of Boston, by an act of the British Parliament known as *The Boston Port Bill*, furnished the writers in the *Gazette* with a subject for many columns of animadversion, and they availed themselves of the opportunity to address their countrymen in language, that could not fail to stir up all the spirit of patriotism.

In May, 1774, Governor Hutchinson was superseded by General Gage, and an attempt was made by Parliament to change the organization of the government of the province. The act provided that the counselors — twenty-eight in number — hitherto chosen by the General Court — should thereafter be appointed by the king. This act excited such general and violent opposition, that many of the counselors, thus appointed, resigned, or declined to accept the office. The proceedings of the inhabitants of several towns in the county of Worcester, assembled at Rutland, will give an idea of the prevalent feeling on this subject. It is stated in the *Gazette* of September 5, that the assembly was composed of upwards of a thousand persons, who intended to wait on John Murray, Esq. of Rutland, “in order to converse with him upon his new and unconstitutional appointment and acceptance as a counselor,” but to their disappointment, they found that on the preceding evening he had been apprized of their intention, and had absconded

* Although it is known that Otis was a frequent writer for the newspapers, and one of the most ardent Whigs of his day, I believe that no one has attempted to identify the articles that came from his pen, except a few in the early volumes of the *Gazette*, which are signed with his name. Many of the Massachusetts State Papers were of his composition. See *Tudor's Life of Otis*.

from his dwelling. The people retired, after directing a committee to leave the following notice with his family :

To John Murray, Esq.

Rutland, August 27, 1774.

SIR,

As you have proved yourself to be an open enemy to this province by your late conduct in general, and in particular in accepting the late appointment as an unconstitutional counselor; in consequence whereof a large number of men from several towns are assembled, who are fully determined to prevent your holding said office as Counselor, at the risque of our lives and fortunes; and not finding you at home, think proper to propose to your serious consideration the following, viz. That you make an immediate resignation of your office as a Counselor.

Your compliance as above, published in each of the Boston News-Prints by the Tenth Day of September next, will save the People of this County the Trouble of waiting on you immediately afterwards.

In the name and Behalf of the whole Assembly now present.

WILLARD MOORE,

Chairman of a Committee

chosen for the Purposes aforesaid.

It is not known whether Mr. Murray complied with the requisition, nor do I find any account of further proceedings in his case: But several of the Counselors did resign their offices, and gave public notice of their resignation, after the following fashion: —

Sturbridge, August 25, 1774.

Whereas I, ABIJAH WILLARD of Lancaster, have been appointed by mandamus a Counselor for this province, and have without due Consideration taken the Oath, do now freely and solemnly declare that I am heartily sorry that I have taken the said Oath, and do hereby solemnly and in good faith promise and engage that I will not sit or act in said Council, nor in any other that shall be appointed in such manner and form; but that I will, as much as in me lies, maintain the Charter Rights and Liberties of this Province, and do hereby ask forgiveness of all the honest, worthy Gentlemen that I have offended by taking the abovesaid Oath, and desire this may be inserted in the public Prints.

Witness my Hand,

ABIJAH WILLARD.

Many of the Sheriffs and their Deputies refused to perform the duties of their respective offices, and Jurors in several counties refused to be sworn ; but a notice in detail of their resignations, protests, and recantations, and prayers to be forgiven, would be sufficient to form a separate history. The number of those, who solicited from their fellow-citizens forgiveness for having signed a complimentary address to Governor Hutchinson on his leaving the country was not inconsiderable. A single specimen must suffice : —

To the PUBLIC.

Amidst the various enjoyments of Human Life, none affords me greater satisfaction than the Society and Esteem of my Fellow-Men, which I find I have in a great measure lost, by signing an Address to the late Governor Hutchinson : And had I the least suspicion that the said Address would have given such general Discontent, it should not have had my name to it. I am heartily sorry for the offence it has occasioned, and I do hereby renounce said Address in all Respects, and beg the Forgiveness of the Public, and to be reinstated in their Favor, assuring them that none shall be foremost in the Defence of the Liberties and Privileges of their Country, both civil and religious, than their humble servant,

JOHN WEBB.

Marblehead, Sept. 4.

All these things prepared the people for open and organized resistance to the acts of the British Government. The General Court met at Salem on the 5th of October, agreeably to a writ issued by the Governor, and after waiting two days without receiving any communication from him, resolved itself into a Provincial Congress, and adjourned to meet in Concord on the 11th of the same month. The proceedings of this body, which are given at large in the Gazette, are full of interest, and should be studied by every one who seeks for

an acquaintance with the political and civil history of the country.

In the Spring of 1775, the town of Boston being in possession of the British troops, Edes contrived to evade the vigilance of their guards, and went to Watertown, with an old press and one or two imperfect founts of type. Here he continued to print the Boston Gazette. Owing to the difficulty of procuring paper and ink, of a decent quality, the paper, during the whole period of its publication in this place, was but a poor specimen of printing. The Provincial Congress was then sitting at Watertown; and the Gazette is chiefly filled with the proceedings of that body, and of the Continental Congress, which was sitting at Philadelphia.

Soon after the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, Edes returned to the town. The partnership of Edes & Gill was dissolved, and the Gazette was continued by Edes and his two sons, Benjamin and Peter. He persevered in his patriotic career, with all the talent he possessed, and with as much ardor as ever. But the number of his contributors was much diminished, and those, which remained, lacked the brilliancy, the eloquence, and the fire, which gave character and energy to the productions of Otis, Quincy, Warren, and the Adamses. By a violent and ruffianly assault, Otis had been disabled from writing; Quincy had fallen a premature victim to disease; Warren had been sacrificed on Bunker-Hill; John Adams was busy in the public service, and Samuel Adams, if he continued to write for the press,—as he doubtless did, though probably less frequently than formerly,—was much and laboriously engaged in the performance of duties devolved upon him

by the state. Though the Gazette was occasionally enriched by powerful communications, it was not what it had been. During the Revolutionary War its conductors were faithful and prompt in collecting and publishing intelligence, and the Gazette may now be examined with advantage by all, who wish to read a narrative of the stirring events of that period in its freshest and most touching aspect.

The General Court, at its winter session in 1785, passed an act laying a duty of "two thirds of a penny" on every newspaper and almanack that might be published. It excited strong opposition. The name of Stamp Act was offensive to the people. Edes came out boldly in opposition to the measure. At the succeeding session the act was so modified as to lay the tax on advertisements. This gave no better satisfaction than the original law, and a writer in the Gazette, under the signature of "The Printer's Friend," sustained the opposition with considerable force of argument. Here is one of Edes's articles, which evinces rather an ingenious mode of evading the penalty of the law : —

The sixteenth article of our Bill of Rights says "The Liberty of the Press is essential to the security of Freedom in a State : It ought not therefore to be restrained in this commonwealth."

While the papers of the other states are crowded with advertisements, (free of duty) those of this state are almost destitute thereof; which justly occasions the oppressed printers of those shackled presses to make their separate complaints, as many do, owing to their being prohibited advertising in their own papers their own Books and Stationery without incurring a penalty therefor. We, for the same reason that our brother Typographers use, forbear publishing that *Bibles, Testaments, Psalters, Spelling-Books, Primers, Almanacks, &c.* besides *Stationery and all kinds of Blanks*, may be had at No. 42, Cornhill.

The duty on advertisements also prevents our publishing that we have lately reprinted an excellent moral Discourse, entitled, "The

Shortness and Afflictions of Human Life illustrated," for the price of said book being but *eight pence*, it will take away the profits of too many; and perhaps encourage government to continue this burthen."

From the first of July, 1794, till its discontinuance, the Gazette was published by Benjamin Edes, senior, alone, both sons having previously left the concern. The day of its popularity, and, consequently, that of its prosperity, was past. Differences of opinion, concerning public measures, had weakened old associations and contributed to the organization of new parties. Edes and some of his correspondents were opposed to the constitution for the United States, as prepared by the Convention of 1787, and expressed their disapprobation of some of its features, in terms of great bitterness; and when it was finally adopted, the federal administration was treated with contumely and abuse. They were ardent friends of the French Revolution, and justified, to the fullest extent, most of the proceedings of whatever party gained or held ascendancy in Paris. Thus they became identified with the Jacobin societies, that were formed in our country; and as their sympathies for France were excited, their animosity to England gained strength. The Federalists, — then the dominant party in the United States, — or, at least in New-England, — were accused of subserviency to Great-Britain, and ingratitude towards France. The policy of the federal administration was condemned; and though Washington and his acts were spoken of with some degree of deference, — apparently with unwilling respect, — Adams and Hamilton were treated with savage ferocity, as aristocrats and monarchists. The funding system was the constant theme of abuse, from those who believed,

or pretended to believe, that the government was in the hands of men, who were willing to sacrifice public honor and public faith to private speculation and emolument.

Jay's treaty was another topic of angry discussion between the federal and republican parties. Edes and his assistants opposed it with all the vigor and vituperation that political ferocity could invent or exercise. But in all this, the *Gazette* was only playing a second part. The *Chronicle* was the accredited organ of the Republican, or anti-federal party, and had the aid of several writers of great ability, among whom was one, — Benjamin Austin, jun. — who, as a popular writer, was equal to any one that ever undertook to support and vindicate that party. Several attempts were made by Edes and his Sons, — by appeals to public sympathy and justice, — to keep up the credit of the *Gazette*, and to secure a larger share of the public favor; but without effect. The symptoms of poverty, which were exhibited in the mechanical execution, — to say nothing of the decay of intellectual power, plainly discernible in the original matter, — foretold the fate that awaited it, and the absence of any redeeming attribute in its conductors.

What, in its years of decline, the *Boston Gazette* wanted of that soberness and dignity, that might have rendered its old age useful and respectable, was made up in querulous complainings and bitter and vulgar personality. No distinguished Federalist escaped the abuse, which was rendered contemptible by its grossness and vulgarity. In 1794–5, a series of papers, entitled “*A Review of the Jacobiniad*,” appeared in the *Federal Orrery*. The authorship of these papers was attributed to the Rev. J. S. J. Gardiner, then the assistant minis-

ter of Trinity Church. Assuming for a fact that Mr. Gardiner was the real author, he became an object on which whole columns of personal abuse were poured. The persons who were the subjects of satire in the Jacobiniad, had, in truth, great provocation, — for, it must be confessed, they were lampooned without mercy, — and, in return, they and their political associates availed themselves of the barrenness of the Boston Gazette, to repay their obligation with a liberal usury. Mr. Gardiner was called a “sycophant,” a “scoundrel,” “the supercilious and bombastic curate,” a “journeyman reader,” a “desperado,” and other names of reproach, too numerous to be repeated; and was accused of more sins than are forbidden in the Decalogue. The reader, who wishes to see what flowers were gathered in the fields of Billingsgate to embellish these out-pourings of gall, is referred to the early numbers of the Gazette of 1795.

The evidences of poverty and destitution excited less resentment than compassion, for the old veteran of the revolutionary press. One of his touching appeals to the sympathy of the public, was noticed by a correspondent of the Orrery, who proposed a plan for his relief, — “suggested by a genuine gratitude to Mr. Edes for his past devotedness to his country, and a sensibility to his present distress.” As the age of Mr. Edes was believed to incapacitate him for the active duties required of an editor of a newspaper, the proposal was that “a subscription be opened for him, of one dollar and fifty cents each subscriber, annually, during Mr. Edes’s life,” not to enable him to carry on the Gazette, but “bottomed on the consideration of his long, faithful, and im-

portant devotion to the cause of his country, in her most arduous and perilous times. From some inquiry, that I have made, (the writer adds,) I am confident that this town will give an example of at least four hundred voluntary subscribers. With such a merited and generous benefit on his last exhibition, this distinguished typographic supporter of the political drama may retire from the stage, and, from behind the scenes, review with satisfaction his own performances ; and, commensurate with his existence, enjoy the life-supporting plaudits of a numerous, grateful, and admiring auditory."

It is presumed that neither Edes's appeals to the public, nor the suggestions of the writer in the *Orrery*, produced any effect ; for, on the first day of January, 1797, he again solicited attention to his forlorn condition, as follows : —

The aged editor of the GAZETTE to the PUBLIC.

A few years since, the misfortunes and necessities of my family induced me to throw myself on the benevolence of that Public, to which, as an editor of a paper, I have for upwards of forty-one years been a faithful servant, as far as my abilities and the purity of my principles would enable me. I wish not to boast, but a consciousness of the integrity of my motives, and the conspicuous part, which I took in those perilous times, when not only LIBERTY but LIFE, were suspended on the issue, justify me, at this late period of my existence, in GLORYING in those duties, which as a citizen I was called on to perform. The Boston Gazette was both the Herald and the Centinel, in the days of OTIS, HANCOCK, the ADAMSES, WARREN, &c. while contending against Britain ! when their declaratory act was expressive of the disposition of that arrogant nation, when they assumed a right to "tax us in all cases whatsoever !" when the streets of Boston were crimsoned with the blood of our slaughtered citizens ! At these all-trying periods, did you, my fellow-citizens, ever find the Boston Gazette deficient in a manly and energetic remonstrance against these horrid and cruel impositions ? Did an OTIS at that time seek in vain to declare his principles through this channel ? — or did WARREN *unnerve himself or the cause of freedom*, by strains of *submission*, through this conveyance ? — No, fellow-citizens ;

the Gazette of Edes & Gill, was always subservient to the cause of Freedom, and this was the CLARION, which announced through the continent the sentiments of your Patriots. Soon expecting to quit this world, for the mansions of those, where honesty and integrity will be rewarded, by the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, I shall submit the following simple statement of my determination and situation, and then resign myself to that fate which Providence may allot me in my retirement — conscious, however, that I have served my country with faithfulness, and the most disinterested zeal, I cannot but observe with regret, that thousands have become enriched by a *base speculation* on those services which have impoverished me and many others.

☞ The aged Editor of the Gazette presents the compliments of the Season to his generous Benefactors, and invites all those who have any demands on him, to call and *receive their dues*: He likewise requests those of his Customers, who are two, three, and more years in debt, to discharge their arrears, as he finds it impossible to live upon the wind, and promises equally uncertain. By the indulgence of Providence he is determined to complete the 42d year of publication, which will end the last of March ensuing, (and which is longer than any Printer in the United States ever did before, only one excepted) after which time he shall discontinue its publication, unless he meets with greater encouragement than he has had for more than two years past. The former number of subscribers to the Gazette (in times which tried men's souls, and *bodies* too) were upwards of Two Thousand; near three fourths of which are no more. But being now reduced to 400, and not advertisements enough Weekly to procure Paper, he is necessitated to relinquish publishing it any longer than the Time before mentioned.

BENJAMIN EDES.

These pathetic calls on the public produced no effectual relief. The subscribers diminished almost daily in numbers, and those, who remained, were actuated chiefly by motives of compassion and benevolence. The publication of the Gazette was continued to September 17, 1798, the close of the forty-third year of its existence. The paper of that date thus announces its last appearance, in the farewell address of its editor: —

☞ THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

The Editor of the Boston Gazette after repeated attempts to prosecute his professional occupation, *in the declining period of his life*, is at

length obliged to relinquish his exertions, and to retire to those melancholy paths of *domestic embarrassments*, to which misfortune has consigned him.

While thus passing the gloomy valley of *old age* and *infirmity*, his consolation still rests on that STAFF, which can support a mind conscious of its own rectitude; and though he often feels the thorns and briers on the road, goading him in his passage, yet he patiently suffers under these afflictions, hoping that ere long he shall arrive at that peaceful abode, "where the weary are at rest."

During upwards of forty-three years of hard labor in that "ART WHICH SUPPORTS ALL ARTS," he has uniformly attempted to vindicate the RIGHTS OF HIS COUNTRY. He *early* made himself conspicuous as the *scourge of tyrants*—His press was the asylum of the distressed—through *that medium* an injured people could ever express their wrongs, or plan measures for their deliverance. At that AFFLICTING CRISIS, when America lay groaning under the innumerable tortures of a relentless nation, the Boston Gazette was employed as the HERALD to sound the alarm through the most remote parts of the Continent.

The Patriots of our Country, at those "*times which tried men's souls*," were constantly assembled within the confines of his office, and their manuscripts were displayed as with a TELEGRAPH, in legible characters, within the columns of his periodical publications.

ADAMS, HANCOCK, WARREN, with a train of co-patriots, were his chosen intimates; under their guidance and direction, he stood on the WATCH TOWER, and, like a faithful Soldier in the cause of Freedom, ever held himself ready, and willing, to *fall* or *rise* with the *ruin* or *happiness* of his country.

But, alas! the cause of LIBERTY is not always the channel of preferment or pecuniary reward. The little property which he acquired has long since fell a sacrifice;—the *paper-evidences* of his services were soon consumed by their rapid depreciation, and the cares of a numerous family were too powerful to be resisted, though he fed them with property at *four shillings and sixpence in the pound*, which he faithfully and industriously earned at *twenty shillings*.

However, it is beneath a patriot to mourn his own misfortunes. The INDEPENDENCE of America being obtained, he enjoys the pleasing contemplation, that the *same virtuous sentiments* which led to the *acquisition* will not cease to operate for its *continuance*—That his fellow-citizens will ever revere the FIRST PRINCIPLES of the Revolution; and it is his earnest prayer to Heaven, that the RISING GENERATION will remember the exertions of THEIR FATHERS, in opposing the lawless attempts of BRITAIN for their subjugation.

Let the citizens of America REVERENCE THEMSELVES. Let them strive to maintain the REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES of their own Constitution; and while practising these duties, we may trust to the GUARDIAN ANGEL, which has conducted us through dangers, the most alarming and distressing.

And now, my Fellow-Citizens, I bid you FAREWELL! MAINTAIN YOUR VIRTUE—CHERISH YOUR LIBERTIES—and may THE ALMIGHTY protect and defend you. B. Edes.

BOSTON, Sept. 17, 1798—and in the *Forty-fourth Year of the Independence of the BOSTON GAZETTE.*

BENJAMIN EDES, the senior partner of the firm of Edes & Gill, was born in Charlestown in 1723. I have not been able to obtain any account of his apprenticeship or education. His learning was probably acquired at the common schools in Charlestown or Boston, except that, which experience and the native energies of his mind enabled him to obtain. He began business in Boston, in company with John Gill, in 1755. The partnership continued twenty years. He was a man of untiring industry and perseverance. When the Revolutionary War began he had accumulated a handsome property, which, if he had been less indulgent to his patriotic propensities, might have afforded him a competent support to the end of his life. He was ever ready to contribute to the necessities of individuals and to the requirements of the public. What he had preserved during the war, was lost at its close, by the depreciation of the paper currency. After he gave up the publication of the Gazette, he continued to work at his business, whenever he could procure employment in the way of *jobbing*. He had several daughters depending for subsistence on the scanty income derived from this precarious source. In the beginning of the year 1800, his old and worn-out types and press were in a small wooden

building on the westerly side of Kilby street, in a chamber over a tin-plate-worker's shop. He removed the miserable remains of founts of letter, on which had been impressed some of the finest patriotic productions, to a house in Temple-street, in which he lived. In 1801, I had occasion to call on him, at his printing-room, and found him at work on a small job at the case, while an elderly female (probably one of his daughters) was at the press, striking off shop-bills. The venerable form of the old man, setting types "with spectacles on nose," and the singular sight of a woman, *beating and pulling* at the press, together with the aspect of destitution, that pervaded the whole apartment, presented a scene well adapted to excite sympathy, and to make an impression on the mind, which the vicissitudes of fifty years have not effaced. At length the infirmities of age overcame his physical powers, and the curse of poverty lay heavily on his spirit. Oppressed with years and sickness, neglected and forgotten by those, who enjoyed the blessings he had helped to secure, he died in December, 1803, at the age of eighty years.



THE BOSTON WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

THE first number of this paper was published, August 22, 1757, by Green & Russell. At the head of the first column is the following : —

The PRINTERS to the PUBLIC.

GENTLEMEN,

Agreeable to our Printed Proposals, Published some Time since, The first Number of the *Weekly Advertiser*, now makes its Appearance, And as the Continuation of it will greatly depend on the favorable Reception it meets with from the Public, We shall use our utmost Endeavors to collect from Time to Time, the newest and best Intelligence, both Foreign and Domestic : and shall always be obliged to any Gentlemen, that will favor us with Pieces of Speculation, provided they are wrote in a manner consistent with Decency and Public Peace. It being our only Intention, as far as lies in our Power, to promote Knowledge, Vertue, and innocent Amusement.

The invitation to gentlemen to favor the publishers with “ Pieces of Speculation ” does not appear to have produced many original contributions. For the first

year of the publication, the paper is entirely barren of any thing of a literary character. It is well filled, however, with foreign and domestic intelligence, selected from other papers. Its advertisements are numerous. August 14, 1758, the publishers have a short advertisement of their own, stating that — “THIS PAPER [No. 52.] finishes one Year, since the *BOSTON Weekly Advertiser* was first printed, . . . which is mention'd not to cheer those, [in this publick Manner,] who encouraged the publishing it at first, but to return our THANKS to them; and at the same Time to inform them, That the good Reception it has met with from the PUBLICK, is a great Inducement to its Continuance; and will lay us under still further obligations,” &c.

At the close of the second year, the title of this paper was changed to “Green & Russell’s Post-Boy and Advertiser,” with the devices of the ship and Post-Boy; and at a subsequent period it was again entitled “The Massachusetts Gazette, and Post-Boy and Advertiser.” When it took the last title, a cut representing the king’s arms was placed in the centre. Its circulation, it is said, was never extensive. The files show that it was not distinguished for original essays or editorial speculations. The printers were appointed printers to the British Commissioners, and, of course, they became the advocates of the measures of the British administration. In 1768, it was united with the *News-Letter*, and was announced as “Published by Authority.”* In September, 1769, the four-sided association of *News-Letter*, *Advertiser*, *Post-Boy*, and *Gazette*, was dissolved, and Green & Russell continued to publish a

* See page 30.

paper, with *three* of the titles, namely, "The Massachusetts Gazette, and Boston Post-Boy, and Advertiser," retaining the cut of the king's arms at the head. In April, 1773, they gave up the printing and publishing of the paper to Mills & Hicks, who continued it with renewed spirit, under the patronage and encouragement of the officers of the crown. Several good writers in favor of the government became its supporters, and gave it additional attraction. The publication was continued till after the beginning of the war in 1775, when it ceased, after an existence of about eighteen years.

In the month of December, 1757, Richard Draper and Edes & Gill had a dispute about the publishing of an Almanack, which they carried on in the Weekly Advertiser, though both the belligerents were themselves Printers of papers. The controversy was begun in the Advertiser by Draper, who accused Edes & Gill of pirating the copy; and advertised the public, "That the almanacks from the original copy purchased of Dr. Ames," were sold by certain printers and booksellers whom he named. He also stated that in the "pirated Almanack, *Inferior Court, Newbury*, was omitted" in its proper place. To this Edes & Gill replied, acquainting the public "that said Inferior Court at Newbury, (which they had since put in its place,) was omitted in near one thousand copies," which they had received of Draper, "and said to be printed from the original." In their turn they accuse Draper of selling to them incorrect almanacks, and then "cautioning the public not to buy copies printed from the same, though EXACTLY agreeable." This produced a long rejoinder from Draper, in which, to clear himself from the charge of selling false

copies to Edes & Gill, he charged them with taking, — in their impatience to get a copy, — an unfair method to obtain it, namely, “by means of their book-keeper.” The next week Edes & Gill retorted with some tartness, and affirmed that they had no book-keeper; and added that Mr. Draper “might as well claim the property of printing the Testament, Psalter, or Primer, as to charge them with piracy.” To the bottom of their advertisement, Green & Russell added a note, hoping that, as their readers were pretty well acquainted with the disputes between Mr. Draper and Messrs. Edes & Gill, concerning Dr. Ames’s almanack, they hoped the parties would forbear troubling the public any more through the Advertiser with what so little concerned them. This did not, however, silence the rival printers of the almanack. Draper came out, in the next paper, with a longer and more angry advertisement, concluding with a promise to trouble the editor no further with the dispute. Edes & Gill next published nearly a column, ridiculing their antagonist rather sharply, and criticizing his language as ungrammatical, high-flown, full of blunders, &c.; and concluded by promising “to pay him ten *Spanish Mexican mill’d Dollars*,” if he would produce any evidence to prove his charge against them of unfairness in obtaining their copy of the Almanack. Draper made a short response in the next paper, accusing Edes & Gill of deceit, in garbling one of his sentences, and choosing “not to claim their offered reward to evidence their conduct to be bad.” He concluded with a quotation from Pope, describing those whom “Nature meant but fools:” and here the controversy ended in the Advertiser.

JOHN GREEN, one of the printers of the Weekly Ad-

vertiser, was the son of Bartholomew Green, jun. He was born in Boston, and served his apprenticeship with John Draper. JOSEPH RUSSELL, the other partner in the firm of Green & Russell, was also born in Boston. He served his apprenticeship with Daniel Fowle. The partnership was formed in 1755. A few years afterward, Russell opened an auction office, the profits of which were shared by the firm. Green managed the printing-office, and Russell took charge of the auction room. By their industry in the two occupations they acquired a handsome property.

“Green became interested in the Independent Chronicle published by Powars & Willis, but his name did not appear in the imprint. He was a man of steady habits, true to his engagements and well respected. He died in November 1787, aged sixty years. He had no children. He was, I believe, the last of the descendants of Samuel Green of Cambridge, who printed in Massachusetts.” *

“Russell was a good workman in the printing business; but his talents were more particularly adapted to the duties of an auctioneer. He soon arrived at celebrity in this line, and had more employment in it than any other person in Boston. When his partnership with Green was dissolved, he formed a connection with Samuel Clap, and this company, under the firm of Russell & Clap, continued the business of auctioneers, till the death of Russell,” which happened in November, 1795, when he was in the sixty-second year of his age. “Russell was full of life, very facetious and witty, but attentive to his concerns. Few men had more friends, or were more esteemed. He acquired considerable prop-

erty, but did not hoard up his wealth, for benevolence was one of his virtues." *

NATHANIEL MILLS was born in the neighborhood of Boston, and learned the art of printing of John Fleming. He was a sensible, genteel young man, and had the principal charge of the printing of the *Gazette and Post-Boy*. JOHN HICKS was born in Cambridge, and learned his trade of Green & Russell. Before entering into partnership with Mills, he was supposed to be a zealous Whig. He was reputed to have been one of the young men, who had an affray with some British soldiers, which led to the memorable massacre of the *Fifth of March, 1770*. His father was one of the first men, who fell on the Nineteenth of April, 1775; — being one of the foremost to fly to arms, to attack the detachment of British troops, on their return from Concord to Boston. Notwithstanding this sacrifice of his father in the cause of his country, the younger Hicks adhered to the British, and remained with the royal army, and supported its cause as a printer, till peace was concluded and the independence of the country acknowledged by Great Britain. He followed the army, or went with it, to Halifax, and having acquired wealth, he returned to Massachusetts, purchased a farm at Newton, in the county of Middlesex, and resided on it till his death.

The partnership of Mills & Hicks, was not dissolved till 1783. For a while they kept a stationery store in New-York, and executed printing for the royal army and navy. They were also connected with Alexander and James Robertson in the publication of the *Royal American Gazette* in that city.

* History of Printing, vol. i. 340.

THE BOSTON CHRONICLE.

ON the twenty-first of December, 1767, Mein & Fleming began the publication of *The Boston Chronicle*. It was printed on a whole sheet, in quarto, on a new and handsome type, and, in its mechanical execution, far surpassed any paper that had appeared before it, in New-England. The price was six shillings and eight pence a year, — a very low price, for a paper containing such an amount of matter. There were but few advertisements, and but little space was occupied in detailing the ordinary intelligence of the week. The contents were, chiefly, selected from foreign papers, and from the works of popular English authors. In the first volume were published essays of some of the best prose writers, Collins's *Oriental Eclogues*, Shenstone's *Pastorals*, and some of Goldsmith's poetry; copious extracts from the writings of John Wilkes; and from the *Pennsylvania papers*, the celebrated "*Farmer's Letters*." The taste and judgement, exhibited in the management of the paper, its handsome appearance, and the convenience of its form for preservation, immediately attracted the favorable notice of the public, and secured a respectable and

unexpected number of subscribers. In the third number is the following notice : —

We are sorry that we cannot serve the gentlemen, who, during the course of the last week, sent us their subscriptions for the Chronicle, with the first and second papers ; although we printed near three hundred more than were engaged of the first number, they were all disposed of in a few days. We have printed an additional quantity of this paper, number three, and at the end of the year, our subscribers who have been disappointed, may depend on being supplied with the two first papers, as we shall then reprint them.

At the close of the year, in an advertisement, proposing to enlarge the Chronicle, and introduce sundry changes in the selection and arrangement of the matter, the publishers say, —

We have been blamed by some, for not publishing their essays on Liberty ; and also by many, who have sent us pieces in support of prerogative : The reason they were not inserted, was, that they tended more to traduce private characters than to serve the cause, which the Authors wrote in favor of. We will always, when any dispute claims general attention, give both sides of the question, if they can be obtained : But will never print any piece that may injure the characters of individuals ; this we can with justice say, we have always avoided, and shall continue to do so.

The form of the Chronicle was then changed to folio. It had been published weekly on Monday, during its first year ; it was now published on Mondays and Thursdays, and was the first paper published twice a week in New-England. “Before the close of the second year of publication, its publisher, Mein, engaged in a political warfare with those, who were in opposition to the measures of the British administration. In the Chronicle, he abused numbers of the most respectable Whigs in Boston, and he was charged with insulting the populace. To avoid the effects of popular resentment, it became necessary for him to leave the country. Fleming con-

tinued the Chronicle, during the absence of Mein, in the name of the firm ; but it had fallen into disrepute, and its subscribers, in rapid succession, withdrew their names. Many supposed that Mein was privately assisted by the agents of government, and several circumstances rendered this opinion probable. But when the paper lost its subscribers, it could neither be profitable to its publishers, nor answer the design of its supporters. Its publication, therefore, ceased on the 25th of June, 1770.”* On this occasion, the subscribers and the public were thus addressed : —

*** The Printers of the Boston Chronicle return thanks to the gentlemen, who have so long favored them with their subscriptions, and now inform them that, as the Chronicle, in the present state of affairs, cannot be carried on, either for their entertainment or the emolument of the Printers, it will be discontinued for some time.

JOHN MEIN, the senior partner in the firm of Mein & Fleming, was born in Scotland, where he received a good education, and was bred to the business of a bookseller. He came to Boston from Glasgow, in 1764, in company with Robert Sandeman, † — a kinsman of whom was, for a short time, in partnership with Mein, in the bookselling business. When this partnership was dissolved, Mein entered more largely into business as a bookseller, and connected with it a circulating library. His advertisements frequently occupy near a page in the Chronicle. When he left the country for England, he engaged as a writer against the Colonies, and in the pay of the ministry. It is not known that he ever returned.

* History of Printing, vol ii. 247.

† This Robert Sandeman was a theological and controversial writer of considerable notoriety. He was the founder of a religious sect, known by the name of Sandemanians, which was, at one time, respectably numerous in Boston, and yet survives in two or three highly respectable families.

Perhaps no man incurred the displeasure of the Whigs to a greater degree than John Mein. On the fifth of November, 1769, as ~~was customary then in New-England~~, many persons amused themselves and the public by carrying, through the streets, effigies, representing the Pope and the Devil; and, on this occasion, these effigies were accompanied by others, representing Mein and his servant. On the right side of Mein was a label, bearing the following inscription:—

I nsulting Wretch, we 'll him expose —
 O 'er the whole world his deeds disclose;
 H ell now gapes wide to take him in;
 N ow he is ripe — O lump of Sin!
 M ean is the man — M—n is his name;
 E nough he 's spread his hellish fame;
 I nfernal furies hurl his soul,
 N ine million times, from pole to pole!

Labels on the left side, were of a similar character, and addressed to Tories in general. On the lantern, that illuminated the group, was the following:—

Here stands the Devil for a show,
 With the In—p—rs, in a row,
 All bound to Hell, and that we know.
 Go M—n, laden deep with curses on thy head,
 To some dark corner of the world repair,
 Where the bright sun no pleasant beams can shed,
 And spend thy life in horror and despair.

JOHN FLEMING, the other partner in the firm of Mein & Fleming, was also a Scotchman, and arrived in Boston, also, in 1764. He was bred a printer. After forming a connection with Mein, he made a voyage to Scotland, where he purchased materials and engaged workmen for executing printing on a scale rather extensive for that period. Fleming had not rendered himself so obnoxious to popular resentment, as his partner had,

and, after the discontinuance of the Chronicle, he printed books on his own account, and continued in Boston till 1773; when he sold his printing materials, and went to England with his family. At a later period, he visited this country as an agent for a commercial house. Afterwards he resided in France and died there, since the year 1800.



THE ESSEX GAZETTE.

IN 1768, on the second of August, Samuel Hall issued, in Salem, the first number of a paper, called *The Essex Gazette*. The head was decorated with the cut here given, but I find no explanation of the device. This was the first newspaper printed in Salem. After publishing the paper three or four years, Hall took his brother, Ebenezer, into partnership, and the paper was published by them in Salem, till 1775. It was well conducted, and ably supported the cause of the people against the unjust measures of the British Parliament.

In the second number of the *Gazette* there is a piece, addressed to the Inhabitants of Salem, purporting to be written by a female, who “was married to an amazing great whig;” and this husband of hers, she says, “since these Liberty times began, has been so excessive fond of

his new mistress, Liberty, that he will not let any body under his roof enjoy one spice of it ; no, not even in *thinking*, much less in *speaking*." The writer, — of course, a decided Tory, — called on her fellow-citizens to keep quiet and peaceable, and submit to *lawful* authority, to avoid all exciting company, and all conversation, that should lead to jealousy and suspicion," &c. &c. This was answered in the next paper, in a severe but sober manner. At the head of the communication is a note by the Editor, saying, — " Any disputes among us, especially at this time, must be attended with consequences prejudicial to the community ; and it is disagreeable to the Printer hereof to continue them in this paper ; but, as a *Lover of Peace* has begun them, thinking, no doubt, that these differences will be happier and more speedily terminated, by means of each party's publishing their sentiments, no one, it is presumed, will object to both parties being heard."

The contributions to the Gazette, by whig writers, were numerous, and some of them were written with great force. The Editor made judicious selections from the writings of Whigs in other papers, and his own paragraphs were the exponents of pure whig sentiments. But his paper was not devoted entirely to news and politics. Wit and humor, morals and religion, had a place in his columns. The annexed article was sent by a correspondent, with a request that it should be inserted, but whether it were original or not the contributor does not say : —

THE LIFE OF THE HAPPY MAN.

The happy man was born in the city of *Regeneration*, in the parish of *Repentance-unto-Life*. He was educated in the *School of Obedience*, and

lives now in *Perserverance*. He works at the trade of *Diligence*, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of *Christian Contentment*; and, many times, does jobs of *Self-Denial*. He wears the plain garment of *Humility*, and has a better suit to put on, when he goes to Court, called the *Robe of Christ's Righteousness*. He often walks in the valley of *Self-Abasement*, and sometimes climbs the mountain of *Spiritual-Mindedness*. He breakfasts every morning upon *Spiritual-Prayer*, and sups every evening on the same; has meat to eat, that the world knows nothing of, and his drink is the *sincere Milk of the Word*. Thus happy he lives and happy he dies.

Happy is he, who has the Gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, and divinity in his breast, true humility in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a one! In order to attain which, *pray* fervently, *believe* firmly, *wait* patiently, *work* abundantly, *live* holy, *die* daily, *watch* your heart, *guide* your senses, *redeem* time, *love* Christ, and *long* for glory.

The following, from a Marblehead correspondent, is of a different character, but not without a moral: —

THE NAKED TRUTH.

Were Fortune more civil, and business more brisk,
 My Horse not so frantic, or subject to frisk,
 Should I chance to set eye on a pretty young Lass,
 Not too fond of dear self, nor too oft at her glass;
 Not a foe to good-humor, diversion and glee,
 Not a slave to her pleasures, regardless of me;
 In deportment so easy; her bosom, beside,
 The mansion of goodness, unsullied by pride;
 A lover of neatness; to virtue inclined;
 Of a sweet disposition, and generous mind;
 A friend of the Muses, yet no learned thing,
 Or a wit, to provoke me, and killingly sting;
 But so friendly and social, so warm and so gay,
 As to cheer up my heart, and enliven each day;
 Could I find such a fair one, though Hobby should prance,
 And kick up his heels, or commence a new dance;
 With whip, bit, and spur, I'd incessantly trouble,
 Till Hob. should leave flouncing, and carry us double;
 Once mounted, a fig for all care and all sorrow,
 We'd be happy to-day, and as happy to-morrow:

Should Hobby's dear burthen too ponderous grow,
 Kind Prudence would teach us the means how to go;
 Should Fortune prove trickish and tumble us o'er,
 Ten thousand, Dear Girl, have been served so before.
 Take Courage, my Charmer, we'd mount him again;
 Ride slowly the mountain, but gallop the plain;
Teetit-up, teetit-up, we'd tilt it along,
 And cheer up our souls with a glass and a song.
 What matters it, Sweeting, if others ride single,
 With horses more sprightly, and purses that jingle, —
 At night, I am sure, at the Inn nigh the Vale,
 Though driven by storms, or a sweet pleasant gale,
 We shall still be *so-so*, not a stiver in pocket,
 Like a taper burnt out, or a snuff in the socket.

In the summer of 1775, by the advice of many members of the General Court, and other respectable gentlemen of the Whig party, the proprietors of the Gazette removed from Salem, to Cambridge, with their printing apparatus, and continued the publication, under the title of

THE NEW-ENGLAND CHRONICLE,
 OR
 THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

The printing-office was in Stoughton Hall. The first number of the paper printed in Cambridge, was issued on the tenth of August. It contained essays from London papers, a patriotic article from the Connecticut Courant, interesting articles of intelligence, and more than a page of advertisements, — chiefly from Boston customers. It had also an interesting Letter from General Washington to certain independent military companies in Virginia.* Subsequent papers contain full accounts of the proceedings of the Continental Congress, then sitting at Philadelphia, and of patriotic assemblies in several of the colonies. A review of General Burgoyne's Defence of his treatment of General Lee, signed

* See Sparks's Washington, vol. iii. p. 4.

“An Old Man,” and dated “From my Cottage near Boston,” which appeared in the Gazette, is an argument, that would not discredit the best political writer of that or any other age; and it was doubtless written by one of that glorious company of Whigs, that had filled the Boston Gazette with their patriotic essays. From the number and character of the articles concerning the condition of the Colonies, and the relations between them and the “*mother country*,” it cannot be doubted that this paper had a powerful influence in awakening and sustaining among the people the spirit of resistance to the parliamentary edicts. Many of these productions, — enough to fill several volumes, — are worthy of republication, and ought to be preserved in a more convenient and enduring form than that, in which they are now to be found.

The following verses, suggested by the Battle of Bunker-Hill and the burning of Charlestown, appeared in one of the early numbers of the Chronicle. They have not quite so much poetry as patriotism; but will serve to illustrate the prevalent feelings of the people, in that painful day of gloom and apprehension: —

Palmyra's prospect, with her tumbling walls,
 Huge piles of ruin, heaped on every side,
 From each beholder tears of pity calls, —
 Sad monuments, extending far and wide: —

Yet far more dismal to the Patriot's eye
 The dear remains of Charlestown's former brow,
 Behind whose walls did hundred warriors die,
 And Britain's centre felt the fatal blow.

To see a town so elegantly formed,
 Such buildings, graced with every curious art,
 Spoiled in a moment, on a sudden stormed,
 Must fill with indignation every heart.

But when we find the reasons of her fate
To be but trifling — Trifling, did I say ?
For being noble, daring to be great,
Nor calmly yielding to tyrannic sway : —
To see the relics of that once famed place,
Pointing to Heaven, as 'twere, in ardent cry,
By lawless Power robbed of every grace,
Yet calling bolts of vengeance from on high : —
To find, I say, such dealings with mankind,
To see those *Royal Robbers* planted near,
More glorious buildings turning into wind,
And loth to mingle with the common air ; —
Whilst such chastisements, coming from a state,
Who calls herself our parent, nurse and friend,
Must rouse each soul, that 's noble, frank and great, —
Must urge us on, our lives and all to spend.
O spot, once graceful, but, alas ! no more ;
Till signs shall end, and Time itself shall cease ;
Thy name shall live, and on Fame's pinion soar,
To mark grim blackness on Great-Britain's face.
Nor shall the blood of heroes, on the plain,
Who nobly fell that day in Freedom's cause,
Lie unrevenged, though with thy thousands slain,
Whilst there's a king, who fears nor minds thy laws.
Shall Cain, who madly spilt his brother's blood,
Receive such curses from the God of all ?
Is not that Sovereign still as just and good,
To hear the cries of children, when they fall ?
Yes ! there's a God, whose laws are still the same,
Whose years are endless, and whose power is great :
He is our God ; Jehovah is his name,
With him we trust our sore oppressed state.
When he shall rise, (O Britain, dread the day,
Nor can I stretch the period of thy fate ;)
What heart of steel, what tyrant there shall sway
A throne, that's sinking by oppression's weight !
Thy crimes, O North ! shall then like spectres stand,
Nor Charlestown hindmost in the ghostly roll,
And faithless Gage, who gave the dread command,
Shall find due torments gnaw upon his soul.

Yea, in this world, we trust those ills so dread,
Which fill the nation with such matchless woes,
Shall fall with double vengeance on thy head,
Nor 'scape those minions which thy court compose.

The Chronicle of February 22, 1776, announced the death of Ebenezer Hall, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and states that he survived his wife only six weeks. He was taught the printing business by his brother, Samuel. He was a good printer, a man of amiable disposition, agreeable manners, and correct principles. The same paper makes an apology for the omission of one week's publication, as the other partner had been seized with a violent sickness, just after his brother's illness commenced.

Immediately after the publication of April 4, the printing materials were removed to Boston, and placed in a building in School-street, next door to the "Oliver Cromwell Tavern." The last number printed at Cambridge contained a copy of the diploma, which the Corporation of Harvard College had, on the day preceding, given to General Washington. It is an interesting document, printed both in Latin and English — the English version here follows : —

The Corporation of HARVARD COLLEGE in Cambridge, in New-England, to all the Faithful in Christ, to whom these Presents shall come,

GREETING,

Whereas Academical Degrees were originally instituted for this Purpose, That men eminent for Knowledge, Wisdom, and Virtue, who have highly merited of the Republic of Letters and of the Commonwealth, should be rewarded with the Honors of these Laurels; there is the greatest Propriety in conferring such Honor on that very illustrious Gentleman, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq.; the accomplished General of the confederated Colonies in America, whose Knowledge

and patriotic Ardor are manifest to all: Who, for his distinguished Virtue, both Civil and Military, in the first Place, being elected by the Suffrages of the Virginians, one of their Delegates, exerted himself with Fidelity and singular Wisdom in the celebrated *Congress of America*, for the Defence of Liberty, when in the utmost Danger of being for ever lost, and for the Salvation of his Country; and then, at the earnest Request of that Grand Council of Patriots, without Hesitation, left all the Pleasures of his delightful Seat in Virginia, and the Affairs of his own Estate, that through all the Fatigues and Dangers of a Camp, without accepting any Reward, he might deliver New-England from the unjust and cruel Arms of Britain, and defend the other Colonies; and who, by the most signal Smiles of Divine Providence on his Military Operations, drove the Fleet and Troops of the Enemy with disgraceful Precipitation from the Town of Boston, which, for Eleven Months had been shut up, fortified and defended by a Garrison of above Seven Thousand Regulars; So that the Inhabitants, who suffered a great variety of Hardships and Cruelties while under the Power of the Oppressors, now rejoice in their Deliverance, and the neighboring Towns are freed from the Tumult of Arms, and our University has the agreeable Prospect of being restored to its antient Seat.

Know ye therefore, that We, the President and Fellows of Harvard College in Cambridge, (with the Consent of the Honored and Reverend Overseers of our Academy) have constituted and created the aforesaid Gentleman, GEORGE WASHINGTON, who merits the highest Honor, DOCTOR OF LAWS, the Law of Nature and Nations, and the Civil Law; and have given and granted unto him at the same Time all Rights, Privileges, and Honors to the said Degree pertaining.

In Testimony whereof, We have affixed the Seal of our University to these Letters, and subscribed with our Hand writing this Third Day of April in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-six.

SAMUEL LANGDON, S. T. D. Præses.

NATHANAEL APPLETON, S. T. D.

JOHANNES WINTHROP, Math. et Phil. P.

Hol. LL. D.

ANDREAS ELIOT, S. T. D.

SAMUEL COOPER, S. T. D.

JOHANNES WADSWORTH, Log. et Eth. Pre.

Thesaurarius.

} Socii.

The removal to Boston occasioned a suspension of the Chronicle for two weeks. It appeared then without its second title. When he had published seven numbers in

Boston, Hall sold the whole concern to Edward Eveleth Powars and Nathaniel Willis. He took leave of the public in a short and respectful note, presenting "his thanks to all, who had favored him with their custom, and thereby enabled him to continue the publication of his paper."

Not long after this disposition of his property, Hall returned to Salem, where in October, 1781, he began the publication of a new paper, called

THE SALEM GAZETTE.*

This publication he continued till near the end of the year 1785, when he again removed to Boston. The reasons for this removal are given in the Gazette of November 15, with the frankness and modesty, which were well-known traits in the character of Samuel Hall. "The printer hereof (he said) has found, by a careful examination, that the tax upon newspaper advertisements has, in conjunction with the decline of trade, operated so injuriously as to deprive him of nearly three quarters of that branch of his business; and he conceives it to be his duty not to suffer so great a diminution in his living, without, at least, *attempting* to repair it. For this purpose he has consulted such, in whose friendship he can fully confide, and they have unanimously advised his removal to Boston." He further stated that he felt impelled to this step, with a view of extending his business, and of avoiding the extraordinary

* This was the second paper printed in Salem, with the title of Salem Gazette. Mary Crouch, the widow of Samuel Crouch, who had printed a paper in Charleston, S. C. removed from that place to Salem, in 1780, with the press and types that had belonged to her husband, and, in January 1781, issued the first number of the Salem Gazette and General Advertiser. Thirty-four numbers only were published.

expense attending the carrying it on in Salem, — alluding to the difficulty of procuring the latest news, and of distributing his paper when it was printed. “No reasonable person (he added) who has a tolerable acquaintance with the business, and wishes that it might not be *crushed*, can desire that, in addition to this, it should be burthened with a heavy governmental tax.” “He proposes to publish his first paper in Boston on Monday, the 28th inst.” “His good friends and customers in this town [Salem] are requested to consider this step as dictated by what he conceives to be a just regard to his interest, and in compliance with the unanimous advice of his nearest connections. He will always endeavor, in his publications, as opportunity presents, to promote the interest and reputation of the town of Salem, to which he shall ever consider himself as under very great obligations.”

The act laying a duty on advertisements, went into operation on the second of August, preceding. In the Gazette of that day, Hall announced the fact, and added, — “No printer can now advertise, even in his *own* paper, any books or pieces of *piety* or *devotion*, not excepting the HOLY BIBLE, without paying a heavy tax for it. How this accords with His Excellency’s late ‘Proclamation for the encouragement of *Piety, Virtue, Education, and Manners,*’ let the framers of the act determine.” “Were it not for the tax upon advertising *good books*, the Printer hereof would inform the Public, that he has just published ‘Extracts from Dr. Priestley’s Catechism,’ which he sells at five coppers single, and two shillings the dozen.” About a fortnight after, the following communication appeared : —

To the Printer of the Salem Gazette.

I hear that you have for sale Dr. Watts's Imitation of the Psalms of David, corrected and enlarged, with a Collection of Hymns, in one volume; — that the Psalms, locally appropriated in the Doctor's version, have been altered by Mr. Joel Barlow, of Hartford, and the whole applied to the state of the Christian Church in general; — and that, by a Law, lately passed, which, like the Stamp Act, is of *extraction truly British*, you are restrained from advertising them, unless you pay a heavy tax for it. As several of my neighbors, as well as myself, are in want of this valuable book, I hope you will not fail of supplying us.

J. R.

Agreeably to his notice, on Monday, the 28th of November, Hall sent out, from his printing-office in Boston the first of his proposed paper, under the title of

THE MASSACHUSETTS GAZETTE,

which he conducted alone, till June, 1787, when he took, as a partner, J. Wincoll Allen, a young man who had been some time employed in the office. In September following, he sold out his right in the paper to Allen,* and confined himself to the printing and sale of small books, blanks, pamphlets, &c. at a store which he had rented in State-street, on the north side of the state-house. At a later period, he opened a book and stationery store, at No. 53, Cornhill. In 1789, he printed a newspaper in the French language, for Joseph Nancrede, a French emigrant, who kept a bookstore in Marlboro'-street, nearly opposite the site of the Marlboro' hotel, and received pupils for instruction in French. This paper was given up at the end of six months. Mr. Hall carried on, — extensively for those days, — the printing and publishing of small books, embellished with cuts, and published some octavo and duodecimo volumes.

* The paper was, probably, discontinued soon after it went into Allen's possession. Only a few numbers, with Allen's imprint, are to be found.

He had almost the whole sale of blanks for legal instruments, for the county of Suffolk and Middlesex, and, for several years had the printing of all the blanks used in the custom house in Boston. In 1805, he sold his whole establishment, — printing materials, books, blanks, &c. — to Lincoln & Edmands, and retired from business.

SAMUEL HALL was born in Medford, Massachusetts, and served an apprenticeship with an uncle, Daniel Fowle, of Portsmouth, N. H. At the age of twenty-one, he went into partnership with Ann Franklin, the widow of James Franklin, at Newport, R. I. In 1768, he left Newport, and opened a printing-office in Salem, — as has been already stated. He died on the tenth of October, 1807, aged sixty-seven years. He was respected by every one who knew him, as a just, an upright, and a religious man. He was an excellent printer, as many of his publications, still extant, abundantly testify. The country had no firmer friend, in the gloomiest period of its history, as well as in the days of its young and increasing prosperity, than SAMUEL HALL.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

ISAIAH THOMAS, the original projector, one of the original proprietors, and afterwards, for many years, the sole owner of the *Massachusetts Spy*, was born in Boston, on the nineteenth of January, 1749. His ancestors, who were of good repute, emigrated from England, and settled near Boston, soon after the foundation of the town. His father, Moses Thomas, was soldier, mariner, trader, and farmer, at different periods. After losing, by a series of unfortunate circumstances, a generous patrimony, he died in North Carolina, about the year 1752, leaving in Boston a widow in a destitute condition, with five children. Isaiah was the youngest of these, and when six years old, was apprenticed to Zechariah Fowle, — a printer of pamphlets, ballads, tracts, hand-bills, &c. He was employed in setting types, for which purpose he was placed on a bench eighteen inches high, and extending the whole length of a double frame, which contained cases of Roman and Italic letter. His first essay with the composing stick was on a ballad, entitled “*The Lawyer’s Pedigree* ;” the types were of the size called *Double Pica*.

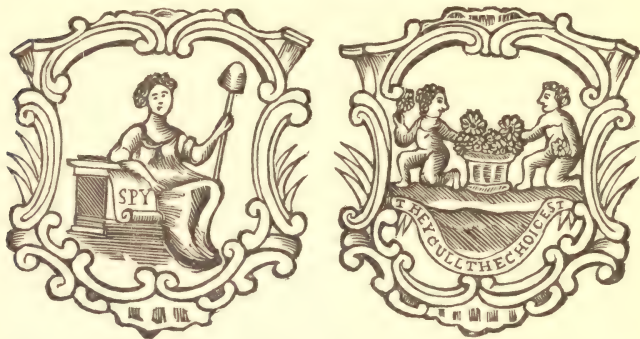
Thomas remained with Fowle eleven years, when they disagreed and separated. He went directly to Halifax, Nova Scotia, intending to go thence to England, for the purpose of improvement in his profession. This intention was defeated by want of means to defray expenses. He remained in Halifax seven months, in the office of the Halifax Gazette. The printer of this paper, whose name was Henry, was not a very skilful mechanic. He is represented as being indolent and inattentive to his business. From this man Thomas accepted an offer of board for his services, and the sole management of the Gazette devolved upon him. While he was thus employed, certain paragraphs appeared in the Gazette, which gave offence to the government of the province. Henry was admonished, and threatened with a prosecution, but was let off with an apology. An effigy of the stamp-master was exhibited, and some other proceedings took place, which were called seditious, in which, it was supposed Thomas had some agency. An attempt was made to intimidate him, but it proved unsuccessful. He, however, deemed it prudent to leave the place.

From Halifax, Thomas went to Portsmouth, N. H. in March, 1767, and worked some time in the printing-offices of Daniel Fowle and Russell & Furber. In July he returned to Boston, and was employed several months in the office of his old master, Zechariah Fowle. Afterwards he went to North Carolina, with an intention of carrying on the printing business at Wilmington; but, after a series of embarrassing incidents, he relinquished his purpose; and, with a second resolution to visit England, he entered as a steward on board a ship bound to

the West-Indies, intending to go thence to London. After performing duty on board for ten days, he changed his views, and went to Charleston, S. C. Here he was employed for a period of two years, in a printing-office. In 1770, he returned to Boston, and entered into partnership with his former master, Fowle. In July, they issued the first number of a small newspaper, called *The Massachusetts Spy*. It was generally printed on a quarter of a sheet, (but occasionally on a half sheet of four quarto pages,) and on a Long Primer type. Their address to the public was simply a few commonplace promises to take great care in collecting the freshest and most authentic intelligence, the material transactions of the town and province, &c. &c.

The first number of the *Spy* was distributed, gratuitously, to the inhabitants of Boston and the vicinity. The publishers proposed to continue it, thrice a week, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The second number was published on the second day of August, and it was thenceforward issued three times a week, agreeably to their proposals, for three months. At the end of that time, their partnership was dissolved, and the publication was continued by Thomas, twice a week, for three months longer. Encouraged by his success, he entertained the project of publishing a larger paper than had then been undertaken in New-England; and, on the seventh of March, 1771, he published the *Spy* on a whole sheet, royal size, folio, four pages. To the title he added, — “A weekly political and commercial paper; Open to all parties, but influenced by none.” He considered this as a new publication, and called it No. 1. The title, *Massachusetts Spy*, was in large German text,

engraved on type metal, and stood between two cuts, —



that on the left representing the goddess of Liberty ; — that on the right representing two infants, selecting flowers from a basket. The publication day was Thursday.

When the first paper in this new form was published, the subscribers did not amount to two hundred. After the first week they increased, almost daily, and, at the end of two years the subscription-list was larger than that of any of its competitors. It was well supplied with political essays, adapted particularly to the taste and disposition of that class of citizens, who had composed the majority of its subscribers, when it was published in the smaller and cheaper form. For a few weeks, some communications were sent in by writers, who supported the proceedings of the government ; but those on the other side were more numerous ; and, notwithstanding the readiness, with which he published articles prepared by the friends of the ruling powers, it was well known that Thomas's political partialities were all on the side of the Whigs. It was not long before all the tory writers denounced the paper, and all the

subscribers, who adhered to the government party, withdrew their support. The *Spy* was then devoted entirely to the cause of the Whigs, and the Whigs gave it a cordial and generous support. Many attempts were made to annoy the publisher, but without effect. He continued to publish, boldly, and to defy all tory opposition, though he was frequently threatened with personal violence. To indicate his resolution to uphold the cause of the Whigs, he added, as a motto, to the head of his paper, the well known lines from Addison's *Cato*, —

Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence !

In October, 1772, the words "Thomas's Boston Journal," were added to the title of the *Spy*.

Various attempts were made to injure the circulation and usefulness of the *Spy*, and to annoy its editor in the pursuit of his profession. Among other pitiful and paltry acts of the Tories to this effect, was their refusal to permit him to obtain from the custom-house an account of the arrivals and clearances at the port of Boston, — an act, which produced the following Card in the *Spy* : —

TO THE PUBLIC. A Tyrant may be justly compared to a Polypus, of which the smallest portion broken off becomes almost immediately as big, as voracious, and as deformed a *thing*, as the original ; entangling, plaguing, and engulfing every thing within its reach and power. How applicable this may be to our *petty lords*, the custom-house officers, every one is left to judge, after being informed that *THEY*, to discourage *this paper*, as they phrase it, have denied *THIS* Press the *SHIP LIST*, notwithstanding, according to the title, pieces from *all* sides have been inserted in it. The Printer conceives himself in no wise to blame if the Court side are now at a loss for writers, it being his province only to publish.

In a postscript, it was added that the Shipping List

had been "refused by a Brother Typo, *influenced* by his *masters* at the custom-house."

This produced a note from Richard Draper, the printer of the Massachusetts Gazette and News-Letter, in which he acknowledged that he refused to furnish the Shipping List for the Spy, under the influence of the custom-house officers; and charged Thomas with having altered his publication day, for the purpose of injuring the Gazette. In his reply, Thomas justified the change he had adopted, and added, — "The judicious public will determine for themselves whether your *respectable characters* or their invaluable rights and privileges be most worthy of their attention, and, undoubtedly afford their countenance and patronage accordingly."

Draper continued to pour out his tory invective, and several other measures were adopted by his friends and supporters to crush the Printer of the Spy. One of the mean attempts of Governor Hutchinson, to deprive him of a job, is thus noticed by Thomas: —

"If thine enemy hunger, *feed* him." If thy (supposed) enemy hunger, STARVE him, is the pontifical language of a man in power, of whose piety and virtue we have lately had such blustering accounts.

The generality of the people in this town, and some persons of *distinction* in Cambridge, know very well what pains have been taken by a man, whom we could not more disgrace than by saying, that he is, and how he became, the g of this p e,* to bring an innocent man, and even offering to assist in this diabolical work; Long ago would I have stopped the Press, could I but have persuaded the † to have joined with me," we are told, were the words of his ‡ The effecting this, no doubt, would have been productive of an infernal pleasure; and most likely, his ‡ would, as Milton expresses it, have "Grinned horribly a ghastly smile!" The mean and low attempts of this *great man* to get a small job, that came unsought for, out of the hands of the Printer hereof, and put it

* Governor of this province.

† Council.

‡ Excellency.

into the hands of a tool of his, needs but to be told, to make it appear that he is a TYRANT in the ABSTRACT.

Draper continued his attacks upon the Spy, several of which Thomas suffered to pass unnoticed. At length, his patience appears to have become exhausted, and he gave out his intention of having no more to do in the quarrel, in this manner : —

To Mr. RICHARD DRAPER.

Recollecting Sir!

If your customers are satisfied to maintain a weekly newspaper, sacred to the ebullitions of your envy and private resentment, I have nothing to say in the affair. But though I might perfectly equal you in *random* invective, I have not the ambition to conceit my performances would add any thing considerable to the entertainment of my generous encouragers; whom I wish to divert in a much more agreeable manner, than by any thing which can arise from the uninteresting squabbles of Mr. R. Draper and

I. THOMAS.

Among the contributors to the Spy, were several powerful writers. A series of numbers, entitled The Centinel, begun soon after the publication of the paper in its new form, exposed, in a powerful style, the injustice of the acts of Parliament, and stated the grievances that the people suffered. The series extended to more than forty numbers. The motto to the first was,

The child, that is unborn, will rue
The hunting of that day, —

from the ballad of Chevy Chase. A writer, under the signature of Leonidas, endeavored to stir up the spirit of the people, and skilfully controverted the essays written for the tory papers. But the boldest writer for the Whigs, was Mucius Scævola. In one of his communications, he proved, by quotations from the records of the Council, that Mr. Oliver, the Lieutenant-Governor, then “stood recorded as a perjured traitor.” In the next paper he attacked Governor Hutchinson, and undertook to

show that Hutchinson was not the legal governor of the province, but a usurper, — that “he ought to be dismissed and punished as a usurper, — and that the Council, according to charter, should take upon themselves the government of the Province.” For the publishing of this article, the attorney-general was ordered to prosecute the printer for a libel ; but the Grand Jury refused to indict him. Mucius Scævola continued to write and Thomas to publish.

In July, 1774, during the operation of the Boston Port Bill, and soon after the landing of four regiments of British soldiers, with a train of artillery, the Spy appeared with a new political device at its head, representing a snake and a dragon. The dragon represented Great Britain, and the snake the Colonies. The snake was divided into nine parts : the head was one part, and under it were the letters N. E. denoting New-England ; the second part, N. Y. for New-York ; the third N. J. for New-Jersey ; the fourth P. for Pennsylvania ; the fifth M. for Maryland ; the sixth V. for Virginia ; the seventh N. C. for North Carolina ; the eighth S. C. for South Carolina ; and the ninth part for Georgia. This device extended across the entire width of the page, and over it, in large capitals was the motto, “JOIN OR DIE.” *

Having rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the resentment of the Tories, and being openly threatened with violence by some of the British soldiery, Thomas thought that his personal safety demanded that he should

* This device was not entirely original with Thomas. The snake, divided, with the motto, was first published in an anonymous paper, called the Constitutional Courant, said to have been printed at Burlington, New-Jersey, in 1768. See page 245.

leave Boston. Accordingly, a few days previous to the affair at Lexington, he packed up his press and a portion of his types, and sent them by night, across the river to Charlestown, — whence they were conveyed to Worcester. The press and types constituted the whole of the property, saved from the proceeds of five years of labor ; the remainder was destroyed or carried away by the followers and adherents of the royal army when it left the town.

On the night of the eighteenth of April, Thomas was concerned with Paul Revere and others in giving information that the British troops were crossing Charles River, with the supposed intention of destroying the military stores, that had been collected by the provincial authorities at Concord. At day-break, the next day he joined the provincial militia at Lexington, to oppose the progress of the British troops. The next day he proceeded to Worcester, and prepared to publish his paper at that place.

On the third of May, — four weeks after the publication had been suspended in Boston, — the *Spy* was presented to the public in Worcester. This was the first printing that was executed in any inland town in New-England. It was now entitled “The Massachusetts *Spy* : Or, An American Oracle of Liberty.” Over the title was the motto, — “Americans ! — Liberty or Death ! — Join or Die !”

The first number published at Worcester was introduced by the following brief notice to the Public : —

The good people of this county, at a meeting some time since, voted to encourage the establishment of a Printing-Office in this place. In consequence thereof, application was made to me, then in Boston, to

issue proposals for publishing a weekly Newspaper in this town, to be entitled, *The WORCESTER GAZETTE*, or *American Oracle of Liberty*. This I accordingly did; Since that time, things have worn a different face in our distressed capital, and it was thought highly necessary that I should remove my printing materials from Boston to this place, and instead of publishing the intended *Worcester Gazette*, &c. continue the publication of the well-known *Massachusetts Spy*, or *Thomas's Boston Journal*: I accordingly removed my printing utensils from Boston on the memorable nineteenth of April, 1775, which will be remembered in future as the anniversary of the *Battle of Lexington*. I intend publishing this paper regularly every Wednesday, and have made an alteration in the title, in order to take in part of that intended for the *Gazette*.

I beg the assistance of all the friends to our righteous cause to circulate this paper. They may rely that the utmost of my poor endeavors shall be used to maintain those rights and privileges, for which we and our Fathers have bled! and that all possible care shall be taken to procure the most interesting and authentic intelligence.

I am the Public's most obedient Servant,

ISAIAH THOMAS.

In the *Spy* of May 31, 1776, Thomas gave notice that he proposed to remove to Boston, — urged his customers to settle as soon as possible, — and said he was willing to do all in his power, towards continuing a printing-office in Worcester. He added, “If a sufficient number of subscribers appear, to continue to support the publication of a newspaper in this town, a Press, in all probability will be continued, and a public paper regularly printed each week after the handbill is out.”

The next number of the *Spy* was published on the twenty-first of June, following, by William Stearns and Daniel Bigelow, under a lease from the proprietor. They adopted a new motto; — “Undaunted by Tyrants, we will die or be free.” After a suitable explanation touching their business arrangements, they say, —

The liberty and free exercise of the Press, is the greatest temporal safeguard of the State. It assists the civil magistrate in wielding the

sword of justice — holds up to public view the vicious, in their truly odious colors — and “is a praise and encouragement to them that do well.” It detects political impostors, and is a terrific scourge to tyrants. None can notoriously transgress the line of duty, who may not be hereby subjected to public contempt and ignominy. It is one grand mean of promoting public virtue. It conveys knowledge to mankind, by acquainting them with the state of the community to which they belong, whereby they are better able to regulate their police — to supply its defects, or lop off its excrescences. It serves to increase *the majesty of the people*, by giving them understanding in the times, and conveying to them “the knowledge of what Israel ought to do.” In fine, it is capable of being made the source of general literature.

DANIEL BIGELOW was born in Worcester, April 27, 1752, and graduated at Harvard College in 1775. After surrendering the Spy to its proprietor, in 1777, he began the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1780. He opened an office in Petersham, represented that town in the General Court from 1790 to 1795, was a member of the executive council in 1801, and was some time county attorney. He died at Petersham, November 5, 1806.*

WILLIAM STEARNS was a native of Lunenburg, in the county of Worcester, and graduated at Harvard College in 1770. He studied divinity, and preached for a short time, but was not settled as a clergyman. He then devoted himself to the profession of the law, and was admitted to practice in December, 1776. He opened an office in Worcester, and his professional business was considerable, till his early death, in 1784.†

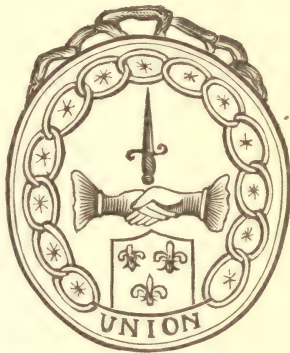
These gentlemen conducted the Spy one year. It was then leased, for another year, to Anthony Haswell. These two years, — or a part of them, — were spent by Thomas in Boston and Salem. In the place last men-

* Lincoln's History of Worcester, p. 265.

† Ibid. p. 232.

tioned, it was his intention to carry on the business of printing ; but not succeeding according to his wishes, he sold the materials he had carried there, returned to Worcester, and resumed the publication of the Spy, with a new motto, — “ Unanimity at Home, and Bravery and Perseverance in the Field, will secure the Independence of America.”

In 1781, the Spy was greatly improved in its paper and typography, with an engraved title, and these two devices at its head, — the design of which would hardly be understood, without the explanation given by Thomas : —



The device on the left is a figure representing America, an Indian, holding the cap of Liberty on a staff with the left hand, and, in the right, a spear, aimed at the British Lion, which appears attacking her from the opposite shore. That on the right is a chain of thirteen links, with a star in each link, representing the union of the thirteen States : the chain is placed in a circular form, leaving an opening for the arms of France, to which the ends of the chain are attached. Above the arms are two hands clasped, and, directly over them a sword, with its hilt resting on the clasped hands.

The title now was “ Thomas’s Massachusetts Spy ; or the Worcester Gazette,” with the motto, — “ The noble Efforts of a Virtuous, Free, and United People, shall extirpate Tyranny, and establish Liberty and Peace.”

At the conclusion of the war of the Revolution, the paper was enlarged, each page containing five columns, and printed on new types. The motto was again changed to "*Noscere res humanas est Hominis* — Knowledge of the World is essentially necessary for every Man." The *Spy* was well conducted, and filled with excellent matter. Besides selections of news and communications on interesting subjects, the whole of Robertson's History of America, Gordon's History of the Revolution, and large extracts from Guthrie's Geography and other British publications, enriched its pages, and rendered it more valuable than any other paper published in Massachusetts. A series of essays entitled the *Worcester Speculator*, appeared weekly. These were furnished by a society of gentlemen in the county of Worcester, of whom the Rev. Dr. Fiske of Brookfield was one. The numbers, written by him, together with some other pieces of his composition, were afterwards printed in two duodecimo volumes, entitled "*The Moral Monitor*."

Occasional improvements were made in the mechanical appearance and in the literary character of the *Spy*, until March, 1786, when the proprietor suddenly suspended the publication, and issued a few numbers of a periodical, which he called the "*Worcester Magazine*,"—intended as a substitute for the *Spy*,—but the attempt was not successful. The avowed reason for suspending the publication of the *Spy*, was the tax laid on "*licensed vellum, parchment, and paper*," by the Legislature of Massachusetts, passed in March, 1785. This act imposed a duty of two thirds of a penny on newspapers and a penny on almanacks, which were to be stamped.

It was extremely unpopular. It was to take effect on the first day of July next after its passage; but the opposition to it was so extensive and determined, that, at the next session of the Legislature, in June, 1785, it was repealed. But another act was passed, which imposed a duty on all advertisements, printed in the newspapers. This was no less offensive than the former act; and was considered by the Printers as a greater grievance,—“a shackle, which no legislature but ours, either in British or United America, have laid on the Press, which, when free, is the acknowledged great bulwark of Liberty, and the boast of a Free and Independent People.” * The Spy of March 30, 1786, has the following article, in large and imposing type:—

Extra Information. Real!

THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY (which it is acknowledged has been of very essential service to the cause of the United States, and to this Commonwealth in particular, before, at, and since the late Revolution) is now languishing with a *dangerous Wound*, given it by the *Legislature of Massachusetts*, on the second day of July last. Humble and united application has been made for a particular kind of *Court Plaister*, which could speedily have wrought a *Cure*; but as that *Power*, only, who gave the *Wound*, could apply the *Remedy* with effect, it could not be obtained! The wound grows worse daily—*Mortification* has taken place, and in all probability will soon prove fatal to the existence of that *Old Publick Servant*!—“Alas, POOR SPY!”

Gentle Reader, if thou hast a benevolent heart, thy compassion will be moved, when thou art informed that the *Wound* given was as unjust as it was unmerited—it was given at a time when this faithful Servant of the Publick, after having fought the battles of its country, was sounding forth her Praise—endeavoring to clear her from the Aspersions thrown upon her by her enemies, and diligently watching their motions.

Generous Reader, the services rendered by the SPY to the Publick, were not for the sake of sordid gain, but from *Principle*:—The *only Reward* for *fifteen years* hard duty was this inhuman attack upon its

* Mass. Spy, Sept. 29, 1785.

existence ! and the existence of all its near Relations, the whole *Family of Gazettes* in this Commonwealth.

During the suspension of the publication, Thomas was engaged in the publishing and selling of books, and in making additions to his printing apparatus. On the second day of April, 1788, the *Spy* reappeared, with the following salutatory : —

The Printer has the happiness of once more presenting to the Publick, the MASSACHUSETTS SPY, or the WORCESTER GAZETTE, which at length is restored to its *Constitutional Liberty*, (thanks to our present Legislature,) after a *suspension of two years*. Heaven grant that the FREEDOM of the PRESS, on which depends the FREEDOM of the PEOPLE, may, in the United States, ever be guarded with a watchful eye, and defended from Shackles of every *form and shape*, until the trump of the celestial messenger shall announce the final dissolution of all things.

The *Spy* was an advocate for the constitution of the United States, and joined with most other papers in their rejoicings when that instrument was adopted, and went into operation. Its editor was strenuous in favor of the introduction and use of titles. For a year or two after the organization of the Federal government, it seldom spoke of the President but as “His Highness, George Washington,” or “His Highness the President-General,” &c. Mr. Thomas was connected with the *Spy*, till the year 1801. In 1792 it purported to be “printed by Isaiah Thomas and Leonard Worcester ;” — in 1793, “for Isaiah Thomas and Leonard Worcester, by Leonard Worcester ;” — in 1794, “by Leonard Worcester, for Isaiah Thomas ;” — in 1801, “by Isaiah Thomas, jun. for Isaiah Thomas & Son ;” — and afterwards, “by and for Isaiah Thomas, jun.” The name of the senior never afterward appeared in connection with the ownership of the paper.

About the year 1814, William Manning, of Boston, became the publisher of the Spy, "for Isaiah Thomas, jun." A few years after, the establishment was sold to John Milton Earle, by whom it is still owned and published. It is the oldest newspaper in Massachusetts.

Previous to his relinquishing the Spy to his son, Mr. Thomas had extended his business relations to several places. He was the senior partner in the house of Thomas & Andrews in Boston, which carried on the business of printing and bookselling for many years subsequent to 1788. The Massachusetts Magazine, a monthly periodical, was published by them from the commencement of their partnership till 1795. In 1793, he set up a press, published a paper, and opened a bookstore at Walpole, N. H. in connection with David Carlisle, one of his freed apprentices, a native of Walpole. In connection with another of his apprentices he established a paper at Brookfield, in the county of Worcester. He also had business connections at Albany, Baltimore, and Newburyport. Among the most important works, which came from his press at Worcester, was an edition of the Bible in folio, with plates; an edition in quarto, with a concordance; another edition in octavo, and a fourth in duodecimo. The types for this edition were kept standing, and were afterwards transferred to the office of Thomas & Andrews, in Boston.

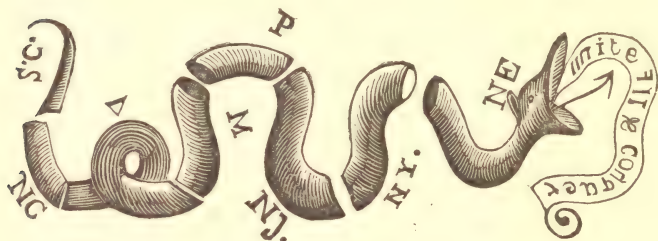
In 1810, Mr. Thomas published his History of Printing, in two volumes octavo, — a work of great labor, and which will give him an undisputed claim to the regard of posterity. He was the founder of the American Antiquarian Society, to which he bequeathed his valuable Library and a building for its accommodation. He

also gave to the county of Worcester the land, on which a Court-House was erected, and to the town he made many donations of great value. From Dartmouth College he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and that of Doctor of Laws from Alleghany College. He was a member of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts and New-York, and of various other Philosophical, Literary, Humane, Charitable, and Typographic Societies. In Freemasonry he filled the highest and most honored stations of the institution, and probably presided on, or was present at, more public conventions, dedications, installations, and festivals, than any other individual of the fraternity. He was President of the Antiquarian Society from its foundation to his decease. He was appointed a Justice of the Court of Sessions in 1812, but never legally qualified himself to perform the duties of the office, and, it is believed, never took a seat on the bench.

Mr. Thomas died at his residence in Worcester, on the fourth of April, 1831, at the age of eighty-two years, and his remains were deposited in a tomb, which he had erected many years before, as their intended place of rest. "His memory will be kept green, when the recollection of other eminent citizens shall have passed in oblivion. His reputation, in future time, will rest, as a patriot, on the manly independence, which gave, — through the initiatory stages and progress of the Revolution, — the strong influence of the press he directed, to the cause of freedom, when royal flattery would have seduced, and the power of government subdued its action." *

* Lincoln's History of Worcester, p. 294.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL COURANT, referred to in the preceding account of the Spy, page 236, purports to be "Printed by Andrew Marvel, at the sign of the Bribe refused, on Constitution Hill, North-America," and is dated "Saturday, September 21, 1765." It has for a motto, "Containing matters interesting to *Liberty*, and nowise repugnant to *Loyalty*." It is a half sheet of medium size. In the centre of the title is the annexed device: —



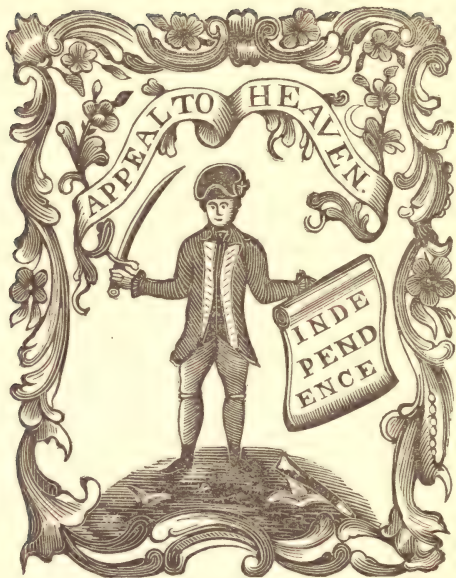
JOIN or DIE

A large number of copies of this paper were secretly transmitted to New-York, and there sold by hawkers and pedlers, employed for the purpose. Mr. Thomas says it was printed at Burlington, and the copy now before me, which belongs to the library of Harvard College, has "Burlington, N. J." written under the words "Constitution Hill." The same copy has, under the name "Andrew Marvel," in the same hand, the words "pseudonyme Wm. Goddard." This copy was presented to the College by the heirs of the late Rev. James Freeman, D. D. ; but these explanations are not in his handwriting. Mr. Thomas, probably, had not a copy of the

paper before him, when he wrote his account of it; for he calls it the *Constitutional Gazette*. He says, — It excited some commotion in New-York, and was taken notice of by the government. A council was called, and holden at the Fort in that city, but as no discovery was made of the author or printer, nothing was done. One of the council demanded of a hawker named Samuel Sweeney “where that incendiary paper was printed?” Sweeney, as he had been instructed, answered, “At Peter Hassenclever’s iron works, please your honor.” Peter Hassenclever was a wealthy German, well known as the owner of extensive iron works in New-Jersey. Afterward, other publications of a like kind, frequently appeared with an imprint — “Printed at Peter Hassenclever’s iron works.” Only one number of the *Constitutional Gazette* [Courant,] was published; a continuance of it was never intended. It was printed by William Goddard, at Parker’s printing house at Burlington, — Goddard having previously obtained Parker’s permission occasionally to use his press.*

This paper contained but two articles, beside the address of the fictitious Andrew Marvel.

* *History of Printing*, vol. ii. p. 322.



THE INDEPENDENT CHRONICLE.

IN the early part of the summer of 1776, Powars & Willis, having purchased the New-England Chronicle of Samuel Hall, presented themselves to the public as editors and proprietors of the paper, saying, — “As we shall, besides inserting all the most material advices, both foreign and domestic, endeavor to select such pieces of speculation as will best tend to encourage virtue and good order in society, and particularly such as may inspire all orders of men with a true spirit of resolution and heroism, in support of our invaluable rights and lib-

erties, we hope to be favored with the custom of all the late and present subscribers of this paper. They may be assured, that the character it has hitherto sustained in exposing, condemning, and execrating the jesuitical and infernal machinations of Tories and tyrants, and in rendering praise and honor to the manly and virtuous supporters of the GLORIOUS CAUSE OF AMERICA, we shall, with assiduity and zeal, endeavor to persevere." To the extent of their ability, these editors were faithful to their engagements, and never faltered in condemning and opposing all, who were supposed to entertain any affection for the British government. Their paper was an important auxiliary in promoting and sustaining the cause of the country.

Until November, 1776, they made no change in the title of the paper. In that month, they made sundry typographical improvements, gave it the name of "Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser," and decorated the head with the device, which is given above. Independence had been declared, and the war with Great Britain had begun in good earnest. All the incidents of the conflict were regularly detailed, and frequently accompanied with remarks, indicating entire devotion to political national independence, and a firm resolution to support the position assumed by the Continental Congress. They were occasionally aided by correspondents. Samuel Adams, and John Hancock, and other prominent Whigs, were among the contributors to the columns of the Chronicle. One of their correspondents sent for publication the following verses, which he said had just fallen into his hands. The author's name is not given. They are a parody on a well-known Song, that was popular before the breaking out of the war:—

In a mouldering cave, where the oppressèd retreat,
 Columbia sat, wasted with care;
 She wept for her Warren — exclaimed against Fate,
 And gave herself up to despair.
 The walls of her cell she had sculptured around,
 With the form of her favorite son,
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
 Expressed the high deeds he had done.
 The sire of the gods, from his crystalline throne,
 Beheld the disconsolate dame;
 And, moved at her tears, he sent Mercury down,
 And these were the tidings that came: —
 “Columbia, forbear! not a sigh to alloy,
 For thy Warren, so justly beloved;
 Thy griefs shall be changed into triumphs of joy,
 Thy Warren’s not dead, but removed.
 “The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
 Have broke from their darksome abode;
 And this is the news — for in heaven it is told —
 They are marching to war with the gods.
 A council was held in the chambers of Jove,
 And this was the final decree,
 That Warren should soar to the armies above —
 And the charge was entrusted to me.
 “To Bunker’s tall heights with the orders I flew;
 He begged for a moment’s delay;
 Like Wolfe, cried, — ‘Forbear! let me victory hear,
 And then thy commands I’ll obey!’
 He spake — with a film I encompassed his eyes,
 And bore him away in an urn,
 Lest the fondness he felt for the heroes he left
 Should tempt him again to return.”

At the beginning of the year 1777 the Chronicle thus saluted the public: —

The Printers and publishers of the Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser, (to keep pace with others of their profession of more ancient standing) beg leave, through this channel, to congratulate their customers on the arrival of the New Year, — being the first that has rolled over since their publication.

At the same time that they welcome in the New Year, they cannot pass over, in silent forgetfulness, the cruel, inhuman treatment, that America has experienced, during a series of months, without mention-

ing the desolating conflagration of Charlestown, Falmouth, Norfolk, &c. from those, whom she *once* embraced as her bosom friends; and whose interest would, to this day, have been considered as inseparably connected with her own, had not a sincere love to America, in general, and the great and good law of self-preservation, dictated a *total* separation: Which the Grand Council of these Confederate States, in their Wisdom, have seen fit *for ever* to dissolve.

That America may prove victorious, and all, who have spirit, resolution, fortitude, and virtue, sufficient to assert her much injured (though glorious) cause, obtain what the whole collective wisdom of these States say they have an "unalienable right" to, viz. "PEACE, LIBERTY, and SAFETY," is the ardent wish of the Public's much obliged, and most devoted, humble servants,

THE PRINTERS, &c.

Powars & Willis published the Chronicle till near the close of the war of the Revolution. The Rev. William Gordon, one of the ministers of Roxbury, wrote for it a great number of communications, on the subject of government, intended chiefly to *enlighten* the people in regard to the nature and effects of the constitution of Massachusetts, — a draft of which had been reported by the convention called for that purpose. He also wrote other articles, in aid of the Colonies against the Parliament.*

After Powars left the concern, the Chronicle was published by Willis alone, till the first of January, 1784, when it passed from his possession to the hands of Thomas Adams and John Nourse.

EDWARD EVELETH POWARS, the senior partner in

* Dr. Gordon was a native of Hertfordshire, and, early in life, was settled as pastor of a large independent church at Ipswich, in England. It is said that his partiality for America caused him to emigrate to this country, in 1770. He was settled over the third parish in Roxbury, in 1772. He took an active part in public measures, during the war, and was chosen chaplain to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. After the war, he returned to his native country, and published his *History of the American Revolution*, — a work, which had occupied his attention for some years, and for the composition of which he had the advantage of consulting the records of Congress, and of reading the letters of Washington, Gates, Greene, Lincoln, and others. See *Allen's Biographical Dictionary*.

the firm of Powars & Willis, was, I believe, a native of Boston or Charlestown. He had been the printer of a paper before he joined Willis in the purchase of the Chronicle. After he left that paper he was connected with several others, none of which had the good fortune to gain extensive circulation, or to afford much profit to the publisher. One of these, called the American Herald, he published in Boston, for six or seven years, previous to 1788, when he removed to Worcester, and continued the publication, under the title of the American Herald and Worcester Recorder. It was discontinued in about two years. I became acquainted with him in 1803, when he was at work as a compositor in the office of Samuel Etheridge, in Charlestown. Afterwards he held the office of Messenger to the Governor and Council of the Commonwealth. At a later period, he was a traveling bookseller, and died on one of his expeditions in the Western States.

NATHANIEL WILLIS, mentioned above as the partner of Powars, was a native of Boston, and learned the trade of a printer in the celebrated house of Green & Russell. After disposing of his interest in the Chronicle, at the close of the year 1793, he removed to Winchester, Virginia, and published a paper there, for a short time. He then removed to Shepardstown, where he also published a paper, and thence to Martinsburg, in which place he published a small paper, called the Potomac Guardian. His next, and, I believe, his last removal was to Chillicothe, in Ohio, — then the Northwestern Territory. There he printed the Scioto Gazette, which was the official paper of the territorial government, and probably the only paper printed within its limits.

He purchased and cultivated a farm, near Chilicothe, on which he ended his days. He was the father of Nathaniel Willis, — well known as the publisher of the *Boston Recorder*, — and the grandfather of Nathaniel P. Willis, one of the present editors of the *Home Journal*, in New-York, — whom merely to name is sufficient to awaken a sentiment of esteem and admiration for one of the most agreeable prose-writers, that our country has produced, and a poet, whose numbers will live to delight a future age, and place him in the foremost rank of those, who have invested wit with modesty and decorum, and added grace and innocence to the refinements of fashion.

About the time when the treaty of 1783 with Great-Britain was a subject of general interest, attempts were made in the Legislature of Massachusetts to restore the Tories, who had left the country, to their original rights. The writers in the *Chronicle* were zealous opponents of this plan. As an illustration of the temper and tone of their writings, take the following, from the *Chronicle* of May 22, 1783 : —

As Hannibal swore never to be at peace with the Romans, so let every Whig swear — by the abhorrence of Slavery — by liberty and religion — by the shades of those departed friends who have fallen in battle — by the ghosts of those of our brethren who have been destroyed on board of prison-ships and in loathsome dungeons — by the names of a Hayne and other virtuous citizens whose lives have been wantonly destroyed — by every thing that a freeman holds dear, — never to be at peace with those fiends the Refugees, whose thefts, murders, and treasons have filled the cup of wo ; but show the world that we prefer war, with all its direful calamities, to giving those fell destroyers of the human species a residence among us. We have crimsoned the earth with our blood to purchase peace, — therefore are determined to enjoy harmony, uninterrupted with the contaminating breath of a Tory.

When Adams & Nourse took possession of the *Chronicle*, in 1783, they published a very short address to the

public, soliciting a continuance “of such speculations, as shall be adapted to promote the liberty of our country, and the general welfare of mankind.” With many others, they took a decided stand against the Society of Cincinnati. One of their correspondents said, March, 1784, — “The institution of Cincinnati is concerted to establish a complete and perpetual *personal* distinction between the numerous military dignitaries of their corporation and the whole remaining body of the people, who will be styled Plebeians through the community.” In a note on this article the editors said, — “If the order of Cincinnati should appear to be fraught with danger to the exalted rights of human nature, tending rapidly to the introduction of an American nobility, as has been publicly affirmed, and not gainsaid, — such a military nobility, as plagued and domineered over Europe for centuries, — or if it tends to introduce even the mildest nobility, since nobility itself is reprobated by these confederated republican states, is it not the duty of legislators, governors, and magistrates, *and their* ELECTORS, by all judicious and proper means in their power, to prevent such an institution from acquiring any degree of strength or influence in this free commonwealth? *

In the course of this year, Adams & Nourse were appointed “Printers to the General Court,” and the Chronicle became the official paper of the government. Some typographical improvements were made; and the old device, at the head, gave place to a new one, which, with the explanation given of it, in the technical language of the *sublime science of heraldry*, here follows: —

* In 1784, the town of Cambridge, by a formal vote in town-meeting, instructed their representative in the General Court to use his endeavors to cause the Society of Cincinnati to be suppressed.



EXPLANATION of the DEVICE for the Arms of the Commonwealth of *Massachusetts*.

SAPPHIRE, an Indian dressed in his Shirt and Mogginsins, belted proper; in his right Hand a Bow, TOPAZ; in his left an Arrow, its Point towards the Base of the Second; on the dexter side of the Indian's Head, a Star, PEARL, for one of the United States of America: CREST, on a Wreath a dexter Arm, clothed and ruffled proper, grasping a broad Sword, the Pommel and Hilt TOPAZ, with this motto, *Ense petit placidam sub Libertate Quietem*.

At the same time, the motto, — “Truth its guide, Liberty its object,” — was adopted, and continued as long as the paper was published.

The Chronicle now assumed an important stand, both as a political and commercial journal. Parties had not then taken the names, by which they were afterwards distinctly known, nor had the people in general adopted the peculiar principles, partialities, and prejudices, which afterwards constituted the creeds of the two great antagonistic divisions of Republicans and Federalists. But it is easy to perceive, in the columns of the Chronicle, that its editors and correspondents had a strong and emphatic affection for France, as the ally and friend of

America, and an equally forcible and overpowering hatred of Great-Britain. It was not, however, till the Constitution of the United States was adopted, and the Federal Government began its operations, that the dividing line was distinctly drawn, and every man's political allegiance was known from the plainness and freedom with which he avowed his opinions concerning the conduct of those two foreign powers, and his character, as a Federalist or Republican, was determined accordingly.

The partnership of Adams & Nourse continued till January, 1790, when it was dissolved by the death of Nourse. Adams continued the publication of the Chronicle, as sole editor and proprietor, till some time in 1793, when he formed a partnership with Isaac Larkin. From this time the Chronicle was published twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, and was the second semi-weekly paper published in New-England. The partnership of Adams & Larkin was dissolved by the death of Larkin, in December, 1797, and Adams was again left as the only known proprietor and editor of the paper. Larkin was born in Charlestown, and was educated to the profession of a printer. He was a brother of Ebenezer Larkin, a respectable publisher and bookseller in Boston. His character was that of an amiable and intelligent gentleman, a good printer, and a faithful friend.

In 1798, the editor of the Chronicle and his correspondents opposed with great vehemence the "alien and sedition laws," so called, passed, during that year, by Congress, in consequence of which the editor was prosecuted, under the provisions of the sedition act, and arraigned before the Federal Circuit Court, charged with sundry libelous and seditious publications. In an-

nouncing the fact, Mr. Adams said, — “ Every remark on this important business will be deferred, till after the trial, finding ourselves too **INDEPENDENT** in principle to attempt to prepossess the public mind on this interesting question. The citizens of the United States may rest assured that the Chronicle, ever attached to a republican system of government, will always support the **RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE**, agreeably to the sacred Charter of the Constitution.” The arraignment of the editor was at the session of the Court in October, 1798; the trial was continued to the next term, to be held in June, 1799. The result will be seen in the sequel.

In the beginning of the year 1799, certain resolutions of the Legislature of Virginia, denying the constitutionality of the alien and sedition laws, which had been passed by Congress the preceding year, were transmitted to the Governor of Massachusetts, and by him laid before the Legislature for its action. The Chronicle had taken a determined stand against both these laws, and was bold and vehement in its opposition. The Legislature passed a “ declaration,” prepared by a joint committee, affirming the constitutionality of the laws, and, of course, disapproving of the Virginia Resolutions. This official declaration was published in the Chronicle of February 18. In the same paper, in the editorial department, appeared the following article : —

HISTORICAL FACTS. A correspondent observes, that, on the last Wednesday in May, 1798, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was a “ *free, sovereign, and independent State*, in all matters not specially committed to the Continental Government; and, in proof of it, appeals to the affidavits of about two hundred respectable witnesses, who made oath to the fact, as well as to the opinion that the Commonwealth “ought to be” so, in order to the admission of the witnesses to a seat in the Legislature of the Commonwealth.

A question being started by the Legislature of Virginia, whether the sovereignty of the individual states was not invaded by certain acts of Congress, which the state of Virginia deems unconstitutional; a majority of the same witnesses, quoted in the preceding paragraph, disclaim for themselves, as members of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and deny to all other States in the Union, *any right to decide on the constitutionality of any acts of Congress.*

As it is difficult for common capacities to conceive of a *sovereignty* so situated *that the sovereign shall have no right to decide on any invasion of his constitutional powers*, it is hoped, for the convenience of those tender consciences, who may hereafter be called upon to swear allegiance to the State, that some gentleman, skilled in Federal logic, will show how the oath of allegiance is to be understood, that every man may be so guarded and informed, as not to invite the Deity to witness a falsehood.

In the same paper was the following, alluding to the speech of one of the Senators from Berkshire : —


Mr. Bacon's speech in the Massachusetts Senate, on the Virginia Resolutions, has been read with delight by all true Republicans, and will always stand as a monument of his firmness, patriotism, and integrity. The following lines of the *Jacobin* Milton come near to the point : —

“ — So spake the Senator, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified ;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.”

These articles were viewed as libels on the Legislature, and the Grand Jury for the county of Suffolk found a bill of indictment against Abijah Adams,* the person employed as clerk and book-keeper in the office of the Chronicle. The trial came on before the Supreme Court, on the first of March. It was conducted by the attorney-general for the Commonwealth, James Sullivan,

* It does not appear that Thomas Adams, who was the editor and ostensibly the proprietor of the Chronicle, was indicted for this libel. I have not been able to obtain any explanation of this singular fact.

who zealously upheld the doctrine of libels according to the common law of England. The doctrine was agreed to by the court. Benjamin Whitman and George Blake, in behalf of the defendant, contended that the common law was inconsistent with the republican principles avowed in the constitution of Massachusetts, and inapplicable to the nature and genius of the government. The evidence fully proved that Adams was the book-keeper *for the editor*, and generally delivered out the papers to the customers. The plea urged by the prosecutor was, that, as he delivered the papers, he was so far the principal, and guilty of publishing. The jury returned a verdict in these express words, *That Mr. Abijah Adams was guilty of publishing only*; — which under the direction of the Court was reduced to the customary form. Mr. Adams was sentenced to thirty days imprisonment in the county gaol, to pay the costs of prosecution, and to find sureties, in the sum of five hundred dollars, for his good behavior for one year. He was immediately taken to the gaol, and passed the period of his imprisonment “with that resignation and fortitude, which becomes a man who can appeal to his conscience for the rectitude of his conduct.”

The paper which announces the imprisonment of Mr. Adams, says, — “ The Patrons of the Chronicle may still depend on the regular supply of their papers. The Editor is on the bed of languishment, and the Book-keeper in prison, yet the CAUSE OF LIBERTY will be supported amid these distressing circumstances.” During the confinement of Mr. Adams, he was visited by many respectable citizens, who felt an interest for the cause, in which he suffered; and among them was the venera-

ble *proscribed* patriot, Samuel Adams. He was discharged from prison on the 24th of April, and, in the Chronicle of the next day, returned "his thanks to his numerous friends for their attention and kindness to him during his confinement;" and assured them "that the Liberties and Constitution of the country would ever be the objects contemplated in the prosecution of the Chronicle." His release from prison was announced, *editorially*, as follows:—

Yesterday Mr. Abijah Adams was discharged from his imprisonment, after partaking of an *adequate proportion* of his "*birth-right*," by a confinement of thirty days under the operation of the Common Law of England.*

An elaborate review of the trial of Mr. Adams, embracing arguments in opposition to the principles laid down by the Court,—written, it has been said, by Mr. George Blake,—was published in the Chronicle, occupying several columns of each successive publication, from the eighth to the twenty-ninth of April, inclusive.

Thomas Adams, the editor and proprietor of the Chronicle, had long been laboring under severe indisposition, and such was the nature of his physical disorder, that he relinquished all hope of recovery, and, on the first of May, 1799, disposed of all his interest in the Chronicle, to James White, a respectable and well known bookseller, whose store was in the same building with the Chronicle office, and was for many years designated,—and is still remembered by many,—by the sign of "Franklin's Head." In announcing his proprietorship, Mr. White (who was a Federalist) said,—he would "aim to have the paper conducted with decency and

* Judge Dana, in his charge to the jury, pronounced the common law of England to be the birth-right of every American.

fairness" — that "without making pompous promises for the variety and excellence of matter" it should contain, he would "leave it with the public to determine whether 'Truth is its guide and Liberty its object,' and to give it such support as it may justly merit."

Ebenezer Rhoades, a young man, who served an apprenticeship with Samuel Hall, and who had been employed as foreman, by Thomas Adams during his sickness, was engaged as the editor and printer of the *Chronicle* for the new proprietor, Mr. White. He opened his career in this new responsibility, with an Address to the Patrons of the *Chronicle*, from which the following is an extract: —

The great first principles of civil liberty are, that all legislative power proceeds from the people; — that they have a right to inquire into the official conduct of their substitutes, the rulers; — to censure public measures when found to be wrong, and to use constitutional means to remove those, who violate the confidence reposed in them. These principles require, that there should be a public and free examination of the doings of the government. Information on these subjects cannot be generally disseminated, but through the medium of newspapers. It is, therefore, necessary to the existence of civil liberty, that these should be open to writers, who discuss freely public measures, and even censure them when faulty. Under this impression, the editor solicits his republican friends to enrich the *Chronicle* with remarks on the administration of the government of our country. It is presumed the friends of the present system will not object to this. It is certain they ought not to do so; for poor indeed must that cause be, which cannot bear an examination. As long as truth and decency are not violated — and these shall ever be held most sacred — the editor will not fear the noisy railings of zealots in party, who wish to deprive their antagonists of a fair hearing. On the contrary, as the PEOPLE are to exercise their *sovereignty* in judging the conduct of their rulers, he will never lead them to condemn without a fair hearing; and giving full opportunity to all of defending the conduct of the administration before the impartial and just tribunal of public opinion. Pieces written in justification of the government, therefore, will not be refused admittance. It is hoped, however, that such pieces will contain reasoning instead of invective;

and will answer the objections made against the administration, rather than exclaim *Jacobin* and *Traitor*. In short, it is the intent of the editor to belong to no party; to content himself with doing the duties of an editor, without abusing the public, by garbling and misrepresenting for party purposes. Men of opposite opinions may here express them, and the public shall weigh their merits. By hearing both sides, the people will be able to get at the truth, and form a righteous judgement.

With respect to intelligence, the editor can only pledge himself for diligence, and presenting facts impartially to the public, as early as possible. He will aim to state, truly, the interesting events of Europe, whether they enliven or blast the laurels of France or of Britain. The American mind is to be informed of facts, and not to be deluded by fiction. If victory shall continue still constant to the French, and monarchies be still changed to republics, the advocates for kingly power ought not to censure the newspaper that informs them of it; and if the British lion is again to become rampant, and disquiet the world with his roarings, those, who have depended on seeing mankind enlightened and enfranchised by the French Revolution, ought to receive the story of their disappointment with the magnanimity of patriotism, and not criminate the newspaper which publishes it.

The paper, which contained this address of the new editor, announced the death of "Capt. Thomas Adams, late editor of the Chronicle, in the forty-second year of his age." During his confinement, and at his death, Mr. Adams was under bonds to appear at the United States Court, then to be held in June, to answer for certain publications, that were made while he was confined to his sick room. A few days before his death, a physician, appointed by the Court and accompanied by an officer, to examine into the state of his health, reported that his condition would not admit of his appearance in Court. Heaven canceled the obligation and removed him from all responsibility to earthly tribunals. "The character of Mr. Adams, notwithstanding the malignity of party spirit, could never be impeached. His honor and integrity, benevolence and affability, as a citizen and friend, were never called in question by the most impla-

cable of his enemies. Some, who had experienced his charity, may have demonstrated their ingratitude by their subsequent conduct, but, as a Christian and a brother, he forgave them. During his confinement, he ever expressed his warm attachment to the liberties of his country. The principles advocated in the *Chronicle* he often dwelt upon with the most pleasing satisfaction, and seemed to feel a consolation in his dying moments, that his Press had been devoted to the propagation of those sentiments, which had a tendency to promote the blessings of peace and independence.” *

The connection of Mr. White with the *Chronicle* continued only one year. On relinquishing the proprietorship, in May, 1800, he explained to the public the nature and cause of his connection with the paper, in an Address, which for its candor and frankness, and the pleasant style, characteristic of the author's general good nature and gentlemanly deportment in all his transactions, is worth transcribing: —

When the subscriber became the proprietor of the *Independent Chronicle*, he had two inducements to make the purchase. One, That the late proprietor, who was anxious for the future welfare of his family, might ascertain the situation, in which he should leave them. The other — That the paper should be carried on so impartially as that men of opposite opinions might have an opportunity of expressing them; and the public be enabled to decide upon their merits. With these views the purchase was made. But many, who approved of them, doubted whether a paper could be supported upon the plan suggested. However difficult or novel it might appear, believing the principle just, the subscriber was determined to make the attempt, and hazard the issue. He engaged Mr. Rhoades as publisher, and enjoined on him a strict adherence to the plan; — which was to give intelligence as he received it, and not to abuse the public by garbling and misrepresenting for party purposes; to endeavor, in the strictest sense, to make “Truth

* *Independent Chronicle*, May 16, 1799.

his Guide," and not to violate it to oblige, nor withhold it through fear of offending, any one:—to support acts of justice, and reprobate every unjust measure, without regarding the individual or nation, from whom it might proceed—not to become the tool of domestic or foreign, but to endeavor to harmonize and make every American a friend to his own, country. To this manner of conducting a paper no objection could be made; for, if it did not succeed, no loss could accrue to the Printer, as the expenses were entirely at the risk of, and paid by, the Proprietor. A paper like this, must, from the nature of it, contain various sentiments; but when any have advanced opinions contrary to those of others, it has been open for writers on both sides to discuss the subject fairly. If any have neglected the opportunity, it is their own fault, and the Editor ought not to be censured: he made the paper free ground for those who chose to advance with small arms, or more weighty pieces. The parties engaged have sometimes been bomb-proof, although attacked with solid arguments. They have often smoked their antagonists—have frequently made random shots—and sometimes true fires. Some of the pieces have been raised rather too high, and now and then, either by frequent firing or bad ammunition, have become a little foul, and required sponging before they could be brought into fair action.

One year has now elapsed, since Mr. Rhoades undertook to publish the Chronicle on this impartial plan. The experiment has been fairly tried and has so far succeeded, as to have obtained a respectable list of subscribers, fully sufficient to make it an object to continue it; but the profits not being the principal object of the Subscriber in becoming the Proprietor, and his engagements in business being such as makes it not only very inconvenient, but out of his power to pay attention to a paper, he has for some time determined to dispose of the property, whenever he could realize the first cost, and find a purchaser, who would undertake to conduct the press on the present plan. With this intention, Mr. Eben. Rhoades and Mr. Abijah Adams have made the purchase, and become the Proprietors. The next paper will be published by and for them. Mr. Adams has been in the office for ten years. Mr. Rhoades has been the Editor for twelve months. They well know the reception the paper has met with at different periods, and can judge of the effects both of *Good Custom* and *Common Law*; and certainly will find it for their interest to secure the one and avoid the other. It is therefore presumed that they will continue to be impartial; to merit and receive the support of the present customers. . . . J. WHITE.

The next number of the Chronicle contained the salutatory address of the new proprietors, — written with

commendable brevity. After declaring that, "with as much correctness as they are able to command" in the management of the paper "Truth shall still be its Guide, Liberty its Object," they add the following sentiments with marks of quotation : — "Every departure from truth is pernicious. Impartiality should be a perpetual attribute of the press. Neither *fear* on the one side, nor the *hope of reward* on the other, should intimidate or influence its inquiries. It should neither be bribed to lavish unmerited applause, nor menaced into silence. The usefulness of periodical publications depends upon their steady adherence to rectitude. The moment corrupt or foreign considerations are suffered to bias or stain their pages, they become injurious to the general interests of society."

ABIJAH ADAMS died on the 18th of May, 1816, aged sixty-two years. He was a native of Boston, and was bred to the trade of a tailor — a business, which he could not have pursued many years, as he was a clerk in the Chronicle office some time before the death of his brother, Thomas Adams. The following obituary notice, from the Chronicle, probably does no more than justice to his character : —

On his sepulchre may be inscribed, *Here lie the remains of an honest man.* In the present state of society it is not from "high life" that "high characters are drawn." The man, who discharges his duty as a patriot, a parent, and a friend, is entitled to a eulogium. Mr. Adams, in domestic life, was exemplary; in his friendship, undeviating; and, as a member of society, possessed those amiable qualities, which must ever endear him in the memory of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Adams, for many years, had been the senior editor of the Chronicle, and was ever desirous to conduct his paper with that propriety, which the tongue of calumny cannot depreciate, though often aimed to detract. He was not so much concerned in the editorial department, as to make him responsible for every publication offered him; he pursued his business

with that circumspection as not to excite party prejudices, but to give publicity to principles calculated to elucidate political subjects, as they occasionally rose in our national controversies. Examination was the object contemplated, and though he frequently suffered persecution as an editor, yet the energies of his pursuits never failed him. He sustained his misfortunes with a dignity becoming a Christian and a patriot.

After the death of Adams, the paper was carried on by the surviving partner for himself and the heirs of Adams, till the summer of 1819, when the Chronicle was sold to DAVIS C. BALLARD, (a son of Mrs. Adams by a previous marriage) and EDMUND WRIGHT, JUN. publishers and editors of the Boston Patriot. It was united with that paper, and thenceforth ceased to exist as a separate publication.

EBENEZER RHOADES was a native of Boston, the son of Jacob Rhoades, long known and celebrated as a ship-builder. He served an apprenticeship as a printer with Samuel Hall. Though connected with a paper, which often poured out gall and wormwood on its political opponents, his deportment in private life was remarkable for its suavity and gentleness; and, in his social intercourse, he knew no difference between a Republican and a Federalist. He died in August, 1819, about a year after he sold his interest in the Chronicle. The following lines, which appeared in the Chronicle and Patriot, present a well-deserved tribute to his memory:—

If for the hero tears are shed,
And laurels spring above his head,
Who sought, through blood, a deathless name,
And sacrificed his life to Fame—
For thee shall fairer flowerets bloom,
And shed their incense on thy tomb,
FRIENDSHIP shall cull the unfading wreath,
For him who sleeps in peace beneath—

While weeping LOVE, with mournful grace,
 Shall there the hallowed token place,
 And o'er the humble mound shall bend,
 To mourn the husband, parent, friend.

Ere yet had gently closed thine eyes,
 Ere yet thy spirit sought the skies,
 Full many a heart, with feeling fraught,
 On thee had turned the anxious thought,
 And, as was breathed the silent prayer,
 It found in Heaven a record there.

Now peals the deep-toned funeral knell! —
 'Tis done! — Lamented shade, FAREWELL!
 That soul which cheered us while on earth,
 Springs to the region of its birth —
 Its path of duty, faithful trod,
 Shines in the PARADISE OF GOD.

LOTHAIR.

For a period of near thirty years, the *Chronicle* was the principal organ, in New-England, of a large and powerful political party. Of this party, the great original, head, and leader in the *Union*, was Thomas Jefferson. In the foremost rank in the party in *Massachusetts*, stood that unwavering and consistent patriot, Samuel Adams. After the close of the revolutionary war, many of those, who had been the correspondents of the *Chronicle*, discontinued their contributions, and for three or four years the paper was almost barren of original discussion upon political affairs. When, from experience, the people discovered the fact that the Articles of Confederation of the United Colonies but imperfectly answered the purposes of a permanent government for the Union, and the idea of forming a Constitution began to assume an interesting aspect, one of the most popular and influential writers, which, after Otis, Adams, and Quincy, — had undertaken to direct the public mind, chose the *Chronicle* as the vehicle of his political com-

munications. Of this writer, who filled so large a space in the public vision, and who probably wrote more for the newspapers than any other man, not an editor or proprietor of a paper, it seems to be proper to give something more than a mere passing mention of his name.

BENJAMIN AUSTIN, Jun. was born in Boston in the year 1752. He was the youngest son of Benjamin Austin, and was connected, on the mother's side, with the Waldo family, — formerly among the most influential and wealthy merchants of the province.

Benjamin, the father, was one of the firm of Box & Austin, doing business largely as merchants, especially in the importation of cordage, and other articles for purposes of navigation, most of which were then procured from abroad. He had enjoyed good opportunities for education, had visited England in his younger days with uncommon advantages, had been there introduced to the early friends of America, and had brought home and retained those principles of freedom and civil liberty, which form so conspicuous a feature in the writings of his son. He took an active part in public affairs; — was repeatedly a member of the executive council of the province, until negatived by the Governor; — was one of the selectmen of the town of Boston, at the commencement of THE SIEGE, — and suffered severely in his property, during the military occupation of the town. He died on the 14th of March, 1806, in the ninetieth year of his age. Some there are, who still remember him as one of the Patriarchs of the ante-revolutionary age, all of whom have disappeared under the inexorable decrees of Time. His upright and ven-

erable form, the large white wig, scarlet roquelot, and gold-headed cane, were the personification of the manners and dress of a period in our history as a people, which may be studied with profit and satisfaction.

Benjamin, the son, had no other education than such as was to be acquired in the public and private institutions of the town, which, even then, were not without distinction. After the preliminary studies, which these schools enabled him to procure, he was placed in the mercantile establishment of his uncles, the Waldos, and remained with them during the usual term of apprenticeship. In their service he was also occupied some time afterwards, and in the mean time, he made one or more voyages to Europe and the West-Indies. It was during his connection with the Waldos, that he made his first attempt as a political writer. The act of Parliament, of 1767, imposing taxes on the Colonies, struck directly upon the business, in which those gentlemen were engaged. In the year following, the act was carried into operation in the case of a vessel belonging to Mr. Hancock, on which occasion the public mind was strongly excited, and the persons of the officers of the crown were assaulted, and their property destroyed. Soon afterwards, two regiments of British soldiers arrived and were encamped in the town.

During the excitement of this period, an article appeared in one of the newspapers, which attracted the attention of Samuel Adams, and his associates, who held frequent meetings in a small wooden building in Milk-street, then occupied by Samuel Shed. Mr. Shed kept a respectable grocery store in the front and lived with his family in the rear. His inner parlor was well known as

the place where these leaders of the opposition to British tyranny congregated. There it was, that the first idea of Independence suggested itself to these men. There it was, that the freedom of the country from the British yoke was conceived by the little band of noble spirits, that boldly pushed forward to accomplish it.

Mr. Adams and his colleagues were astonished at the energy and boldness of this article, and wondered the more that it had been written and published without their previous assent. Who was this new and unknown ally? They sent for the printer. He was unable to inform them. He had received it anonymously, and could give no indication of the author. It was followed by others of equal ability. But the secret, though carefully kept from the public, and especially from the custom-house commissioners, was not long undiscovered by this conclave of Patriots. They soon ascertained that the writer was Benjamin Austin, Jun. and under their direction, the pen of this young man was repeatedly employed to aid their plans.*

The Revolution broke up the business of the Waldos. I have not been able to obtain any precise information of Mr. Austin's employment during the period, which followed their embarrassments, but am inclined to believe that he was engaged with them in the arrangement and settlement of their widely-extended affairs. In 1784, he was in England, making preparations for a mercantile partnership with his only brother, then just formed,

* This anecdote was related by Mr. Austin himself to the gentleman, to whom I am indebted for it. I am not able to state in what paper these articles appeared, — though it was doubtless Edes & Gill's Boston Gazette, as the other publishers were extremely cautious of inserting articles that might subject them to the resentment of the officers of government.

under the firm of Jonathan L. & Benjamin Austin, and which was continued through the greater part of his life. In addition to their commercial transactions, this firm was engaged for some years in the manufacture of cordage, having extensive works for this purpose, at the foot of Beacon Hill.

It was soon after this, that Mr. Austin became a steady correspondent of the *Chronicle*. The financial affairs of the country, the embarrassments of trade, the excessive importations of British goods by British agents, and many other causes of public excitement, afforded him subjects for comment. While the Constitution of the United States was a subject of interesting discussion, his pen was not inactive; and when that instrument was submitted to the people for their decision, he reviewed some of its features, with expressions of distrust that they would prove too aristocratical in their results, and lead to the creation of privileged orders, that might be destructive of the liberties of the people.

Mr. Austin was several times a member of the Legislature, both as a representative of the town of Boston, and as a Senator from the county of Suffolk. In 1801, he was appointed by Mr. Jefferson, then President of the United States, to the office of Commissioner of Loans, — an office, which he held many years, and the duties of which he discharged with distinguished talent and fidelity. He was twice elected a member of the Board of Selectmen of Boston. It was soon after his second election to that office, that he died, on the 4th of May, 1820, in the 69th year of his age.

The personal and private character of Mr. Austin was much misunderstood, — and, perhaps, often mis-

represented,—in consequence of the violent political passions, which agitated the public mind, during many years of his life. He was an ardent advocate of the political principles of Thomas Jefferson, and a conscientious defender of popular rights. This attachment to Jefferson brought him in conflict with the leading Federalists of his day, and rendered him an object of vituperation and wrath. But, whatever may have been said of him, by those who were opposed to him in politics, and however severely he may have handled those, whom he thought pursuing a course inconsistent with the honor and prosperity of the country, he was exemplary in all the relations of social life,—a good neighbor, a kind friend, a pleasant and agreeable companion. He was a man of considerable wit and humor. Sometimes he ridiculed his political opponents with great effect. His conversation was remarkable for its good-natured tone, and though his remarks were occasionally spiced with a little sarcasm, they were not tinged with offensive bitterness. He was unmercifully lampooned in the federal newspapers, and his personal appearance was caricatured in a work called a “Review of the Jacobiniad.” But I believe he never sought legal redress for any of the multifarious libels, that he endured from political opponents.

The Chronicle was indebted, mainly, to Mr. Austin for its influence and success. His contributions were entirely gratuitous. He lived at the corner of Hancock and Cambridge-streets, and transacted business in State-street or on Long Wharf. It was his ordinary custom, while on his way from his residence to his place of business, to stop at the Chronicle office,—to have a chat

with the editors, and to write a paragraph, — perhaps an essay, — for the paper. The office was also frequented by several of the prominent men of the party, to which he belonged. Frequently, while they were in earnest conversation, Mr. Austin would write paragraph after paragraph, uninterrupted by the conversation and often joining in it. He often wrote articles of considerable length, in such circumstances, on the back of a handbill or on any scrap of paper that first fell in his way. For twenty years, at least, hardly a number of the *Chronicle* was issued, that did not contain something from the pen of Mr. Austin. His style was vigorous and clear, and though he wrote with great rapidity, and seldom revised what he had written, his sentences are in general, symmetrically constructed, and seldom (though still too often) disfigured by the interpolation of foreign words and phrases ; — a species of affectation, which frequently disgraces the composition of many, who make high pretensions to scholarship. I believe he never attempted to conceal the origin of any thing, which he wrote, though innumerable paragraphs were published without a signature. But his longer and more important contributions are signed “ *Honestus* ” and “ *Old South.* ” So numerous were his writings under the first of these signatures, and so well was he known as the writer, that he was as frequently spoken of by the newspaper epithet as by his real name. It passed into a by-word among his political opponents, on the Exchange, and in the public streets. The essays of *Honestus* were begun in March, 1786. The first number was entitled “ *Some Observations on the Practice of the Law, offered for the serious consideration of the Legislature ;* ” and this sub-

ject was pursued through a long series of communications, which very naturally produced essays of an opposite character, some of which were published in the *Chronicle*, but they were chiefly in the *Centinel*. The following lines stand as a motto to the first essay of *Honestus* : —

When will Benevolence the Lawyer warm ?
 Or when plain Honesty the Courtier charm ?
 How flames my blood, indignant at the thought
 That Laws are bartered ; human Passions bought !
 That men no more the soft sensations feel,
 And gold — cursed gold, — the bosom turns to steel.

In 1798, Mr. Austin wrote several articles under this same signature, in defence of the policy of President Adams, who, it will be remembered, entertained views somewhat different from those of Alexander Hamilton and other Federalists, in relation to a war with France. For this he was assailed by writers in the federal papers, but by none other with quite so much vulgarity as one in the *Mercury*, who began his attack in this fashion : —

“ HONESTUS ” — A hungry, lean-faced fellow,
 A mere anatomy, a rope-maker,
 An envious, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch ;
 This living dead man, this incessant scribe,
 Forsooth, took on him as a chronicler,
 And, with no face, out-facing federal foes,
 Cries out, They are possessed.

Who would have thought it ? *Honestus* is again in print. This abominable *booby* has not yet learnt that he is universally despised, and his doings and looks are alike *sickening*. . . .

The rest need not be quoted. A portion of the essays signed “ Old South ” were republished in 1803, in an octavo volume of more than three hundred pages. In an introductory number, he refers to the town-meetings,

which had been held in the Old South Meeting-house, when the merits of the British treaty of 1794 were the subject of discussion, and adds, — “To commemorate this important era, the signature of *Old South* is now taken.”

The contents of this volume, — if now read, — will excite sentiments very different from those, with which their first publication was received. Readers of this and future generations, who have taken, or may take, the character of Mr. Austin, from traditionary report, or from the effusions of newspaper writers of the period, in which he lived and wrote, will probably be surprised to find nothing that is inconsistent with public order or private morality — no single line or sentiment, in violation of the duties of a Christian or an honest man. In his Prefatory Address, he remarks : —

Harmony, peace and moderation depend on the body of *republican citizens*, acting upon one consolidated principle in support of the constitution and laws of the government. An union of republicans and monarchists can never be expected; an union with those who advocate unnecessary taxes and those who are opposed to them, is chimerical; an union of those, who use scurrility and defamation, with those, who substantiate their measures by reason and sound policy, is reversing every logical decision; an union with friends of order and the revilers of an administration, which inculcates peace abroad and harmony at home, is as impossible as a cordiality between God and mammon. The union sought after depends on the candid deliberation of the well-disposed citizens, whose happiness is involved in the permanency of a wise and economical administration. An union of this kind may be effected; as we have reason to think that many honest men have been in opposition, from the arts and intrigues of such classes as are above-described; and we charitably hope, a pre-eminent character,* now in retirement, is convinced that he was deceived by them, who pretended the highest friendship towards him. We ever wish to revere his character *for the part he took during our revolution*; and we pray God that his last days may be employed in exposing those culprits, who pretend to venerate him, while they eulogize the man,† who attempted to blast his name with infamy and reproach.

* John Adams.

† Alexander Hamilton.

Taking this ground, the author has considered the various subjects contemplated. He has noticed every individual in his *political character*. As private men, he estimates them in proportion to their social virtues, and does not wish to invalidate whatever may be essential to their moral rectitude. He acknowledges to have written with freedom; but the controversy of the present day, as connected with the future happiness of our common country, demands an unequivocal investigation of men and measures. He is willing to stand the test of principles; and, for this purpose only, has he consented to give his name as a voucher for the sincerity of his observations.

The cause of *real, undefiled religion*, as inculcated in the *Gospel*, he is ever desirous to espouse; and if any remarks on its professors appear pungent, it is for the sole purpose of discriminating between piety and hypocrisy. Neither would he uncharitably condemn all such men as differ from him, as hypocrites or apostates; yet the severity and indecency, with which some have replied to his remarks, justify him in administering the *tartar of retaliation*.

Those, who wish to be more particularly informed of the character of Mr. Austin's intellectual capacities, the power of his political prejudices and predilections, and the motives, by which he was animated as a writer, will do well to consult his published writings, — but an inconsiderable part of which are contained in the volume here referred to.

In 1806, an incident of a most extraordinary and agitating nature occurred, in the fatal consequences of which Mr. Austin and his family were deeply and painfully involved. The fever of political animosity was at its height. Each political party projected a celebration of the 4th of July. The Federalists held their festival in Fanueil Hall; the Republicans had theirs on Copp's Hill. The entertainment was provided for the Republicans, by a man who kept a tavern in Charlestown; that for the Federalists by the man who kept the public house, known as Concert Hall. A few days after the celebration, rumors were circulated about the town that the Republicans had a difficulty in settling their account

with the contractor for their dinner, and this rumor was accompanied with reproachful comments in the federal papers. As an offset, it was stated in the Chronicle that the tavern-keeper, who supplied the entertainment for their party, was paid, and that "a receipt in full could be produced for every minutiae furnished on that occasion," and added, "Let the federal gentry produce a receipt in full for their entertainment." This was followed up by paragraphs and communications, by both parties, of a character highly irritating, and tending to exasperate passions, that were easily inflamed. The persons more immediately concerned in carrying on this unfortunate controversy were Mr. Austin, who was chairman of the republican committee, and Thomas O. Selfridge, who was one of the most active members of the federal party. A controversy had arisen between the federal committee and some of the persons, who contracted for the entertainment. Mr. Selfridge had been employed, professionally, to adjust the difference, and this gave to Mr. Austin occasion for some offensive remarks. On the fourth of August, the following notice appeared conspicuously in the Boston Gazette:—

AUSTIN POSTED.

BENJAMIN AUSTIN, Loan-Officer, having acknowledged that he has circulated an infamous falsehood concerning my professional conduct, in a certain case, and having refused to give the satisfaction due to a gentleman in similar cases:—I hereby publish said Austin as a COWARD, a LIAR, and a SCOUNDREL; and if the said Austin has the effrontery to deny any part of the charge, he shall be silenced by the most irrefragable proof.

THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE.

P. S. The various editors in the United States are requested to insert the above notice in their journals; and their bills shall be paid to their respective agents in this town.

The Chronicle and Gazette being issued on the same

morning, a considerable number of copies of the Chronicle had passed through the press, before the Gazette was seen by Mr. Austin. A part of the edition of the Chronicle contained the following : —

Considering it derogatory to enter into a newspaper controversy with one *T. O. Selfridge*, in reply to his insolent and FALSE publication in the Gazette of this day ; if any *gentleman* is desirous to know the facts on which his *impertinence* is founded, any information will be given by me on the subject.

BENJAMIN AUSTIN.

Boston, Aug. 4.

☞ Those who publish Selfridge's statement are requested to insert the above, and they shall be paid on presenting their bills.

About one o'clock of the day, on which these publications appeared, Charles, a son of Mr. Austin, and Mr. Selfridge met on the side-walk, on the south side of State-street, not far from the corner of Congress-street. No person was near enough to hear any words that might have passed between them. In less than a minute after they met, Selfridge was seen to draw a pistol from his pocket, and discharge it at Austin. Austin instantly struck Selfridge, — or at him, — with a small stick he had in his hand, and fell from the side-path on to the pavement, and, without speaking, expired, — the blood gushing from his mouth. The ball had entered his breast, just below the left pap, and passed through the body. This sad and agonizing event, the judicial proceedings, which followed, and the acquittal of the man, whom the jury of inquest charged with murder, had a deep and painful influence on the after-life of Mr. Austin. The expressions of sympathy were many and sincere, even from political adversaries. Whatever provocation might have been given by the bitterness of political controversy, it is certain that none, but the most implacably

vindictive, could fail to be softened by a knowledge of the agony of this tremendous infliction, and by the suffering it carried into the midst of a family, which his domestic habits and attachments had made the centre of all his affections.

Charles Austin was in the nineteenth year of his age. He was a member of the Senior class of Harvard College. He acquired the rudiments of a collegiate education at Phillips Academy, in Andover, and had frequently received from the instructors in that institution, as well as those at Harvard, testimonials of approbation. The Faculty of the College had assigned to him one of the highest parts in the exercises of the Commencement, that was then soon to follow. His friends looked forward to that day, with pleasing anticipations of a performance, that would justify the estimate they had formed of his talents and principles. He died by the hand of violence, in the midst of his hopes. His funeral was attended by a long procession of citizens of Boston and the neighboring towns.* The pall was supported, and the corpse preceded, by the Senior class of Harvard College, and followed, immediately after the relatives, by the President, Professors, and Tutors of that institution.

For many weeks succeeding this tragedy, the Chronicle poured out its anathemas on the Federalists, whom it charged with art, intrigue, and deception, and a desire to stifle all investigation of their measures, even by the use of the pistol. The "Reflections" of the editors, and the communications of correspondents, were not adapted to allay excitement. The federal papers of

* See Independent Chronicle, August 7 and 11, 1806.

Boston maintained a general silence in relation to the subject ; but numerous letters, written from Boston, were published in other places, and tended to provoke a continuance of the animadversions of the Chronicle. The charge of Chief Justice Parsons to the Grand Jury, at the commencement of the term of the Court when Selfridge was to be tried, occasioned elaborate comments in the Chronicle, many of which bore evident marks of legal knowledge in the writer, and practical investigation of the laws concerning murder, manslaughter, and homicide. The reader who may wish to examine the articles relating to these exciting transactions, may gratify his curiosity by consulting the columns of the Chronicle, for several months succeeding the beginning of August, 1806.

During some of the later years of his life, — after the asperities of political hostility had, in some measure, become softened, and the federal party had dissolved its organization, — Mr. Austin continued to indulge his disposition to write for newspapers, and wrote several columns of criticism on the theatre — exposing what he thought the immoralities, vulgarities, and absurdities of the stage. Though amusing enough, and not always unworthy of the consideration of the reflecting philosopher and moralist, these essays added nothing to his reputation as a writer. Literary reputation, indeed, he never coveted. The field of politics was that, in which it seemed he was created to labor, and in that field he had ample employment.

There were other writers of considerable notoriety, who contributed political communications, — among whom were Perez Morton, afterwards the attorney-general of the Commonwealth, and Dr. Charles Jarvis.

The last-named gentleman was often a representative from Boston in the General Court, before the federal party gained the entire ascendancy. He was celebrated for his oratorical powers, which were really of a high order. I am not able to identify the writings of either of these gentlemen, nor those of numerous others, who frequented the office of the Chronicle, and aided the editor in his labors.

From an obituary notice in the Chronicle of September 24, 1798, it appears that Thomas Greenleaf had at some time been employed as editor or assistant editor of the paper. It is there said, — “He was a steady, uniform, zealous supporter of the Rights of Humanity ; a warm friend to civil and religious liberty, unawed by persecution or prosecution, both of which it has, not unfrequently, been his lot to experience. He loved his country ; and if, at any time, as Editor of this paper, he dipped his pen in gall, and exercised it with unusual severity, it was occasioned by that strong abhorrence he felt against political apostacy, and the fervor of his wishes to preserve the Constitution from encroachment.”

Though the leading traits in the character of the Chronicle were of a strong political complexion, yet there are many evidences that the conductors, — at least, from the time of Adams & Nourse, — were not deficient in literary taste. Their selections of poetry, which often occupied an appropriate corner, were frequently of a higher character than ordinary. The origin of the piece which follows, is unknown. It is introduced by a note, saying it was suggested by a passage in Edwards’s History of the West Indies, which describes the once celebrated “Obi,” — a farrago, composed of blood, feathers,

parrots' beaks, broken bottles, grave dirt, rum, and egg shells. By the proper mixture of these ingredients, the negroes imagined they could effect the destruction of their enemies : —

THE NEGRO INCANTATION.

HAIL ! ye sacred horrors, hail !
 Which, brooding o'er this lonely vale,
 Swell the heart, impearl the eye,
 And raise the rapt soul to the sky.
 Hail ! spirits of the swarthy dead,
 Who flitting through the dreary shade,
 To rouse your sons to vengeance fell,
 Nightly raise the troublous yell !
 Hail ! Minister of Ill, whose iron power
 Pervades resistless earth, and sea, and air,
 Shed all thy influence on this solemn hour,
 When we with magic rites the white man's doom prepare.
 Thus Congo spoke, " what time the moon,
 " Riding in her highest noon,"
 New beamed upon the sable crowd,
 Now vanished in the thickening cloud.
 'Twas silence all — with frantic look,
 His spells the hoary wizard took ;
 Bending o'er the quivering flame,
 Convulsion shook his giant frame ;
 Close and more close the shuddering captives throng,
 With breath repressed, and straining eye they wait,
 When midst the plantains bursts the awful song,
 The words of mystic might, that seal their tyrant's fate.
 Haste ! the magick shreds prepare —
 Thus the white man's corse we tear,
 Lo ! feathers from the raven's plume,
 That croaks our proud oppressor's doom.
 Now to aid the potent spell,
 Crush we next the brittle shell —
 Fearful omen to the foe,
 Look ! the blanchèd bones we throw.
 From mouldering graves we stole this hallowed earth,
 Which mixed with blood, winds up the mystic charm ;
 Wide yawns the grave for all of northern birth,
 And soon shall smoke with blood each sable warrior's arm.

Hark! the pealing thunders roll,
 Grateful to the troubled soul.
 See! the gleamy lightnings play,
 To point you to your destined prey,
 Hence! with silent foot and flow,
 And sudden strike the deadly blow:
 Your foes, the balmy shade beneath,
 Lie locked in sleep — their sleep is death!
 Go! let the memory of the smarting throng
 Outlead the pity that would prompt to save;
 Go let the oppressor's contumelious wrong,
 Twice nerve the hero's arm, and make the coward brave.

Of the original *political* poetry the following specimen must suffice. It was written at Suffield, Conn. and proposed as a Psalm for the Fast Day, appointed by the President of the United States, to be observed in the beginning of May, 1798. It will be perceived that it is a parody on Dr. Watts's version: —

PSALM FOR THE FEDERAL FAST.

To the tune of the 148th Psalm.

YE federal States combine,
 In solemn Fast and Prayer;
 And urge the powers divine
 To drive us into war;
 With voices strong, On pension list
 Each Federalist Begin the song.

Thy voice, O Pickering, raise,
 And Wolcott join the song;
 Sing to Britannia's praise,
 Let Jay the strain prolong;
 Your ancient friend, In this dark hour
 Ye men in power, With zeal defend.

The British Empire, lo!
 In matchless order stands,
 Or moves, when bid to go
 By Guelph's supreme commands;
 He sends his fleet, In reverence low
 And France must bow At George's feet.

For bribery moved their *wheels*

Through many ages past,

And each his word fulfils

While cash and credit last.

In different ways

You hope the fame

Your works proclaim ;

You so much praise.

Let all the WELL-BORN race

With SIMPLE MEN unite,

Three frigates cleave the seas

And haughty Frenchmen fight ;

Both sea and shore

And still display

Their tribute pay,

Our wondrous power.

Ye Clergy, on this day

On Politics discourse,

And when ye rise to pray,

Both France and Frenchmen curse ;

For you 've a right

Exhort and teach

To pray and preach,

Mankind to fight.

Ye funding gentry, join

In Hamiltonian choir,

And all your strength combine

To blow the warlike fire :

Our debt will then

That when we 've peace

So much increase,

We 'll fund again.

Ye Federal Judges, too,

Devoutly pray for war ;

You 've little now to do

In distributing Law.

Nor let the *dream*

Make you forget

Of power and state

The *power supreme*.

Let Hartford wits proceed

To sing John Adams' praise,

Canaan's poets feed

Shall high his *honours* raise ;

Then will the song

And through the air

Join well with prayer ;

Waft smooth along.

Let all the States attend,

At this his solemn call,

To curse their ancient *friend*

And bless our rulers all :

For this' the day,

Through the whole land

That, heart and hand,

For WAR we pray.

The following piece is said to be the production of "a minor." As poetry, it may not survive the test of severe criticism ; but as a specimen of juvenile composition, imbued with moral sentiment, it may be worthy of republication in this place : —

MEDITATIONS AND VISION OF CASSEM.

A MORAL TALE.

To give my mind a short reprieve,
I passed a pleasant summer's eve,
On Lima's western hill.

Above my head, thro' space profound,
The stars, like diamonds, twinkled round,
Whose revolutions know no bound,
But the Eternal will.

The moon, with solemn pomp, had spread,
Her silver brightness, through the shade.

I view'd the landscape o'er.
Here, the whole town lies sunk in sleep ;
There, rugged deserts vast and deep ;
While waves, beneath the mountains creep,
And nod against the shore.

I felt a transport, more refined,
Than can be felt, but by a mind
Free from a guilty stain ;
And as I melted with delight,
Imagination took her flight,
And left the gloomy shades of night,
To seek the Elysian plain :

Methought I saw, the happy few,
Searching the depths of nature too,
But with enlargèd ken ;

(Said I) Oh Cassem ! do not these,
Indulge the same propensities,
Do they not search Infinities,
And contemplate, like men ?

Their faith to ample vision flows ;
They view the systems, that compose
The universal frame ;

Here, the first stars, like suns, appear,
 And spread their influence far and near,
 While their respective planets, here,
 Wheel round in liquid flame.

Thus musing, I myself forgot;
 But now a philosophic thought,
 Perplexed my troubled breast;
 I started back, but how, (said I,)
 Can immateriality,
 Possess a sensual quality?

Or, how is void imprest?
 Can they see verdure, without eyes?
 Or, hear the music of the skies,
 Without the ears of men?
 Spices, in vain, perfume the air,
 If smelling be extinguished there;
 And, without taste, the trees would bear
 Their blushing fruit in vain.

As thus I sat, confus'd with doubt,
 I chanced to turn my eyes about,
 And saw a form divine;
 Celestial love dawn'd in his face;
 A voice of majesty, and grace,
 Commanded me t' approach the place;
 My willing feet incline.

' Cassem! (said he) draw near, attend,
 ' I am the Genius your friend:

 ' No more perplex thy mind;
 ' Of what avail is it to thee,
 ' To know how they converse, or see?
 ' Cease, then, thy curiosity,
 ' For God is wise and kind.

' Oh Cassem! be assured of this,
 ' However formed, their happiness
 Exceeds a glimmering thought;

' Body and soul shall reunite,
 ' Dust shall revive, forever bright
 ' And vigorous, as morning light,
 ' Without a guilty spot.

' Inquire no more, how this shall be;
 ' Go to the Persian looms, and see
 ' The little shining worm;

‘ He winds the nest, wherein he lies,
‘ Completes his work, contracts, and dies ;
‘ Yet you behold this insect rise,
 ‘ A most surprizing form.
‘ It was a worm, despised and slow ;
‘ On gilded wings, it flutters now,
 ‘ A little kind of bird ;
‘ How much improvèd is its dress,
‘ Adorned, in all its loveliness,
‘ While every gem, with readiness,
 ‘ Its native tint conferred.
‘ Here, you behold, in miniature,
‘ The glories of that wondrous hour ;
 ‘ Let this inspire thy heart :
‘ Cassem ! regard the specimen ;
‘ Thy dust shall be inspir’d again,
‘ And ever shine ; hope humbly then,
 ‘ But study to depart.’

Here, ceased the heavenly messenger,
When lo ! the music of the air
 Filled me with sweet surprize.
Anon, the Genius soared away,
And, as I traced his wondrous way,
I turned, and saw the dawning day,
 Smile in the eastern skies.

The Chronicle was a zealous advocate and sturdy supporter of the war of 1812.

THE PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, the grandson of that William Bradford, who was the first person that followed the business of printing in Pennsylvania, was born in New-York. He was adopted by an uncle, — Andrew Bradford, — who, having no children of his own, educated him as his son, and instructed him in the art of printing. In 1741, he visited England, and returned in 1742, with printing materials and a stock of books, and immediately began business as a printer and bookseller. In December of that year, he began the publication of a newspaper, under the title of *The Pennsylvania Journal*, which was continued by him and his successors for more than sixty years.

This paper was devoted to the cause of freedom from the dominion of Great Britain. The only volume of it, which I have seen, embraces the publication from January 3, 1765, to December 25, 1766 — a period of great interest in the history of our country. Among other articles of importance, is the discussion concerning “the appointment of Mr. Franklin as agent for the Province.” It may not be generally known, that Franklin was suspected by some persons, of advising to the enactment of the Stamp Act. The *Journal* of January 10, 1765, contains a letter from John Hughes, de-

fending Franklin against the remarks of an anonymous writer in a former paper. The annexed extract from this article may serve as a specimen of the style of the writer, who was, afterwards, appointed commissioner of stamps for the province of Pennsylvania, and was active in carrying the act into effect : —

Permit me to whisper one piece of advice in your ear. Tell your friends, that their money, their offices and pride seem to have effected their senses, that they whose *originals* are like the fountains of the Nile unknown, ought to treat with tenderness and caution, the honest tradesmen and mechanics of Philadelphia, many of whom are on a level with, if not greatly superior, to themselves with respect to family, fortune, understanding and merit. Let them know that they have been out in their policy, when they instructed you to endeavour to ridicule me on account of my having been once a *tradesman*. For if it be disgraceful to be an honest *farmer* or *mechanic*, I glory in my disgrace. Tell them that the wealth, strength, liberty and prosperity of the province are owing to the labour, industry, vigilance, and steadiness of these men, and these chiefly. And tell them seriously one thing more, that should another occasion be given, their own origins shall be traced as far as they can be discovered. Where perhaps we shall find some at the *petty work* of filing the brazen wire and forming the heads of pins; others at the laborious toil of *plying the ours* of an *unwielded flat*; others at pushing the *awl* and drawing the waxen thread through the greasy *leather*, or as your present *Poet Laureat* has formerly observed

“ *From patching shoes have rose to patch the state ;*”

others with difficulty emerging from the disabled state of *Bankruptcy*; and others . . . but I forbear the ignominious and infamous part of the catalogue. Nothing shall prevail on me, but the highest aggravation, to tarnish the characters of the living with the crimes of the dead. Know this that merit is the only true nobility. . . .

“ *A wit’s a feather and a chief’s a rod,*

“ *An honest man’s the noblest work of God.*”

And that this nobility is as often to be found among the honest *Farmers, Mechanics, and Tradesmen* of *Pennsylvania*, as among those who affect the character of *gentlemen*, and assume the airs of *quality*. But if you dare not be thus free with them for fear of *losing your bread*, desist however from ridiculing mankind, on account of their trades and

occupations, lest you gnaw a file which will render you toothless, and incapable of biting forever.

Hughes was a Tory and a hypocrite as is manifest from several of his letters to the commissioner of the stamp-office in London, published in the *Journal* of September 4, 1766.

The *Journal* of October 31, 1765, has its pages enclosed in broad black lines, with the picture of a skull and bones, a spade and pick-axe, and other emblems of mortality, over the title ; under the title is printed in large type : —

EXPIRING: In Hopes of a Resurrection to LIFE again.

At the head of the first column is a notice from the editor, saying, — “ I am sorry to be obliged to acquaint my readers, that, as the Stamp act is feared to be obligatory upon us after the *First of November* evening, (the *fatal* To-morrow,) the Publisher, unable to bear the Burthen, has thought it expedient to STOP awhile, in order to deliberate, whether any methods can be found to elude the chains forged for us, and escape the insupportable Slavery ; which, it is hoped, from the just representations now made against this Act, may be effected. Meanwhile I must earnestly request every individual of my Subscribers, that they would immediately discharge their respective arrears, that I may be able, not only to support myself during the Interval, but be the better prepared to proceed again with the paper, whenever an opening for that purpose appears, which I hope will be soon.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.”

Running along the border of the first page is the following : —

Adieu, adieu, to the LIBERTY of the PRESS.

At the foot of the last column of the third page are the words, "Farewell LIBERTY." At the foot of the third column of the fourth page, is a cut representing a coffin, underneath which is the inscription : —

The last Remains of
The PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL,
Which departed this Life, the 31st of October, 1765,
Of a STAMP in her Vitals,
Aged 23 Years.

It seems, however, that the publication was not discontinued. The next paper is destitute of the title, and in its place are the words, "*No Stamp-Paper* to be had." In the next succeeding publication, the title is restored, and remains unchanged, except by the addition of a very handsome device, representing an open volume, on which appears the word JOURNAL; underneath the volume is a ship under sail; the volume is supported by two figures, one, a female representing Fame with her trumpet, the other an aboriginal American, with his bow and arrows.

Accompanying the first publication in January, 1766, are the following verses, printed on a quarter of a sheet of writing paper, and which are the earliest that I have met with in this department of Newspaper Literature : —

THE NEW-YEAR VERSES
OF
THE PRINTER'S LADS, WHO CARRY
THE
PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL
To the Customers.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1ST, 1776.

She comes! She comes! — I hear the festive Sound,
The Goddess comes! — Let Hills and Vales resound!
Before her Car the white-wing'd Minutes fly,
And Light unbars the Portals of the Sky.

Old *Phæbus*, rolling up the eastern Way,
 Exultant leads the rosy-featur'd Day,
 While grim-ey'd Darkness, from Night's sable Rear
 Retiring, scowls upon the new-born Year.

Then Fancy, haste, and with thee bring along,
 To grace the Scene, *Apollo's* tuneful Throng.
 Fair *Clio*, haste, our eager Souls inspire,
 And shake soft Music from your dulcet Lyre.
 'Tis done:—And lo where springs the Fount of Day,
 The blooming Sisters wing their orient Way.
 "Hoarse *Delaware* the joyful Tidings brings,
 "And all his Swans, transported, clap their Wings."

No more stern War, exulting in her Slain,
 Horrific stalks along the gory Plain.
Peace, blue-ey'd Goddess, gave the mild Command,
 And bade Destruction hold his ruthless Hand.
 Contending Nations heard the pow'rful Word,
 And all obedient sheath'd the reeky Sword!
 Yon wilder'd Scenes where oft at Midnight drear,
 The gloomy Savage roam'd devoid of Fear,
 Religion there shall build her radiant Shrine,
 And Science blossom to the latest Time.
 There too at Eve, along the dewy Grove,
 Shall future *Popes* and future *Miltons* rove.
Ohio's Banks, where gentle *Braddock* fell,
 No more shall learn th' infernal savage Yell;
 No more its Streams, deep-dy'd with Warrior's Gore,
 Shall roll their crimson Billows from the Shore.
 In after Times, some venerable Seer
 Shall tell his hapless Story with a Tear;
 How there, the Wound unable to sustain,
 He, undistinguish'd, join'd th' uncoffin'd Slain.

Charm'd into Peace, within the breezy Shade,
 The painted Boy shall woo his nut-brown Maid.
 His melting Tale shall soothe her list'ning Ear,
 And from her bosom force the tender Tear.
 She too when Evening hushes all the Plain,
 With Haste shall run to meet her faithful Swain,
 Within the Grove, where o'er the Mountain's Height,
 The full-orb'd *Cynthia* sheds her maiden Light.
 There first her tender Breast shall catch the Flame,
 And glow and tremble with the pleasing Pain;

The rising Blush Love's conscious Pow'r shall own,
And speak a Passion to the Maid unknown.

But ah, my Muse! — what sudden Horrors rise!
The smiling Prospect swims before my Eyes!
What boding Sadness checks my ling'ring Mind!
I hear a Voice in each low Gust of Wind.
'Tis he! 'tis he! Oh hide the dreadful Scene,
Rise, Mountains, rise, and boundless Worlds between!
'Tis he, whom late in Victory array'd,
We hail'd triumphant in the peaceful Shade! *
As lost in Thought, along *Ontario's* Shore,
The Indian Sage new Wonders shall explore,
His gentle Form shall startle on his View,
And all his throbbing Soul shall bleed anew.
O sacred Shade! if yet thou deign'st to hear,
Forgive this rude involuntary Tear;
And as bright-mounted on the Wings of Day,
Thou rid'st sublime along th' empyreal Way,
When War arous'd leads on his hardy Train,
And all the Battle gleams along the Plain,
Then let thy Guardian-Spirit hover nigh,
And teach to conquer, or, untam'd, to die.

In September, this year, Bradford took into partnership his son, Thomas Bradford, and the Journal was thenceforth published by William and Thomas Bradford.

The Journal of September 4, 1766, is nearly filled with letters from John Hughes (before mentioned) to the Commissioner of the Stamp-office in London, from which it is manifest that he was a Tory and a hypocrite. He complained, in the next paper, that some anonymous persons, with a view of hurting his reputation, and serving their purpose at the approaching election, (Hughes was a member of the Legislature) had furnished copies of these letters, which were not genuine, &c. He pronounced them forgeries, and commenced an action

* General BOUQUET.

against the printers, as he said, "in order to do himself justice."

To this notice, the editors annexed an article written with dignified manliness and courtesy, but with becoming severity against Hughes, whose notice they called a "fresh instance of his regard to the Liberties of his fellow-subjects, in his impotent but ill-natured attempt against the Liberty of the Press." They proceed to say : —

His suing the Printers of the Pennsylvania Journal, for printing an exact copy of his own letters, is no more than the ill-judged effect of that insatiable passion which he has, to trample upon the most sacred Rights and Privileges of British subjects in America. The letters themselves, which are but the history of his own conduct for a considerable time past, plainly discover how heartily and passionately he wished for the favourable opportunity which would put it into the power of this excellent patriot, to execute the detestable STAMP ACT, which no American can mention without abhorrence, and to reduce the free born Sons of Britain to a state of the most wretched slavery. What else can be the meaning of his barefaced Falsehood, in representing North-America as in a state of absolute rebellion against the best of Kings, and in using all his feeble endeavours to excite his Majesty and his Ministers to send over an armed force to quell us, as he modestly terms it? But such is his insensibility to all the dictates of Honour or publick Virtue, that to compleat his character, he would now attempt to demolish the Liberty of the Press, that invaluable privilege of a free people; because through that channel his hidden arts are brought to Light.

'Tis but a piece of justice to the public, to let them know his last effort to prop his sinking character, which has long laboured under violent suspicions. He procured a writ for the printers of his letters, on Saturday last, which was executed by the Sheriff on Monday morning following; as twelve hundred pounds damages were marked upon the writ, the printers sent him a notice about 12 o'clock, to appear before a Magistrate to shew cause of action; but he refused to appear. At 4 o'clock, the same afternoon, they sent him another notice, to appear for the same purpose at 10 o'clock the next day, and informed him, that unless he appeared, they would move for a discharge from the arrest. But such was the consciousness of his guilt, that he refused again to

appear, and as he could not be compelled by law to shew cause of action, the arrest was accordingly discharged. We are only the printers of a free and impartial paper, and we challenge Mr. Hughes and the world, to convict us of partiality in this respect, or of even an inclination to restrain the freedom of the press in any instance. We can appeal to North-America not only for our impartiality as printers, but also for the great advantages derived to us very lately from the unrestrained liberty, which every Briton claims of communicating his sentiments to the public thro' the channel of the press. What would have become of the liberties of the British Colonies in North-America, if Mr. Hughes's calls on Great Britain had been heard, to restrain the printers here from publishing what he is pleased to stile *inflammatory pieces*, and if every prostitute scribbler, and enemy to his country had been suffered, without control from the pens of true patriots, to rack their distempered brains, to find out arguments to gull a free-born people into a tame submission to perpetual slavery, and to impose their flimsy cobwebs upon us, instead of solid and substantial reasoning? To the freedom of the press in America we may in a great measure attribute the continuance of those inherent and constitutional privileges, which we yet enjoy and which every Briton, who is not inslaved to private or party interests, prefers to his life. We cannot therefore doubt, but that the happiness, which now reigns through all the British plantations, will inspire every friend of his country with an honest and generous indignation against the wretch that would attempt to enslave his countrymen by restraints on the press.

We would now inform the publick, that the letters of Mr. Galloway and Mr. Hughes, which we printed in our last week's paper, were transmitted to Philadelphia, by Capt. Sparks, from a gentleman in London of character and integrity, who is a friend of North-America, and never was accounted capable of imposing upon the publick. They were publickly seen and read in the Coffee-Houses in London by great numbers, were laid before the Parliament, and are copied verbatim in their Books. They came as genuine into our hands, as such we laid them before the publick, and such, we have it in our power to prove them. But were there no other evidences of his writing the letters we printed, there may be sufficient Proofs of the Fact taken from the very letters themselves, to shew them the genuine Productions of his accurate pen.—Let not Mr. Hughes therefore think that his weak and faint denial of the Genuineness of the Letters will pass with the impartial world, as sufficient to overthrow such a Variety and Strength of Evidence, as the Public is already possessed of against him. Let him reconcile the assurances he has given to the Commissioners of the

Stamp-office, *that he would faithfully execute the stamp-office when it would be in his power*, with his full resignation of it which he made to the public, before he can expect to be believed in any matter by his fellow-citizens.

WILLIAM & THOMAS BRADFORD.

Subsequent papers contain "An Essay towards discovering the Authors and Promoters of the memorable Stamp Act, written by a gentleman in London to his friend in Philadelphia," in which the writer endeavors to prove that Dr. Franklin was guilty of duplicity in relation to the passage of that act; that in his intercourse with the British ministry, he approved and commended the measure, while, to the American people, he professed to oppose it; that he had nothing else in view, than to obtain a change in the government of Pennsylvania, and get himself placed at the head of it; and thus, grossly betraying his constituents, he could not be safely trusted as their agent.*

WILLIAM BRADFORD was one of the first persons in the city of Philadelphia, to oppose the Stamp Act, and entertained uncompromising hostility to all the succeeding measures of the British government, in relation to the Colonies. He took arms in an early stage of the Revolutionary war: and although he had reached the age, at which the law exempts men from military service, he encountered the fatigues of a winter campaign, and performed duty as a major in the militia, in the memorable battle of Trenton. He shared the honors of the day at Princeton, and returned Colonel of the regiment, of which he went out Major. He was at Fort Mifflin when it was attacked by the Hessians, and in several other engagements. A few days before the

* These changes are refuted in Sparks's Life of Franklin, "Continuation," chap. iv.

British troops took possession of Philadelphia, he was entrusted by the Governor with the command of the city, and the care of removing the stores. Having performed this service, he left the city as the enemy was entering it, and went to Fort Mifflin, where he remained till that fortress was evacuated. From that time, he remained at Trenton, till the British army left Philadelphia. He then returned to the city, and re-opened his printing-office, and resumed the publication of his paper, which had been suspended while the city was in the possession of the enemy. He returned from the hazards of public service with a broken constitution and depreciated property. A few years after he had an attack of paralysis, which ultimately proved fatal. Bradford complied, literally, with a resolve of the early Revolutionists, "to risk his life and fortune for the preservation of the liberties of his country." After the peace was established, he consoled himself under his misfortunes; and in his solitary hours, reflected with pleasure, that he had done all in his power to secure, for his country, a name among independent nations; and he frequently said to his children, "though I bequeath you no estate, I leave you in the enjoyment of liberty." *

* Thomas's History of Printing, vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

THE ESSEX JOURNAL.

A PAPER entitled "The Essex Journal, and Merrimack Packet ; Or the Massachusetts and New-Hampshire General Advertiser," was published in Newburyport. "It was issued from the press, December 4, 1773, by Isaiah Thomas, printed on a crown sheet folio, equal in size to most of the papers then published in Boston. At first its day of publication was Saturday, afterward Wednesday. Two cuts were in the title ; one, the left, representing the arms of the Province, that on the right, a ship under sail. Imprint, — 'Newbury-Port : Printed by Isaiah Thomas and Henry Walter Tinges, in King-street, opposite the Rev. Mr. Parsons's Meeting-house,' &c. Thomas was the proprietor of the Journal ; he lived in Boston, and there published the Massachusetts Spy. Tinges, as a partner in the Journal, managed the concerns of it. Before the expiration of a year, Thomas sold his right in the paper to Ezra Lunt ; and, about two years after, Lunt sold to John Mycall. Tinges was a partner to both ; but to the latter only for about six months, when the partnership was dissolved, and Mycall became the sole publisher of the Essex Journal, — the publication of which he continued many years."

Thus far the history of this paper is given by Mr. Thomas, and nothing can be added, except a few speci-

mens of the composition of its editors and their correspondents. The first article in the first number is an address to the Public, signed Isaiah Thomas, stating, that, — “Many respectable Gentlemen, Friends to LITERATURE, having expressed their earnest desire that a PRINTING-OFFICE might be established in this populous Town, the Inhabitants in general being sensible of the great Want thereof, and the Patronage and Assistance they have kindly promised to give, has encouraged me to procure the necessary Apparatus for carrying on the PRINTING BUSINESS, and OPENING here; and animates me to hope that *every* PUBLIC SPIRITED GENTLEMAN, in this and the Places adjacent, will promote so USEFUL an Undertaking.”

This is followed by the conditions on which the paper was proposed to be published, and more than two columns of remarks on “the great utility of a Printing-Press,” and the circulation of newspapers; and an exposition of what the publishers considered to be their duty, and the principles by which they intended to govern their conduct. They promised, when political disputes ran high, readers might depend on *hearing both sides of the question*, “with the greatest impartiality.”

In the second number they returned their “sincere thanks to those gentlemen and ladies, who, by *their* encouragement, had so far *assisted* them, that Number II. of the Essex Journal, makes its appearance,” and, in the form, customary at that day, solicited further aid.

The first original articles are a couple of communications, ironically describing the advantages of patronizing “the much injured Lady TEA,” about whom the world made such a bustle. These articles produced

others, but none of them had a superabundance of wit or humor, though some of them discovered a spice of ill-nature in the writers. The following verses, — which have been frequently published, — appear in the Journal of March 16, 1774, as original : —

A PROPER SUBJECT OF MEDITATION TO SMOKERS OF TOBACCO.

In Two Parts.

FIRST.

This Indian weed, now withered quite,
 Though green at noon, cut down at night,
 Shows thy decay :
 All flesh is hay :
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.
 The Pipe, so lily like and weak,
 Does thus thy mortal state bespeak ;
 Thou 'rt even such,
 Gone with a touch ;
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.
 And when the smoke ascends on high,
 Then thou behold'st the vanity
 Of worldly stuff
 Gone with a puff ;
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.
 And when the Pipe grows foul within
 Think on thy soul, defiled with sin ;
 For then the fire
 It does require ;
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down ;
 So was the Plant of great renown,
 Which Mercy sends
 For nobler ends :
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.
 Doth juice medicinal proceed
 From such a naughty foreign weed ?
 Then what 's the power
 Of Jesse's flower ?
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.

The promise, like the Pipe, inlays,
 And, by the mouth of faith, conveys
 What virtue flows
 From Sharon's Rose :
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.
 In vain the enlightened Pipe you blow ;
 Your pains in outward means are so :
 Till heavenly fire
 Your heart inspire :
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.
 The smoke, like burning incense towers :
 So should a praying heart of yours,
 With ardent cries,
 Surmount the skies :
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.

The communication, that follows, is an exponent of opinions that were prevalent a century ago in New-England. Some parts of the censure may pass for sound doctrine at this time, or at all times ; but there are some among us, who will hardly subscribe to the whole of it, — especially those who repudiate the writer's notion, that “ submission to the male sex is an indispensable part of the female character ” : —

MESSRS. PRINTERS,

There are several vices, to which the female world are, (I wish I could not with justice say) generally prone ; if you will let them know what they are, you will oblige, &c.

1. *Vanity.* This vice is, if possible, more absurd in woman kind than in the other sex. Men have bodily strength, authority, learning, and such like pretences for puffing themselves up with pride. But woman's only peculiar boast is beauty. For virtue and good sense are never the subjects of vanity. There is no endowment of less consequence than elegance of form and outside. A mass of flesh and blood, humors and impurities, covered over with a well colored skin, is the definition of beauty. Whether is this more properly a matter of vanity or mortification ? Were it incomparably more excellent than it is, nothing can be more absurd than to be proud of what one has no manner of hand in getting, but is wholly the gift of Heaven. A woman

may as well be proud of the lilies of the field, or the tulips of the garden, as her own face; they are both the work of the same hand — equally out of human power to give or to preserve; equally trifling and despicable, when compared with what is substantially excellent; equally frail and perishing.

2. *Affectation* is a vice, capable of disgracing beauty, worse than pimples or the small pox. I have often seen ladies in assemblies and public places, of the most exquisite forms, render themselves, by affectation and visible conceit, too odious to be looked at without disgust, who, by a modest and truly female behavior, might have commanded the admiration of every eye. But I shall say less upon this head, in consideration that it is (generally speaking) to our sex that female affectation is to be charged. A woman cannot, indeed, become completely foolish or vicious without our assistance.

3. *Talkativeness*. This, in either sex, is generally a proof of vanity or folly; but is in woman kind, especially in company with men, and, above all, with men of understanding and learning, wholly out of character, and particularly disagreeable to people of sense. If we appeal either to reason, scripture, or universal consent, we shall find a degree of submission to the male sex, to be an indispensable part of the female character: And, to set up for an equality with the sex, to which nature has given the advantage, and formed for authority and action, is opposing Nature, — which is never done innocently.

4. *Dress*. Too great delight in dress and finery, by the expense of time and money, which they occasion in some instances, to a degree beyond all bounds of decency and common sense, tends naturally to sink a woman to the lowest pitch of contempt, amongst all those of either sex, who have capacity enough to put two thoughts together. A creature, who spends its whole time in dressing, prating, gaming, and gadding, is a being, — originally indeed of the rational make, but who has sunk itself beneath its rank, and is to be considered at present, as nearly on a level with the monkey species.

If this should have the desired effect, you may possibly, in some future paper, hear more from

A FRIEND TO THE PUBLIC.

Newbury-Port, April 4, 1774.

Whether this lecture had the “desired effect” or not, is not to be ascertained from the very imperfect file of the Journal.

While Tinges was connected with this paper, it was well conducted, and was the channel, through which

some able writers communicated with the public. After it fell into the hands of Mycall, the writers, who had aided the former editor, seemed to abandon it altogether. The files in my possession, are very imperfect ; and it is rare to meet with an editorial paragraph of any merit, or a communication worthy of notice.

Of those, who were connected with the Journal as editors, little is known. THOMAS TINGES was a printer, and served his apprenticeship, in part, with Fleming, and the rest with Thomas. He was a native of Boston. From Newburyport, he went to Baltimore, and thence to sea ; but it is not known that he ever returned.

EZRA LUNT was a native of Newburyport, and was the proprietor of a line of stages, when he became a partner with Tinges. He knew nothing, previously, of the printing business, and probably acquired no knowledge of it during the short time he was connected with the Journal. During the Revolutionary war, he entered the army, and afterward removed to Ohio.

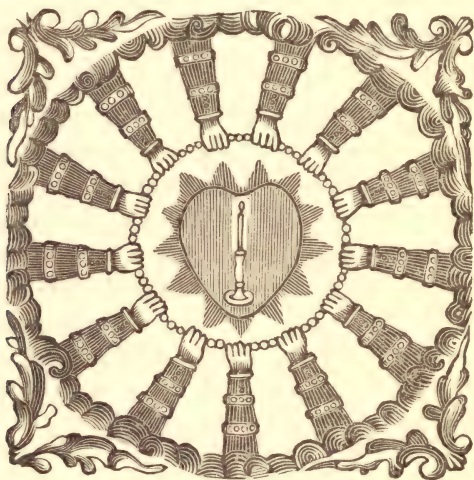
JOHN MYCALL was not educated as a printer. He was an Englishman by birth, and kept a school in Newburyport before he purchased the Journal. He published the paper about twenty years ; afterwards purchased and resided on a farm in the county of Worcester. From thence he removed to Cambridge, where he died about the year 1826.

THE INDEPENDENT LEDGER

AND

AMERICAN ADVERTISER.

ON Monday, June 15, 1778, Draper & Folsom laid before the public the first number of a paper with this title, in the centre of which was this device : —



Under the device was the motto, “All hands with one inflamed and enlightened Heart.”

It was proposed to continue the publication on Mondays, in accordance with the wishes of “many gentle-

men," there being two on Thursday. In a very respectful and modest address the publishers said, — "We mean not to raise and deceive the expectations of the public, by pompous pretensions; but we dare to promise that we will spare no pains or cost to procure the freshest advices from Europe and all parts of America, which we will deliver to the public in a faithful manner and clear arrangement; doing every thing in our power to render this paper both useful and entertaining. . . . We are young beginners, and hope for the candor and countenance of the community," &c. &c.

As might be supposed, from the device and motto at the head of the paper, the publishers were pure Whigs. There is very little of their own composition in their columns, but what there is, indicates their entire devotion to the independence of the Colonies. Their selections were made from the best sources, and many of the original communications, are productions worthy of the times, and of the character, which the publishers professed to maintain.

In one of the early numbers of the Ledger, the annexed article appears as a communication: —

MESSRS. DRAPER & FOLSOM,

I am no great writer or talker, but have an opportunity of seeing much, and now and then give out a watchword for the safety of my neighbors. Formerly, the first military word given to the soldiers at their exercise, was, *Take Heed!* afterwards, it was changed to *Have a Care!* now, it is, *Attention!* I see no difference in the sense, but, not to be out of the fashion, I will take the last.

ATTENTION! my fellow-citizens, — to your *rulers* of every order; for, if you do not attend to *them*, they will attend to *themselves*, and not to *you*. No free people ever long preserved their liberty and happiness, without watching those, who held the reins of government.

ATTENTION! — to the men, that handle public money, either for civil or military service; for the gridiron, over which it is told, often enriches

individuals to the impoverishment and ruin of the community. Many think, perhaps, that paper money is not so apt to slip through as dollars were; but they are mistaken; some men can *double* their money, and slide it through a chink where a dollar would not enter.

ATTENTION!—to the form of government you may adopt; for, if you do not *look* to that, posterity will *look* back upon you with curses, and all the world will *look* upon you as a pack of fools, who have thrown away the fairest opportunity, which any people ever had to secure their own liberty and happiness. Look then, that rotation in office be not left out of your constitution.* It was *designedly* omitted in that, lately proposed, though wisely adopted by Congress, and almost all the other states. A few men, continued in the most important places, for a succession of years, may so extend their connections and influence, as to become *really*, though not *openly*, masters of the State.

ATTENTION!—to the *accumulation* of offices on one man. Nothing is more unreasonable in itself, nothing more contrary to the genius of a free government, than that one, equally well qualified, should have no public employment, while others have more than they can *properly attend to*. In the last case, they, who *confer* them, want *wisdom*; they, who *accept* them, want *modesty*.

ATTENTION!—to the *army of your enemies* in every quarter; for, be assured, whether you watch *them* or not, they watch *you*, and would be glad, in some place or other, to catch you *napping*.

ATTENTION!—to your *own army*, that it be well filled up; well fed, well clothed, well paid; and then, that the capable, the active, the brave, be at least *well honored*; and the incapable, negligent, and cowardly, be *well despised*. But watch, with all your eyes, that, in no place, and upon no occasion, the *military* encroach upon the *civil* power.

ATTENTION!—to your *naval affairs*, and in what manner *they* are conducted, from the highest to the lowest department. Observe with what expedition your ships are fitted out; when they sail; with what capacity their commanders and officers behave; what service they perform in proportion to their force; and what public rewards and punishments are dispensed according to their different behavior. Let those be extolled even to the *stars*, who support the honor of your flag, your new constellation, the thirteen stars; and those, who stain it, be overwhelmed with confusion, and sink into darkness.

ATTENTION!—to your *commissaries of prisoners*, that they treat the unfortunate men under their care with all the humanity and indulgence,

* This was written while the Constitution of the Commonwealth was under consideration.

consistent with the public safety, and *no more*; that the prisoners, we have, be faithfully exchanged for the redemption of our brethren; that no *clandestine trade* with our enemies be carried on in our flags, &c. and nothing done, that may wear the least appearance of a *secret* bargain, between a British officer, tory merchant, or mercenary Whig, and an American commissary.

ATTENTION!—to British commissaries, British insinuations, and British arts; and take care that their *gold* be not more fatal to you than their *lead*. The *last* has slain its thousands, the *first* may purchase chains for millions. Observe where it is like to go; mark its effects in every order; and let the sovereign remedy be ever kept, a wakeful attention *in the body of the people*. No people, in their senses, would refuse a good peace; but, take care, that, in the shape of peace, you do not embrace the most miserable bondage, and without a remedy.

ATTENTION!—to the freedom of the Press. Some people, who have talked for it, who have wrote for it, may, upon a change of situation, be ready to wince at it. This shows the constant necessity for it. Never let the Press be over-awed, either by public or private persons. Only let truth and decency be preserved, and then, my Countrymen, speak freely, write freely, of *all* men and of *all* measures. If you attend to this, and some other things I have hinted at, you will secure *all*, that is worth your *Attention*.
BOB CENTINEL.


The latest number of this paper, which I have seen is dated December 29, 1783. Whether it was continued to a later period I have not been able to ascertain. No notice is given in that paper of any proposed discontinuance. A few weeks before that date, the name of Draper is dropped from the imprint, and the remaining numbers appear in the name of John W. Folsom, only.

Folsom had a printing-office and bookstore in Union-street. The building was burned, and most of his property destroyed in 1797. He was the first Secretary of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and some time Secretary of the Board of Health in Boston.

THE CONTINENTAL JOURNAL

AND

WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

THE partnership of Edes & Gill having been dissolved and the Boston Gazette remaining the property of Edes, Gill began the publication of a new paper, on the 30th of May, 1776, under the title of the Continental Journal and Weekly Advertiser. In a brief and modest address to the public, he said he had complied with the solicitation of his friends, in proposing to furnish the public with a newspaper of intelligence every Thursday, provided it should meet with their approbation and encouragement. He chose "to omit all pompous representations and promises respecting his intended publication, and only engaged his utmost fidelity in collecting and printing the newest and best accounts of things that could be obtained, and gratefully to accept and insert any original pieces that are decent and worthy the public notice." The motto of the paper was " The entire prosperity of every state depends upon the discipline of its armies. *King of Prussia.*"

In the way of news, the Journal was well conducted. All important state papers, whether emanating from the Continental Congress, or from state conventions and

legislatures, were promptly laid before the public. There is very little in the files of the Journal, that appears to have been written by the editor. There are numerous original communications, such as the public affairs naturally called forth. Useful and judicious selections from English papers and books were often inserted. The whole of Robertson's History of America was published during the years 1784 and 1785. Gill was a sound Whig, but, it was said, he did not possess the political tact and energy, that characterized his former partner, Edes, and which had raised the reputation of the Boston Gazette. He was industrious, constantly in the printing-office working at the case or press, as occasions might demand.

JOHN GILL was born in Charlestown, served a regular apprenticeship in Boston with Samuel Kneeland, and married one of Kneeland's daughters. He was a brother of Moses Gill, — who, after the Revolution, was several years Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. When Edes removed to Watertown, during the siege, — as has been related, — Gill remained in Boston, but “ did no business, and thought it prudent to confine himself to his own house. He had, fortunately, acquired a competency for the support of his family under that trial.” He continued the publication of the Continental Journal till some time in the year 1785, when he sold the right of it to J. D. Griffith. He died on the 25th of August, 1785. The Journal which announced his death, says, — “ Capt. John Gill, for disseminating principles destructive of tyranny, suffered during the siege of this town, in 1775, what many other printers were threatened with, *a cruel imprisonment*. He, however, was so

fortunate as to survive the conflict ; but had the mortification, lately, of seeing the press ready to be shackled by a *stamp act*, fabricated in his native state ; he, therefore resigned his business, not choosing to submit to a measure, which Britain artfully adopted as the foundation of her intended tyranny in America.” *

In one of the early numbers of the Journal is a Song, called “ The Soldier’s Sentimental Toast,” a few stanzas of which are annexed. From the date, it may be inferred that the Song was taken from a New-York paper : —

Come, ye valiant Sons of Thunder,
Crush to death your haughty foes ;
Burst their slavish bands asunder,
Till no Tory dare oppose.

Haughty tyrants fain would rule us,
With an absolute control ;
But they never thus shall fool us,
Cries the brave, the martial soul.

’Tis for right we are contending, —
Children, sweethearts, wives, and friends ;
And our holy faith defending
From delusion, which impends.

* * * *

O the happy scene before us !
Happy, who in battle dies !
See his spirit rise victorious, —
Angels guard it through the skies.

* See Thomas’s History of Printing, vol. i. 345. The only file of the Continental Journal, that I have seen, is in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is complete to the end of the year 1784, and contains no number later than that date. Whether the “cruel imprisonment,” mentioned in the extract from the Journal means any thing more than what is stated by Mr. Thomas, that Gill “thought it prudent to confine himself to his own house,” I am not able to ascertain.

Happy, living, — happy, dying —
 If we live, our rights we gain;
 If we die, our souls, when flying,
 Fly from slavery, grief, and pain.

Shall we then behave like dastards?
 Shall we yield in such a cause?
 To be duped by tyrants' bastards?
 No, — forbid it, Nature's laws.

No, my boys, we 'll act like heroes,
 Order, right, and truth maintain,
 And convince these modern Neroes
 That we 'll fight, nor fight in vain.

So we shall regain our freedom,
 And, in freedom, freely live;
 Grant our alms to those, who need 'em, —
 What is right we 'll freely give.

To conclude — Let 's fill our glasses, —
 Drink a health to soldiers brave;
 Leave to chains those impious asses,
 Who their country would enslave.

Health to every valiant soldier;
 Health to those, who lead their bands;
 May their boldness, waxing bolder,
 Crush their foes beneath their hands.

New-York, May 21, 1776.

A Poem, written by Thomas Dawes, on the death of James Otis, who was killed by lightning, at Andover, in 1783, was originally published in the *Continental Journal*. The following are the opening and concluding lines of this Poem: —

When flushed with conquest and elate with pride,
 Britannia's monarch Heaven's high will defied,
 And, bent on blood, by lust of rule inclined
 With odious chains to vex the freeborn mind, —
 On these young shores set up unjust command,
 And spread the slaves of office round the land;

Then OTIS rose, and, great in patriot fame,
To listening crowds resistance dared proclaim.
From soul to soul the bright idea ran,
The fire of freedom flew from man to man ;
His pen, like Sydney's, made the doctrine known,
His tongue, like Tully's shook a tyrant's throne :
Then men grew bold, and, in the public eye,
The right divine of monarchs dared to try ;
Light shone on all, despotic darkness fled,
And, for a *sentiment*,* a nation bled.

* * * * *

Hark ! the deep thunders echo round the skies !
On wings of flame the eternal errand flies ;
One chosen *charitable* bolt is sped,
And OTIS mingles with the glorious dead.

* " No taxation without representation."

THE CONNECTICUT JOURNAL,
AND
NEW-HAVEN POST-BOY.

THE first number of this paper was published in October, 1767, by Thomas and Samuel Green, and was continued by them till February, 1799. They were grandsons of the first Timothy Green of New-London, and were born in that place. In 1775, the second title of the paper was dropped. Samuel Green died in 1799, and the publication was continued by Thomas Green and Son, till 1809, when it passed into the possession of other proprietors. It had previously undergone many changes in size and typography; and since that period has changed owners, I believe, more than once, and, in size and mechanical execution, has corresponded with the improvements that have taken place in cotemporary journals.

A few numbers of this paper are in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The earliest is No. 17, dated February 12, 1768: and the latest is No. 806, April 10, 1783. Some of these fugitives are sheets smaller than common letter-paper; others are respectable demy. That it was not a source of great wealth to the proprietors, previous to the Revolution, may be con-

cluded from a Notice, in the paper of April 12, 1773, which says, — “The Printers are sorry, they can with truth inform the public, that they have not, for this year past, received from all the customers for this Journal, so much money as they have expended for the blank paper, on which it has been printed; and that they shall be under the necessity of reducing it to its original size and price, unless subscribers for it are more punctual in their payments. The next week’s paper, (No. 286,) completes one year since its enlargement, and to which time all those, who are indebted, (whose accounts are of more than one year’s standing) are earnestly requested to make immediate payment to the PRINTERS.”

From the small number of the papers to which I have had access, copious extracts, as specimens of the talent of its editor and contributors, cannot be expected. The editors were Whigs, and the original political matter is strongly impregnated with whig principle. The annexed Song is apparently original : —

THE EARLY RISER.

The man, who, at day-breaking, breaks off his rest,
And, in spite of its softness, leaps out of his nest,
Still finds to his comfort, in all sorts of weather,
His head clear as crystal, his heart light as feather,
Derry down, &c.

If the clouds be dispersed, and th’ horizon show fair,
With what pleasure abroad he breathes the fresh air!
But if rainy or dull, how sincere his enjoyment
In following, at home, his lawful employment!

When breakfast time comes, you may see him at board,
Regaling on whate’er his house will afford;
For nought to his stomach goes ever amiss,
Be it roast, baked, or boiled, or fowl, flesh, or fish.

With choicest of all earthly blessings abounding,
A soundness of body, a mind that is sound in,
Through life's shifting scenes, whether serious or gay,
His part of the drama he with spirit can play.

No sickness comes near him, nor vapor, nor spleen,
With nights all refreshing, with days all serene,
His years roll along as a still summer wave,
Till, like well-ripened fruit, he drops into the grave.

THE NEW-LONDON GAZETTE.

THIS was the second paper printed in New-London, and was first issued in November, 1763. The printer was Timothy Green, the third printer of that name in that place. It was a sheet of the foolscap size, four pages, folio. At first it had a cut of the king's arms at the head; but this was banished in December, 1773, and the title was altered to Connecticut Gazette. Thirty years after its first appearance, the paper was enlarged to a royal sheet; and about the same time, its original proprietor resigned it to the hands of his son, Samuel Green, in whose possession it remained for many years.

My earliest recollections of newspapers are those of the Connecticut Gazette. It was in that paper that I first saw the picture of a ship, and that was one which stood at the head of *Allen's Marine List*. There I read the debates on the Federal Constitution, the accounts of Shays's Rebellion, the beginning of the French Revolution, and the beheading of Louis XVI. But that, which made the strongest and ineffaceable impression, was the trial of Warren Hastings, and the narration of the atrocities he perpetrated in India. The remonstrance of the wife of Almas Ali Cawn, addressed to that robber and murderer, had a most powerful effect on my imagination, and a term of more than sixty years is not sufficient to wear it out.

Some good writers appear to have aided in conducting the Gazette, during the years that preceded the passage of the Stamp Act, and the progress of the Revolution. One of their communications here follows, published in 1765 : —

. . . . *Quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis*
Auri sacra Fames. VIRGIL.

Since the late Impositions on the American Colonies by the Parliament of Great-Britain, our Papers have been filled with woeful Exclamations against Slavery and arbitrary power. One would have thought, by this mighty outcry, that all America, to a Man, had a noble Sense of Freedom, and would risque their Lives and Fortunes in the Defence of it. Had this been really the Spirit of the Colonies, they would have deserved Commiseration and Relief.

Nothing can fill a generous Breast with greater Indignation than to see a free, brave, and virtuous People unjustly sunk and debased by Tyranny and Oppression. But who can pity the heartless Wretches whose only Fortitude is in the Tongue and Pen? If we may judge of the whole by those who have been already tampered with, the Colonies are now ripe for Slavery and incapable of freedom.

Have three hundred Pounds a Year, or even a more trifling Consideration, been found sufficient to debauch from their Interest those who have been intrusted with the most important Concerns by the Colonies? If so, O Britain! heap on your Burthens without Fear of Disturbance. We shall bear your Yoke as tamely as the overloaded Ass. If we bray with the Pain, we shall not have the Heart to throw off the Load, or spurn the Rider. Have many already become the Tools of your Oppression? and are Numbers now cringing to become the Tools of those Tools, to slay their wretched Brethren? 'Tis impossible! But alas! if so, who could have thought it! Those who lately set themselves up for Patriots and boasted a generous Love for their Country, are they now suing (O Disgrace to humanity!) are THEY now creeping after the Profits of collecting the Unrighteous *American Stamp Duty*! If THIS is credible, what may we not believe? Where are the Mercenary Publicans who delight in Nothing so much as the dearest Blood of their Country? Will the Cries of your despairing, dying Brethren be Music pleasing to your Ears? If so, go on, bend the Knee to your Master Horseleach, and beg a share in the Pillage of your Country. — No, you'll say, *I don't delight in the Ruin of my Country, but, since 'tis decreed she must fall, who can blame me for taking a Part in the Plunder?* Tenderly said! why did you not

rather say, — *If my father must die, who can accuse me as defective in filial Duty, in becoming his Executioner, that so much of the Estate, at least, as goes to the Hangman, may be retained in the Family.*

Never pretend, whoever you are, that freely undertake to put in Execution a Law prejudicial to your Country, that you have the least Spark of Affection for her. Rather own you would gladly see her in Flames, if you might be allowed to pillage with Impunity.

But had you not rather these Duties should be collected by your Brethren, than by Foreigners? No! vile Miscreant! indeed we had not. The same rapacious and base Spirit which prompted you to undertake the ignominious Task, will urge you on to every cruel and oppressive Measure. You will serve to put us continually in Mind of our abject Condition. A Foreigner we could more cheerfully endure, because he might be supposed not to feel our Distresses; but for one of our *Fellow Slaves*, who equally shares in our Pains, to rise up and beg the Favour of inflicting them, is intolerable. The only Advantage that can be hoped for from this is, that it will rouse the most indolent of us to a Sense of our Slavery, and make us use our strongest Efforts to be free. Some, I hope there are, notwithstanding your base Defection, that feel the Patriotic Flame, glowing in their Bosoms, and would esteem it glorious to die for their country! From such as these you are to expect perpetual Opposition. These are Men whose Existence and Importance does not depend on Gold. When, therefore, you have pillaged from them their Estates, they will still live and blast your wicked Designs, by all *lawful* Means. You are to look for Nothing but the Hatred and Detestation of all the Good and Virtuous. And as you live on the Distresses, you will inherit the Curses of Widows and Orphans. The present Generation will treat you as the Authors of their Misery, and Posterity will pursue your Memory with the most terrible Imprecations.

CATO.

There is a small collection of stray numbers of the Connecticut Gazette in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, reaching from its beginning to 1783. They are all in one volume. They are chiefly filled with communications in favor of the freedom of the country from British misrule, — many of them original, and many from the Boston Gazette, and other whig journals. The editor appears to have taken great interest in all the patriotic proceedings in Massachusetts, and

to have felt much sympathy with the Bostonians during the Siege of their town by the British army. The Song annexed appeared as original in the Gazette of February 23, 1776. The sentiment is a sufficient apology for the defects in the poetry : —

Smile, Massachusetts, smile ;
 Thy virtue still outbraves
 The frowns of Britain's isle,
 And rage of home-born slaves.
 Thy free-born sons disdain their ease,
 When purchased by their liberties.

Thy Genius, once the pride
 Of Britain's ancient isle,
 Brought o'er the raging tide,
 By our forefather's toil ;
 In spite of N—th's despotic power,
 Shines glorious on this western shore.

In Hancock's generous mind
 Awakes the noble strife,
 Which so conspicuous shined
 In gallant Sydney's life :
 While in its cause the hero bled,
 Immortal honors crowned his head.

Let zeal your breasts inspire ;
 Let wisdom guide your plans ;
 'Tis not your cause entire
 On doubtful conflict hangs :
 The fate of this vast continent,
 And unborn millions share th' event.

To close the gloomy scenes
 Of this alarming day,
 A happy union reigns
 Through wide America,
 While awful Wisdom hourly waits
 To adorn the councils of her states.

Brave Washington arrives,
 Arrayed in warlike fame ; —
 (While in his soul revives
 Great Marlboro's martial flame ;)

To lead your conquering armies on
To lasting glory and renown.

To aid the glorious cause
Experienced Lee is come,
Renowned in foreign wars,
A patriot at home.

While valiant Putnam's warlike deeds
Amongst the foe a terror spreads.

Let Britons proudly boast
"That their two thousand slaves
Can drive our numerous host
And make us all their slaves."

While twice six thousand quake with fear,
Nor dare without their lines appear.

Kind Heaven has deigned to own
Our bold resistance just ;
Since murderous G—e begun
The bloody carnage first,
Near ten to one has been their cost,
For each American we 've lost.

Stand firm in your defence,
Like Sons of Freedom fight :
Your haughty foes convince
That you 'll maintain your right.
Defiance bid to tyrant's frown,
And glory will your valor crown.

THE HERALD OF FREEDOM,

AND THE

FEDERAL ADVERTISER.

ON the fifteenth of September, 1788, EDMUND FREEMAN and LORING ANDREWS, issued a paper in Boston, with the title recited above. It was published twice a week, on Monday and Thursday. In the centre of the head was a cut, on which Justice, Wisdom, Liberty, and Fortitude were represented by four standing figures, each holding its appropriate emblem. The first number contains no exposition of the editor's principles, nor any notice of the intended mode of publication. The second number has a note of five or six lines, containing a request of "such of their patrons, as can make it convenient, to advance a quarter or half a year's pay ; — if they can do this, without detriment to themselves, they will confer a great obligation on the editors." The paper was well supplied with original communications, on morals and manners, religion and politics. It was the intention of the editors that it should be an impartial journal, and their intention seems to have been permanently adhered to. Political affairs were discussed with freedom, by their correspondents ; and so far as the private views of the editors are developed, there is no

indication of strong personal prejudices or affections in regard to candidates for political offices. The editorial paragraphs, — quite numerous, but always brief, — are more in the style of a scholar than those of most of the cotemporary papers.

In the political contest, which took place just before the annual election of Governor, in 1788, between the friends of Hancock and Bowdoin, the rival candidates, most of the writers for the Herald were in favor of Hancock. "Laco," a writer in the Centinel, who had attacked him with some acrimony of temper, was treated by them with little courtesy; and the editor of the Centinel came in for a share of their rebuke, for the indulgence he had shown to his correspondent. He and they were lampooned after this fashion: —

To the Public, and All whom it may Concern.

Whereas, WE, Laco & Company, alias, S——— H———, T——— P———, and J——— W———,* have undertaken to vilify the character of Mr. H.; though, in the beginning, our materials consisted of a large number of lies, vulgar epithets, and abusive language, yet they are all expended; "WE," with all our ingenuity and invention, cannot find wherewith to proceed: — "We" hereby promise to reward any person or persons, who can supply us with any or all of them — the more infamous and notorious they are, the larger will be the gratuity — for further particulars, inquire of our trusty and well-beloved S——— H———, in Federal-street, where they will be thankfully received, or of the "uninfluenced" and impartial Editor of the Centinel, at the head of Black Sam's Alley.

LACO & CO.

Some of the articles in defence of Hancock, against the charges, and innuendoes of the correspondents of the Centinel, were written in a more dignified manner.

A series of essays appeared in this paper, under the

* Stephen Higginson, Theophilus Parsons, and James Warren, were supposed to be the writers against Governor Hancock in the Centinel.

title of "How to make an Apple Pudding, being a curious, elaborate, and sublime Dissertation, never before published, by Yankee Doodle, Esq." The aim of the writer appears to have been to satirize some of the prevailing follies of the time; but the pungency of his satire has been lost with the knowledge of its subjects. In one of the early numbers are two or three letters, said to have been written by a young lady, who, not long before, had committed suicide, under circumstances, which produced intense agitation in the fashionable circles of Boston, and which laid the foundation of a novel entitled "The Power of Sympathy, or the Triumph of Nature." This "novel founded in truth," was no sooner announced as published, than an attempt was made to suppress it, by purchasing and destroying all the copies that could be found. Few, if any, are now in existence.

At the end of the first year, the name of Loring Andrews disappeared in the imprint of the Herald, and the publication was carried on by Edmund Freeman alone.

In February, 1790, the following article appeared in the Herald:—

From a Correspondent.

"While the curiosity of the public is excited by the professed reformation in the law practice,—while the enemies of the lawyers wait with anxious expectation the result,—it may not be improper to turn our attention to the character of the gentleman from whom the professed reformation originates. The tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison; it cannot be tamed; it sets on fire the whole course of nature, and is "set on fire of hell." This saying of the Apostle James, is peculiarly applicable to this gentleman, the virulence of whose tongue none can escape, no, not even the dead. His malicious disposition is such, that he cannot pass in silence the memory of his deceased father, but treats his character with such abusive and scurrilous language, as

would strike even a savage with horror and amazement. A wife murdered by his cruelty, receives not a tear from his humanity ; and even her friends, who are supposed to mourn her loss, are the subjects of his unnatural and inhuman reflections. A daughter, whose innocence and modest appearance, one would think, were sufficient to disarm a ruffian, and arrest from the most virulent tongue its stings, cannot escape his barbarity ; but even in company, and before strangers, receives from her unnatural father such odious and shocking epithets, as would hardly be thought to proceed from the mouth of a madman. His turbulent temper knows no rest ; troubles and tempests have attended him wherever he has resided ; and indeed it is impossible in any place, which is so unfortunate as to have him for an inhabitant, to be at peace. Prejudice, upon which he has expatiated so largely, never appeared in a greater degree or more striking manner, than in this man. Prejudice against quietness and peace — prejudice against sobriety and temperance — prejudice against every one, who appears to differ from him in his opinion, who opposes his injudicious schemes, or who stands in the way of his importance ; in short, prejudice against every body and every thing, that is good, and in favor of every thing that is bad. His prejudice is likewise very liable to change. While in Europe and St. Kitt's, we may, from his present conduct, fairly conclude, that his prejudice was very violent against *New-England*, and as violent in favor of Old-England, or rather *West-India*. Immediately upon his arrival in America, we find all his praise lavished upon the former, and nothing belonging to the latter escaped his virulence. His whole soul is so bound up in *New-England*, that he keeps it *in his head*, and *at his side*, by *night* and by *day*, and not a moment are his thoughts turned from it to the contemplation of other objects. Even on the *Lord's Day*, his God receives no part of his adoration, but the *spirit of New-England* rises so high as to remove *the centre of gravity* ; and, as second cousin to the *Elect Lady*, the iniquities of his brethren and grievances of the people *stream* from his mouth, *in plentiful effusion*. This, my fellow-citizens, is the man, who proposed to alter the present method of Law Practice, and redress your grievances. Can you bring a clean thing out of an unclean ? Can the fig-tree bear olive berries, or the vine figs ? So neither can the same fountain send forth salt water and fresh. Whoso curseth his father, his lamp shall be put out in utter darkness !

I shall make no apology for this piece ; the gentleman himself has told us, that a reverence for the dead ought not to tie the tongue, nor ought the pen of the historian ; and certainly a reverence for the character of the living, who have rendered themselves infamous by their conduct, ought not to have this effect.

Very soon after the appearance of this article, John Gardiner, a representative in the Legislature, from the town of Pownalborough, entered a complaint against Freeman for the publication of a libel, and a warrant for his arrest was granted by Thomas Crafts, a justice of the peace. Gardiner, on his part, conducted the examination himself. Harrison G. Otis and R. G. Amory were counsel for Freeman. He was bound in a penalty of two hundred pounds, with two sureties in one hundred pounds each, for his appearance at the next term of the Supreme Court. Gardiner recognized in the sum of one hundred pounds, to appear and prosecute his complaint at the same court.

The trial came on in February, 1791. Gardiner asked leave of the court to assist the attorney-general in the management of the prosecution. The attorney-general, — James Sullivan, Esq. — said he thought the request a very improper one. He was, himself, the common medium of all prosecutions on the part of the government, and the present case was *the first of the kind*, which had happened in this country. It was an arduous and difficult task to draw the proper line between the *liberty* and the *licentiousness* of the press. It was a matter of vast importance, in which the government, as well as every class of citizens, was concerned. He was appointed by the government to conduct all causes, in which the commonwealth was concerned; and, as this was such a cause, he should not commit the management of it to Mr. Gardiner, or any other man. Gardiner still urged his request; but after consultation, the court determined to proceed in the usual manner, and directed the attorney-general to go on with the prosecution.

The fact of the publication by Freeman was proved by witnesses, who bought the paper. Two witnesses testified that they went to Freeman's office with Gardiner, who accosted the printer, in substance thus : — "How dared you, Sir, to assert in your paper of yesterday, that I had murdered the most excellent woman that ever lived?" That the printer replied, — "I do not know that I did any such thing." That Gardiner then read to the printer the supposed libel, particularly that part where it says, 'a wife murdered by his cruelty,' &c. and asked, "Pray Sir, what did you mean by *murdered by my cruelty*?" "I suppose," said the printer, "by your severe usage. It was brought to me by a person about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, — whom I told, if I was called upon, I must look to, and through him trace up the author. I don't say he was the author." Gardiner then said he would trace up the author, if possible, and see the infamous villain in the pillory.

Two witnesses were examined for the defence. One of them testified, That Gardiner told Freeman, when he applied to him for one of his speeches, that "he had given Mr. Russell, the printer of the Centinel, the exclusive privilege of printing all his observations, references, &c. as delivered by him in the Legislature, upon the express condition that he should publish every thing that came from the *black birds*, however *smutty* it might be, against the *man* and the *measures*." Another testified, "That Gardiner told him, that he had engaged all his speeches and writings to the printer of the Centinel, upon condition that he published *every thing*, which might be brought against him."

This trial, — the first trial for a libel in the courts of Massachusetts, — was pretty fully reported in the Independent Chronicle, where the reader, who wishes to see the arguments of the attorney-general for the prosecution, and of Messrs. Otis and Amory for the defendant, together with the charge of the Chief Justice, may find them. The jury brought in a verdict, — **NOT GUILTY.**

About two months after this trial, Freeman took leave of the public, in a very brief acknowledgement for favors received, and stating that the right and title of the paper were transferred to John Howell, whom he recommended as worthy of support. Howell began his career with a suitable address, in which he said, — “The mean, through which the editor will seek the flattering reward of public approbation, will be — preserving inviolate the laws of decency and truth — exercising the fullest impartiality and most extensive candor — and sedulously gleaning, from the fruitful harvest of Politics and Commerce, the earliest, most interesting, and best authenticated intelligence.” In just three months, Howell published his intention of changing the name of his paper, in the following nonsensical and bombastical language : —

The Herald of Freedom, conscious that she is now but dust, and feeling her dissolution daily approaching, hereby declares, that she dies *literally* from a *typical* disease ; and though she must submit, in common with the element of which she is composed, to the general laws of mortality, yet for a few days she sleeps in hope of a joyful resurrection ; the fruition of which shall clothe her in the bright and stable rays of information, entertainment, and intelligence.

The trance of business, like that of life, though it may suspend awhile the operations of her activity, yet by opening a second morning to her being, will discover new objects of interest, pursuit, and ambition ; and, like the benighted traveler, who, having passed the rocks, waves, and precipices of life without a guide, will secure herself in the haven, where industry and attention can alone find rest.

The public are now respectfully informed, that *This Paper* will DIE TO-DAY, and that, on Friday next, like the Phoenix from her ashes, will arise the ARGUS, to view with his hundred eyes, the literary, political, commercial, and agricultural interests of this great western hemisphere. Thus, various as his attentions, will, we trust, be the faculties of his entertainment; and having already so liberally experienced the patronage of a discerning public, under another name, will in future be as sedulous in *his* endeavors of merit, as *they* have already been liberal in the bounties of bestowing it.

The paper, which contained this absurd attempt at *fine writing*, was, of course, the last number of the Herald of Freedom. A paper called the Argus, was afterwards published by Edward Eveleth Powars, but whether Howell was connected with it or not, does not appear from any of the numbers, which I have seen.

EDMUND FREEMAN, one of the first publishers of the Herald of Freedom, was a native of Sandwich, Mass. and was educated a printer. After he relinquished the publication of this paper he was connected with a magazine, and, I believe, with another newspaper, in Boston.

LORING ANDREWS was a native of Hingham, Mass. and was also bred to the printing business. After he left Freeman, he published a paper at Stockbridge, in the county of Berkshire, called the Western Star. At one time he was editor of the Albany Centinel, and was printer to the state. Subsequently he went to Charleston, S. C. and there established the Charleston Courier. He died in that city, about the year 1807.

THE HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE.

By the advice and encouragement of a number of gentlemen of Hampshire county, William Butler set up a printing-office in Northampton, and issued the first number of the Hampshire Gazette, on the sixth of September, 1786. It was while the insurgent Shays and his companions, Day, Parsons, and others, were doing their utmost to stop the operations of the courts of justice in Massachusetts. Conventions had been held at sundry places in the county, at which resolutions, expressing the supposed grievances of the people, had been adopted. A convention at Hatfield was composed of delegates from fifty towns. This convention issued a manifesto, in which seventeen distinct articles stated as many causes of dissatisfaction. A paper was printed at Springfield; but the county then stretched across the state from north to south, and intelligence, by means of the press, was not very rapidly communicated. To supply this deficiency, and to support the government against the insurrectionary plans of Shays and his associates, was the chief motive, that led to the establishment of the Hampshire Gazette. Among the writers, who immediately came forward in opposition to the insurgents, were the Rev. Joseph Lyman, of Hatfield, who wrote a series of articles, signed "An Old Republican," and

Caleb Strong, of Northampton. The venerable Major Hawley, then near the close of life, was also a contributor. These, with others less known, kept the Gazette, for some time, nearly filled with articles, the object of which was to allay popular excitement, by exposing the schemes of demagogues, and recommending more peaceful measures to procure the redress of grievances.

I am not able to identify the communications of Caleb Strong; but there are many essays in the Gazette, which for political wisdom, sound morals, and irrefutable argument, are worthy of his pen, and would not discredit his fame as a patriot, a statesman, a lawyer, or a Christian. Dr. Lyman wrote, as he always preached, with great plainness and simplicity, and often with eloquence. In one of his essays, he closes his argument against mobs, in the language, which follows, after quoting an appropriate passage of scripture concerning "the flying roll": —

Leaving this divine denunciation to the sober reflection of those military officers, who were active in the late tumult, let me observe, that *mobs* never did any good to the cause which they intended to support. Their natural operation is to make the hand of power more weighty and severe; when continued, they produce perplexities and animosities among friends and brethren; they raise sad contentions; they frequently issue in bloodshed, and murder, and executions. When most successful, the page of history tells us, that popular insurrections, after lamentable devastation, end in the utter subversion of the people's liberties, and the bloody tyranny of one man, — an event, by which the whole community is rendered certainly and irretrievably wretched. But, resting upon the divine compassion, we presage more joyful events for a people, although ungrateful, whom he can so easily fit for his astonishing goodness. Tokens for good do even now daily arise. The people begin to be sensible of their privileges and happy security under the government. I see the honest, the brave, the stable yeomanry of this ancient and large county, who from their love of rest, have too easily been lulled asleep in perilous times, — I see them rub open their eyelids

to discover their imminent danger. In detestation of violent measures, I hear them say, This government, so unreasonably attacked, is *OUR* government. We will have neither king nor tyrant. I see them smite their hands upon their thighs and say, By the grace of Heaven, our government, bought for our children with our blood, shall be protected from the dishonest artifices of fraud, and the violence of fell ambition.

With them, under an indulgent Heaven, the issue rests,—whether we shall be virtuous, free and happy; or whether, driven *into* tyranny by the storms of anarchy and confusion, we fall, degraded and vile, slavish and enslaved;—whether we shall reign kings in our own government, or like Issachar, be as the strong ass, crouching down between two burdens. To those, who have been seduced from their duty and happiness, I give this friendly and faithful caution, which I wish them timely to remember,—*THAT WHILE JUSTICE HAS LEADEN FEET, SHE HAS IRON HANDS.*

The Gazette was not entirely devoted to the suppression of complaint and insurrection. Essays on morals and religion occasionally appeared, and, some times, an original piece of wit and humor diversified its sober countenance. Of the latter description is the following, which might stand by the side of Peter Pindar's best stories, without unfavorable comparison:—

THE PARSON AND WIDOW.

A worthy, pious clergyman of late,
Who ranked it with his gospel labors
To guard his flock, and visit oft his neighbors; —
(A practice now grown something out of date;)

Good faithful man, with unremitting zeal,
From house to house would daily go;
Eager his Master's duty to fulfill,
And curious his parishioners to know.

Full oft the cot of wretchedness he sought,
Where death or pale disease had brought distress,
With many a balmy consolation fraught,
To cheer the widow and the fatherless.

Abroad, o'er mug of cider or his pipe,
Would he inculcate lessons moral;

From misery's cheek the tear of anguish wipe,
Decide a cause, or terminate a quarrel.

One day, on his important charge intent,
His mind to unburthen and his maw to feast,
To a poor widow's house the Parson went,
Whose spouse had recently deceased.

John to a small estate was rightful heir,
But lived an idle, dissipated life;
Would fight, get drunk, and rave, and swear,
Abuse his family and maul his wife;
Indulged his vices, till his all was spent,
Got drunk, and died a vile impenitent.

Down sat his reverence and began his theme—
“Afflictions, woman, spring not from the dust;
Our life 's a vapor—'tis an airy dream;
Death is the lot of all, but God is just.

“Your husband 's gone, alas! we know not where;
The yawning grave doth every man await;
Pray, can you tell me, did he not despair?
Was he concerned about his *future state*?”

“*Future estate!*” exclaimed poor Joan,
With squeaking tone;

Then wiped her eyes and sighed;

“*Future estate! why, ducky man, he 'd none,
He spent it long enough before he died!*”

WILLIAM BUTLER, the original proprietor and editor of the Hampshire Gazette, was a man of correct principles and habits, an unwavering supporter of order, liberty and law. He was one of the most industrious of men. All his available means he used to extend his business, and carried on book-printing and book-binding as well as a newspaper. He also erected a paper-mill, where he manufactured paper for his own accommodation, and more than he used at his own press. Soon after the close of the war of 1812, he sold the Gazette; and, being much afflicted with chronic rheumatism, retired

from active business, with a decent competency, but without the affluence, which thousands enjoy, who never practised a tithe of economy and industry like his.

The Gazette has passed through the hands of several persons, and is now in possession of William A. Hawley. It is the oldest paper in Massachusetts, except the Massachusetts Spy.

EXETER FEDERAL MISCELLANY.

IN the latter part of the year 1798, a paper bearing this title was published at Exeter, N. H. by Henry Ranlet. I have only two numbers of it, and am uninformed as to the length of its existence. It was printed on a royal sheet, and, though the two numbers contain nothing that give any indications of original talent in the editorial department, the selections of political articles are sufficient to justify the propriety of the title. The paper of February 13, 1799, has the Song hereto annexed, which it is stated, editorially, “was composed by an undergraduate of Dartmouth College. Notwithstanding some little deficiencies in point of language, it discovers enough of poetic, as well as patriotic, fire, to entitle it to publication ” : —

THE TIMES.

Beneath the soft shade of the clustering vine,
With the branch of the olive, — of virtue the wages,
Where laurels with roses and myrtle entwine,
Columbians have flourished, — the choicest of ages :
 Round Liberty's throne,
 Her heroes have grown,
And to the wide universe ever have shown,
 That ne'er to a tyrant shall patriots fall,
 While Phæbus his chariot impels round the ball.

Dark glooms the grim tempest of havoc and war,
The thunder of tyranny shakes the wide ocean ;

War waves the red flag of fell carnage from far ;
 But freemen, undaunted, behold the commotion :
 Each, firm to his post,
 To resist the mad host,
 Resolve all assailants to drive from the coast :
To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.

The spirit of Liberty flashes around,
 Brave heroes assemble, while danger approaches ;
 Of trumpet and drum boldly march to the sound,
 To meet the proud foe, whose ambition encroaches :
 Determined to stand,
 And shield their blest land,
 Or leave their dead bodies to bleach on the strand ;
To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.

Proud Gallia may boast the extent of her sway,
 Show cities in ashes and kingdoms subjected ;
 Point to Holland enfranchised, make Venice obey,
 Boast of kingdoms and empires, when plundered, protected :
 Of their fate we 'll beware ;
 Our rights we 'll declare,
 And unitedly look up to heaven, and swear,
That ne'er to a tyrant, &c.

When the gauntlet of power was by tyranny thrown,
 When Slavery threatened, and Freedom lay bleeding,
 Americans made the fair jewel their own,
 To hand it, unblemished, to ages succeeding.
 Proud Britain, in vain,
 Had bridged o'er the main,
 Intending to rivet harsh Slavery's chain.
To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.

How vain the attempt of the minions of pride,
 With the engines of death, to appall our firm nation !
 Not all Europe's cohorts, to Britain allied,
 Could have driven Americans from their fixed station.
 Like a mount, to the flood,
 Great Washington stood,
 And rolled back the foe in a torrent of blood.
To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.

Again, when the clarion of War spreads alarm,
 From the venerable Mount comes the Patriot hoary,

To shield Freedom's altars and temples from harm,
And raise them, sublime, to the summit of glory.
 Though silvered with age,
 When Jacobins rage,
He comes, like a tempest, their force to engage:
To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.

Midst Faction enkindled, just bursting to flame,
See ADAMS, like Atlas, our glory supporting;
While the foes of our freedom, encrimsoned with shame,
Scarce own the mad rabble, whose smiles they've been courting:
 Then, ADAMS our guide,
 In him we'll confide,
And safe o'er the whirlpools of Faction we'll ride:
And ne'er to the shrine of a tyrant will fall
While Phæbus his chariot impels round the ball.

APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

JAMES FRANKLIN'S IMPRISONMENT.

IN a note, page 68, it is said, "What Franklin was imprisoned for does not distinctly appear." Since that part of the volume was printed, the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT has furnished me with an explanation of this obscure point in the history of Franklin, which he obtained by consulting the manuscript records of the General Court, for the month of June 1722, and which is here abridged: —

In the Courant of June 11, 1722, there was an article, dated Newport, R. I. June 7, containing an account of the appearance of a pirate off Block Island, and of the prompt steps taken at Newport to send out two vessels to cruise against him. The article concludes with this remark: — "We are advised from Boston that the government of the Massachusetts are fitting out a ship to go after the pirates, to be commanded by Captain Peter Papillon, and *'tis thought he will sail sometime this month, wind and weather permitting.*" The insinuation of tardiness, in the conclusion of the pretended article from Rhode-Island, seems to have been taken as an affront to the government. On the 12th of June, the day succeeding the publication, the council had the Courant before them, and apprehending that a para-

graph therein, said to be written from Rhode-Island, contains matter of reflection on this government,

“Ordered, That the publisher of said paper, be forthwith sent for to answer for the same, and accordingly James Franklyn, of Boston, printer, was sent for, examined, and owned that he had published the said paper.”

The council, having had consideration of the paragraph relating to the fitting out of a ship to proceed against the pirates, “resolved that the said paragraph is a high affront to this government.” The sheriff of the county of Suffolk was forthwith ordered to commit, to the gaol in Boston, the body of Franklin, and the order was immediately executed.

The records of the General Court contain the following entry the next week : —

“In Council, 20th June, 1722, a petition of James Franklyn, printer, humbly shewing, that he is truly sensible and heartily sorry for the offence he has given to this court in the late Courant, relating to the fitting out of a ship by the government, and truly acknowledges his inadvertency and folly therein in affronting the government, as also his indiscretion and indecency when before the court, for all which he intreats the court’s forgiveness, and praying a discharge from the stone prison where he is confined by order of the court, and that he may have the liberty of the yard, he being much indisposed and suffering in his health by the said confinement; a certificate of Dr. Zabdiel Boylston being offered with the said petition.

“In the House of Representatives, read, and

“*Voted,* that James Franklyn, now a prisoner in the stone gaol, may have the liberty of the prison house and yard, upon his giving security for his faithful abiding there.

“In Council, read and concurred; consented to.

“SAMUEL SHUTE.”

It is rather singular that Mr. Thomas should have overlooked these documents in his examination of the colonial records. He has transferred to his History the following records, which may be interesting to the reader,

as an elucidation of this part of the History of the New-England Courant : —

“In Council July 5th, 1722.”

“Whereas in the Paper called the *New-England Courant* printed Weekly by James Franklin, many passages have been published boldly reflecting on His Majesty’s Government and on the Administration of it in this Province, the Ministry, Churches and College; and it very often contains Paragraphs that tend to fill the Readers’ minds with vanity to the Dishonor of God, and disservice of Good Men.

“Resolved, that no such Weekly Paper be hereafter Printed or Published without the same be first perused and allowed by the Secretary, as has been usual. And that the said Franklin give Security before the Justices of the Superior Court in the Sum of 100*l.* to be of the good Behaviour to the End of the next Fall Sessions of this Court. Sent down for Concurrence.”

“Read and Non-concurred.”

LETTERS FROM REV. S. PETERS.

Page 195.

The proceedings of the Provincial Congress published in the *Boston Gazette*, embrace some interesting papers, and among them are the following Letters,—which were read in the congress,—from the Rev. Samuel Peters, minister of an Episcopal Church at Hebron, Connecticut : —

Dear Mother,

Boston, September 28, 1774.

I am yet well, and doing business for my intended route; I hear that a mob was gathered for me the day after I left Hebron; what they have done, I cannot yet find out. As Jonathan will be obliged to attend at New Haven when the assembly sits, I desire him to let Mr. Jarvis, Andrews, Hubbard, &c. collect all facts touching mobs and insults offered the clergy of our church or her ministers, likewise to send me a copy of the clergy’s petition to Governor Trumbull, and what he said in answer. If Jonathan is hurt, or my house hurt or damage done, let that be transmitted me within fourteen days, or after that send those accounts to the care of Mr. Rice Williams, a woollen-drapeer in London. I am in high spirits. I should be happy if my friends and relations at Hebron were provided for at these bad times, when things are growing worse. Six regiments are coming over from England and sundry men-of-war; so soon as they come, hanging work will go on,

and destruction will attend first the sea-port towns; the lintel sprinkled on the side-post will preserve the faithful. I wish Hannah to take some papers which she and I laid away, and bring them to me: she knows where they be; or burn them, if this letter appears to be opened before it is opened by you. Mr. Beebe and Mr. Daniel Jones, Mr. Warren and Griffith of Millington, must draw up a narrative of their sufferings, and such words as Col. Spencer, &c. have spoke by way of encouragement to mobs, and let Dr. Beebe send the same to me, to the care of Mr. Thomas Brown, merchant in Boston.

To the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty of New-York.

Boston, October 1, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

The riots and mobs, that have attended me and my house, set on by the G—— of Connecticut, have compelled me to take up my abode here; and the clergy of Connecticut must fall a sacrifice, with the several churches, very soon, to the rage of the Puritan mobility, if the old serpent, that dragon, is not bound. Yesterday I waited on his excellency the admiral, &c. Dr. Caner, Mr. Trothbeck, Dr. Byles, &c. I am soon to sail for England. I shall stand in need of your letters, and the letters of the clergy of New-York. Direct to Mr. Rice Williams, wool-len-draper in London, where I shall put up at. Judge Auchmuty will do all that is reasonable for their neighboring charter; necessity calls for such friendship, as the head is sick and heart faint, and spiritual iniquity rides in high places; halberts, pistols, and swords; see the proclamation I sent you by my nephew, on their pious Sabbath day, the 4th of last month, when the preachers and magistrates left their pulpits, &c. for the gun and drum, and set off for Boston, cursing the King and Lord North, General Gage, the bishops and their cursed curates, and the church of England; and for my telling the church people not to take up arms, &c. it being high treason, &c. The sons of liberty have almost killed one of my church, tarred and feathered two, abused others, and on the 6th day, destroyed my windows,—and rent my clothes, even my gown, &c. crying out, down with the church, the rags of popery, &c. Their rebellion is obvious, and treason is common, and robbery is their daily devotion. The bounds of New York may directly extend to Connecticut River, Boston meet them, and New-Hampshire take the province of Maine, Rhode-Island be swallowed up as Dathan. Pray lose no time, nor fear worse times than attend,

Rev. Sir, Your very humble servant,

To Dr. Auchmuty, New-York.

SAMUEL PETERS.

P. S. I wrote the clergy of Connecticut; the letters may be intercepted; pray acquaint Mr. Dibble, &c.

BENJAMIN EDES.

Page 197.

The editors of the Centinel having been threatened with personal violence, in consequence of a publication concerning a club, called *Sans Souci*, Edes published the following remarks, which illustrate his boldness in defence of the liberty of the press, even when that liberty was invaded by an attack on a political opponent : —

☞ The attack made upon the printers of the Centinel on Saturday last, by a number of *well-known* persons, ought to excite the serious attention of all those, who duly regard the bulwark of our liberties, THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. If a printer, for advertising that he intends to publish a certain book for the information, or merely the amusement or innocent diversion of his fellow-citizens, is to be beset and abused by a set of club-men, because the title-page does not happen to hit *their* taste, we may take a farewell of our independence, which we have gloriously obtained, not without great expense of our treasure, and the loss of some of our best blood. A wound in so tender a point must surely prove fatal ! Should the government appoint licensers of the Press, it would give just cause of offence. What right, then, has any set of men to forbid the printing a book, till it has had *their* imprimatur, or to punish a printer with club-law, for advertising it ? The institution of a society under the name of *Sans Souci*, or *Free and Easy*, has raised the apprehensions as well as curiosity of many men of sober sentiments in this community, and such a manner of defending it does not tend to diminish their apprehensions. But since this mode has been taken for its defence, it concerns the PUBLIC to inquire into its nature and design ; — that, if it be innocent, it may have the common protection ; but if it tends to promote GAMING, IDLENESS, and DISSIPATION, it may be, as it ought, discountenanced and suppressed.

LEONARD WORCESTER.

See page 243.

As the name of Mr. Worcester does not appear in the Spy, after the year 1794, it is presumed that he then retired from the business of printing, and began a course of study preparatory to entering on the profession of a

clergyman. Where or with whom, he pursued his studies, I am not informed. He began preaching in the course of two or three years after dissolving his connection with Isaiah Thomas, and was ordained pastor of a church at Peacham, in Vermont, previous to the year 1799. A near relative of Mr. Worcester, has obligingly permitted me to copy a part of a letter from him to his father, written while he was an apprentice to Mr. Thomas, which beautifully illustrates his character as a pure-minded and most conscientious man. It will be perceived that his purpose of becoming a preacher of the gospel was formed several years before it became practicable to put it in execution. His remarks concerning the business, in which he was then laboring, will be interesting to printers, and must be acknowledged to be as applicable to the mode of carrying on the business now as they were in 1787.

Worcester, September 18th, 1787.

Honored Sir,

The many proofs which I have received of your affection for me, excites in my breast the warmest sentiments of gratitude. But when I shall be able to make any other compensation for your numerous favors, is known only to Him who reads the pages of futurity. But, it is my fervent prayer, that my conduct in life, and that of all those who have had the happiness to derive their existence from so kind a Parent, may ever be such, as in some measure to reward the assiduity with which you have labored to promote our happiness;—and while many other parents have the unhappiness of seeing their children sacrifice their interest, happiness, and even their lives in the pursuit of those pleasures which finally end in irretrievable ruin, may you have the solid satisfaction of seeing yours walking in the paths of virtue, and seeking a crown of immortal glory—that in the decline of life, you may reflect with pleasure on the prospect there may then be of each of your children's being useful members of society,—and when you shall be brought to the closing scene of this transitory existence, may the hopes of meeting your family in a future and happy world, enable you to meet with calmness and serenity the messenger of death, and welcome his approach.

For me to alter my course of life, and determine upon following any other occupation than the one I do at present, without laying the matter before you, and asking your advice, you might justly deem an ungrateful piece of conduct. I shall therefore, honored sir, lay my mind open to you with freedom, and ask your friendly advice. For me to follow the printing business any longer than necessity obliges me, there appears to be but little encouragement. You are sensible that the cost attending setting it up so as to follow it with any advantage to myself, or usefulness to others, must be very considerable. And it is a trade which, of all others, requires money to carry it on. Your circumstances are such, as to put it out of your power to afford me much assistance, nor can I reasonably expect it of you — journeymen's wages at this business are very low, and journeymen numerous, and daily increasing. Nor do I think that master printers are so favorable to them as in justice they ought to be, for they will sooner take apprentices to do their work, than employ journeymen — and if printers increase as fast for a few years to come as they do at present, they will not, many of them, procure a subsistence by their trade. Besides, there are printing-offices already established in almost every populous town in this part of the country. These, sir, are circumstances which I consider as very discouraging — and I doubt not but you will view them in the same light.

I suppose you will by this time be ready to inquire what other occupation will be more agreeable to my inclinations? I almost blush to mention it, even to the tenderest of parents. But you will pardon me, sir, when I inform you that I shall not presume to do any thing concerning this matter, without your consent. From my childhood my inclination has led me to desire that I might one day become a preacher of the gospel. These desires I have been obliged to suppress, because I knew you could not give me a liberal education. And I believe I should wholly have conquered them, if persons of my acquaintance had not repeatedly informed me that it was their expectation that this would be the case. What led them to form this opinion, I cannot tell. Sure I am that I gave them no intimations of any such thing in any of my conversations. It being frequently mentioned to me, awakened the desire that it should be so. And my brother Noah's informing me that it was his opinion that this would be the case, when I saw him last, has kindled these desires into a flame. And upon the whole, I want nothing but your approbation to determine upon it. If I gain that, I shall endeavor to improve myself in writing and arithmetic, so as to be able to take the charge of a school for some time after I have done living here, where I shall probably be able to pursue the necessary studies,

with greater assiduity than I can to continue at this business. I hope you will advise with caution, remembering that the future usefulness and happiness of your son depends in a great measure upon your decision. Perhaps you will think that if I now alter my course, I shall lose the time which I have spent in acquiring a superficial knowledge of this business. But unless you consider that I have had greater advantages of gaining knowledge here than I should have had in most other places, that objection will not need an answer. Possibly, if you should approve the design, I might persuade Mr. Thomas to give me up the bond for my last year, or a part of it at least. You will please to give me a plain and full answer, by the first opportunity. * * *

I am your most dutiful son,

LEONARD WORCESTER.

NOAH WORCESTER, ESQ.

The writer of this admirable letter was connected with the church in Peacham, Vermont, more than fifty years. He died at a very advanced age, respected and regretted by all that knew him.

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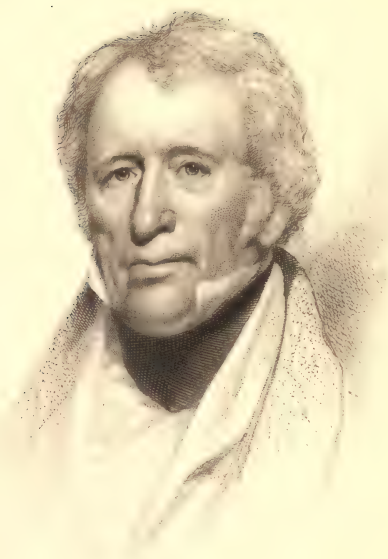
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Your affectionate fellow worker
Bey. Russell.

SPECIMENS

OF

NEWSPAPER LITERATURE:

WITH

PERSONAL MEMOIRS, ANECDOTES,

AND

REMINISCENCES.

BY

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

VOL. II.

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SPECIMENS
OF
NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

MASSACHUSETTS CENTINEL.

A MEMOIR of the gentleman, who was one of the original proprietors of this paper, and who was the sole owner and conductor of it for more than forty years, may very properly precede any notices of the paper itself. It is regretted by all, who knew that gentleman, that he left no manuscript record of any of the incidents of his variegated life. The scanty materials, from which the following biographical sketch has been compiled, are chiefly recollections of things stated by himself, at various times, in the course of social and familiar communication. In the Centinel itself, however, may be found the most faithful portrait of its editor, as a public character. His private virtues are laid up in the memories of the friends and familiar acquaintances, who have survived him, and will be forgotten only when friendship, memory, and reflection shall have become extinct.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL was born in Boston, in the month of September, 1761. His father was John Russell, —

a descendant from the Rev. John Russell, who was born in England, came to Massachusetts when quite a youth, and was afterwards pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston. Benjamin was also related, on the maternal side, to Ezekiel Cheever, celebrated as a master of the Boston Latin School, and to the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, the accomplished historian of New-Hampshire, and the author of "American Biography." His father was a mason by trade. He died in 1778, when the subject of this memoir was seventeen years old.

When quite a child, Russell was noted for a remarkably retentive memory and more than ordinary facility in learning the tasks prescribed by his teacher. He was placed at the public school taught by Master Carter, whose aptness in teaching and mildness of discipline were somewhat celebrated. Nothing was then taught in the common schools of Boston but the simplest elements of education. The tasks, that Russell had to perform, embraced nothing but easy lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic. While yet a school-boy he was in the habit of frequenting the printing-office of Isaiah Thomas, where he acquired considerable facility in setting types, and where, probably, he learned quite as much as at school.

I have heard Russell relate many anecdotes of his boyhood, of which the following is one, and, as near as can be recollected, in his own words: —

It was a part of my duty as an assistant in the domestic affairs of the family, to have the care of the cow. One evening, after it was quite dark, I was driving the cow to her pasturage, — the common. Passing by the burial-ground, adjoining the Stone Chapel, I saw several lights that appeared to be springing from the earth, among the graves,

and immediately sinking again to the ground, or expiring. To my young imagination, these lights could be nothing but ghosts. I left the cow to find her way to the common, or wherever else she pleased, and ran home at my utmost speed. Having told my father the cause of my fright, as well as I was able, while in such a state of terror and agitation, he took me by the hand and led me directly to the spot, where the supposed ghosts were still leaping and playing their pranks near the surface of the ground. My hair rose on end, and seemed to lift my hat from my head. My flesh was chilled through to my very bones. I trembled so that I could scarcely walk. Still my father continued rapidly marching towards the spot that inspired me with so much terror. When lo! there was a sexton, up to his shoulders in a grave, throwing out, as he proceeded in digging, bones and fragments of rotten coffins. The phosphorus in the decaying wood, blended with the peculiar state of the atmosphere, presented the appearance that had completely unstrung my nerves, and terrified me beyond description. I was never afterwards troubled with the fear of ghosts.

On the morning of the memorable Nineteenth of April, 1775, it became known throughout the town that a detachment of the British troops had crossed the ferry the night before, and were on their march to Concord, intending to destroy the military stores at that place. About eight o'clock, another detachment, under Lord Percy had paraded in Tremont-street, and were immediately in motion, towards Roxbury. The whole town was in agitation. As soon as the customary morning prayer had been offered in the school, (the school-house near the head of School-street,) Master Carter said, — "Boys, the war's begun, and you may run." Russell, with several other boys near his age, followed the detachment through Roxbury and Brookline to Cambridge. The troops proceeded on towards Concord, with the intent of aiding and supporting the detachment, which preceded them the night before. The boys spent the day, amusing themselves, on Cambridge common, intending to follow the soldiers into Boston on their return.

The bridge over Charles River in Cambridge was taken up, or rendered impassable, during the day, and when the British army returned from their expedition about dusk, there was no way of getting into Boston but by the ferry. The boys from Boston attempted to follow them, but found it impracticable, and they were thus shut out from their homes. All intercourse between Boston and the country was prohibited by orders of the British commander, and his orders were rigidly enforced. Russell and his companions were unprovided with the means of subsistence, and had no resource but to solicit food and shelter, which were provided for them by the selectmen and other citizens of Cambridge.

The militia of New-England soon began to assemble from all directions, and several of these vagrant lads attached themselves to the officers, — not by regular enlistment, but informally, as waiters, or errand-boys, performing various services of usefulness and convenience. In this way Russell hung around the army, for more than three months, having no intercourse with his parents.

From the summit of Prospect-Hill he saw the memorable contest of the SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE, on Breed's Hill, and the conflagration, which laid in ashes the beautiful village of Charlestown. He used frequently to describe with a distinctness of detail, for which he was remarkable, the movements of the troops from Cambridge across the narrow neck of land, which it was necessary to pass in order to reach the scene of action, exposed to the raking fire of a British sloop of war, — the undaunted activity of Prescott, Putnam, and other officers, passing from one regiment or company to another, endeavoring to encourage the troops to firmness and per-

severance, — and the retreat of the patriot army to Bunker-Hill, after the bloody conflict — the defeat of an ill-provided and undisciplined collection of men, that was hardly worthy to be called an army, — a defeat which proved to be an immortal victory.

About the beginning of August, Russell was passing from Cambridge in company with two or three soldiers, carrying baskets of provisions to Gen. Putnam's encampment on Prospect Hill, when he saw his father and one of his uncles in a chaise. Until that moment his father had known nothing of him since the Nineteenth of April. The meeting was doubtless a joyful one to both parties ; but the pleasure was manifested in rather a singular mode. Russell used frequently to say — "My father jumped from the chaise and gave me the hardest flogging I ever had." After a short deliberation as to the course most advisable to adopt, young Russell was taken into the chaise, carried to Worcester, and left there as an apprentice with Isaiah Thomas, who had then recently removed thither from Boston, and resumed the publication of the *Massachusetts Spy*.

Mr. Thomas was not, at that time, in very affluent circumstances. During the first year or two of his apprenticeship, Russell, with a fellow-apprentice, slept in a garret, over the printing-office, on the rags that were taken in from time to time for the paper-maker. Not only his apprentices, but the master himself, frequently made their meals in the office on bread, and "milk bought by the penny-worth at a time."

When the Declaration of Independence was received in Worcester, it was read by Thomas to an assembly embracing almost the whole population of that and the

adjacent towns. It was received with every possible demonstration of joy. In the evening, a numerous company congregated at the public tavern, to exchange congratulations, and to testify their patriotism in a manner, which, at the present day, might not be thought consistent with total abstinence principles. Punch, and other exhilarating beverages, flowed freely, and were partaken of by Russell and other young men without much regard to what the next day might bring forth. In describing the affair to me, Russell said — “We were all so happy, that we did not exactly know all that we did, but we gave full vent to our patriotic feelings, till a late hour in the evening. We were a little surprized in the morning, to find that about a dozen of us, and I among the rest, had enlisted as private soldiers in the army, — a recruiting officer being then in the town. Thomas was very angry, and immediately set about procuring my release. He could hardly go on with his business without me, but his principal plea, and that which proved successful, was, that I was not sixteen years of age, and consequently that the officer had transcended his power by enlisting me. I was taken before a justice of the peace, and being duly sworn, was asked if I was sixteen years old. I was quite willing to leave my employment and join the army, and without giving a direct reply, said that I could not swear to my age, as I had no very exact recollection of the day when I was born, or of any circumstances attending my birth, that could lead me to fix on the precise day. I was discharged, however, on the presumption that the enlistment was not strictly legal.”

While he was an apprentice, Russell used to write

paragraphs for the Spy, and slip them under the door of the office, — as some others did, who were averse to being known as “scribblers” for a newspaper. One day, employed in setting up one of his own paragraphs, Russell changed a word or two, for which he received a severe reprimand. He made the best apology he could, by appealing to Thomas’s judgement as to the propriety of the alteration. It was admitted that the change was an improvement, but he was threatened with corporal chastisement in case he should ever again dare to alter, in any way, what should be given him to put in type. Russell took the scolding meekly, and kept his secret.

At another time, one of his anonymous paragraphs, reflecting severely and personally on some of the Tories, (of which Worcester had an ample share) was published and caused considerable excitement, with not a few whig compliments for the unknown writer. The authorship was attributed to Mr. Bigelow,* who was questioned, and denied all knowledge of its origin, but

* Timothy Bigelow, who was studying law in Worcester. An intimate friendship was early contracted between him and Russell, which continued unbroken till the death of the former, which happened on the 18th of May, 1821. The Centinel of the next morning had the following

OBITUARY. It is our duty to announce, that on yesterday morning, at 6 o’clock, the Hon. Timothy Bigelow departed this life at Medford, in the 55th year of his age. We trust we need not say how much our feelings on this distressing event prevent our doing justice to such an obituary notice of our deceased friend, as the public have a right to expect from one who knew him so long and so well. But to all, in any degree acquainted with the history of our Commonwealth, for the last thirty years, it is unnecessary to say any thing of the eminent stations and pre-eminent services, sustained and performed by him. Nearly every page of the records of the towns of Groton and Medford, those of the House of Representatives, (of which he filled the office of Speaker eleven years, — eight of them in succession) those of the Hon. Senate, the Council, and the Boards of Commissioners appointed for important objects; of the Grand Lodge, over which he presided several years; and of the Overseers of Harvard University — all, all contain evidence of his devotion to their interests, and of the constancy, integrity, and efficiency, with which he advocated them, and will hand them down to posterity. At his death, he was a member of the Hon. Council, of the Boards of Commissioners for settling the boundary lines between this State and Connecticut, and for

said — “I think Ben wrote it — it looks like him — he is full of the spirit of revolution — his notions are Yankee, all over.” Russell was interrogated and acknowledged that he wrote the article. He was dismissed without rebuke, and thought that he afterwards received more favorable consideration.

In relating the reminiscences of his apprenticeship, Russell often spoke of Dr. Franklin, who passed through Worcester several times, and never failed to call at Thomas’s office, and hold some conversation with the workmen. “With several other young men (said Russell) I was out in the fields one day, when we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-shower. Some of the party proposed to take shelter under a large tree — others proposed to go into a barn hard by. I objected to both, and advised that we should shelter ourselves under the projecting cliff of a large rock. My advice was followed. Both the tree and barn were struck by lightning, but the rock remained untouched. I mentioned this incident to Dr. Franklin, who patted me on

the disposition of the public lands in Maine; and of numerous scientific and benevolent societies. Amply as this distinguished statesman and patriot filled his public offices, he was equally pre-eminent for the discharge of all the duties of a provident Father, a kind Husband, a hospitable Neighbor, a liberal and enlightened Christian, and last, not least, a constant and sincere Friend. Other pens, more adequate to the task, will record the numerous traits, which distinguished him in the former of these characters, but that which sketches this article will not omit this melancholy occasion to record its grateful testimony, *That he was THE FRIEND INDEED.* The experience of forty years — during which there was not one moment of alloy or vascillation in the exercise of it — is no common evidence of sincerity and constancy of friendship. For several years, Mr. B. was not insensible of his approaching dissolution; but he ever spoke of it with resignation and without repining. No one knew better how to enjoy and appreciate the blessings and comforts of life; and no one had stronger and more endearing ties to bind him to it: but he discovered no undue reluctance to parting with it. He saw nothing in futurity to make a change to be dreaded. Conscious as he must have been that his progress had been that of integrity, honor, and usefulness, he must have contemplated in them the FATH; in his few though severe bodily sufferings, the PRICE, and in his anticipated transition from this to a better world, the “PROOF, of sublime immortality.”

the head, and asked if I was influenced in my judgment by what he had written. I replied that I was. The Doctor smiled, pleasantly, and ever afterwards recognized me when he visited our office."

Some time in the spring or summer of 1780, Thomas was *drafted* as a "continental soldier," and was obliged either to join the army or procure a substitute. He had no desire to serve as a private recruit in an army that was then in a forlorn condition. Russell was ambitious of distinction, and readily consented to take the place of his employer. He joined the army at West Point, and was present at the execution of Major André — an account of which all his familiar acquaintance will remember to have heard from his own lips. He was one of the guard, that attended André to the place of execution. In a letter, which Russell wrote to the late Dr. James Thacher of Plymouth,* he has given a minute account of André's appearance and deportment, and of some of the circumstances incident to the occasion.

Soon after this event, the time for which Russell was enlisted expired. He was honorably discharged, and returned to Worcester to serve out the remainder of his apprenticeship. His term of service in the army was only six months. He was never in any engagement with the enemy. Though bound by indenture till he should be twenty-one years old, when he returned to Thomas, Russell insisted upon a release from apprenticeship at twenty, which he contended was a fair consideration for his having acted in the army as a substitute for his employer. His claim was allowed, but not without some backwardness on the part of Thomas.

*In the year 1834, Dr. Thacher published a pamphlet concerning the arrest, trial, and execution of André, of which the letter here referred to makes a conspicuous part.

In November, 1783, having worked some time as a journeyman, Russell was anxious to be in business, and to exert himself in the profession, to which he had been educated. There was then no foundery for casting types in the country, and to procure them from Europe was not an easy matter. With a letter of credit in his pocket, Russell traveled on foot from Boston to New-York, with an intention of buying the printing apparatus of a tory printer, who was about to suspend his business in that city. When he was near the boundary between Massachusetts and Connecticut, he was overtaken by Gen. Putnam, who was on horseback, with a daughter behind him on a pillion. He made himself known to the General,* and they held several conversations, passing each other frequently on the road, till they reached Pomfret. The General invited him to his house, where he spent one night and then renewed his journey. He was eight days walking from Boston to New-York, and lived chiefly on pudding and milk at the houses of the farmers on the road. He arrived in New-York on the morning of the 25th of November, just as the American army took possession of the city, and while the British army and the Tories were getting on board the fleet, that was to take them to Halifax.

The scene, which New York at this time presented, Russell often described with great enthusiasm. "So great was the feeling of hostility and hatred towards the

* "The first time I saw Gen. Putnam (said Russell) he was on the Neck, leading from Cambridge to Charlestown, on the day of the Battle on Breed's Hill. There were British ships of war on either side of the Neck, stationed there to prevent reinforcements from going on to the Hill. All was consternation and excitement, — till Gen. Putnam was seen coming from Cambridge on a full gallop, with his cocked hat on side-ways, cheering up and encouraging the men. We boys, myself and companions, as well as the men, gave loud and hearty cheers for *Old Put*. I did not see him again till he overtook me on my way to New-York."

Tories, that Gen. Washington placed sentinels at the doors of many of them to prevent outrages from our men. I could not get into the office of the person who owned the printing materials, that I was in pursuit of, till I had obtained a pass. I saw the ceremony of lowering the British flag and hoisting that of the United States. The American army with Gen. Washington at its head, came down Broadway and filed into the Park. After the line was formed, the British flag was seen to descend slowly and the American to rise. When they met on the staff, they were stopped for a few minutes. The Yankees felt a little uncomfortable at this delay, fearing that all was not right. But the flags were soon in motion again. The American ensign floated proudly from the top of the staff, and that of the British sunk among the mass of heads at its foot. The air was rent with the most enthusiastic acclamations. I suppose the two flags were stopped when they met each other on their passage, to give them a chance to shake hands and kiss."

Before Russell arrived in New-York, the press and types, which he had intended to purchase, were sent off to Halifax by their owner. The object of his journey being thus defeated, he returned to Boston, and renewed his attempts to procure the materials necessary for the printing of a newspaper. He succeeded in procuring a small fount of Long Primer and another of Pica, with a few alphabets of a larger size, and immediately issued a proposal for the publication of the "Massachusetts Centinel." Before that publication began, an incident occurred, that developed a prominent trait in his character,—namely, the irresistible impulse to do what he thought was right, and the readiness to retract his steps whenever he was convinced that he had done wrong.

Samuel Adams, the renowned and proscribed patriot of the revolution, it is well known, was strongly opposed to the institution of the Society of Cincinnati. Like many other good patriots and honest men, he thought he saw in it the germ of an order of nobility, that might tend eventually to the establishment of a military despotism. Knowing that Russell was about to publish a paper, he called on him, stated his views of the subject, and urged him to take a decided stand against the organization of the society. Russell, ever ready to follow the advice of men, whose character and experience had given them influence, listened to the representations and arguments of Mr. Adams; and, without waiting to unburden his mind in his contemplated journal, forthwith issued a pamphlet, embodying the views of his venerable monitor, with such comments and remarks as his own imagination suggested. The pamphlet had hardly made its appearance in public, when Russell was visited by three or four gentlemen, who took a different view of the matter, to remonstrate against the publication. To their inquiry, "*Who wrote the pamphlet?*" he replied, "*Nobody wrote it. I stood at the case, and composed it, mentally as well as mechanically.*" An explanation followed, in which he frankly disclosed the conversation, in which the idea of the publication originated, and the motive, that induced him to make it. His visitors assured him that the information, on which he had acted was erroneous, — that the object of the society was not merely harmless but patriotic and benevolent, — and told him (what it seems he had no suspicion of before) that Gen. Washington was one of its original members and its first officer. This was quite enough for Russell, whose veneration of Washington was little less than adoration. He could not believe that any thing

of evil character or tendency could proceed from an institution with Washington at its head, or that aught but good would result from any proceeding, that had the sanction of that immortal name. He ran to every place where his pamphlet had been left for sale, and recalled every unsold copy. But very few had been sold, and those, where the purchaser could be found, were bought up and the whole edition was destroyed. It is not known that a single copy escaped. He was ever afterwards a strong and able defender of the society.

At length, on the twenty-fourth of March, 1784, the proposed paper made its appearance, entitled

THE MASSACHUSETTS CENTINEL,

AND THE

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

Uninfluenced by Party, we aim to be just.



The lines which form the title, motto, and imprint, were separated in the centre by the device here given,

but which is not any where explained ; perhaps the design is too apparent to need explanation. The form was impressed on a half sheet of demy paper, and was made up in four pages, quarto, with three columns on a page. The type was Pica and Long Primer. The head lines of the various departments, which marked the character of the miscellaneous materials, that filled up those several portions, as well as some important lines in advertisements, were displayed in larger letters ; but nothing smaller than Long Primer appeared in the paper for more than two years. The title, including the cut, occupied nearly a third of the first page ; and the following Address filled the remainder : —

A Free *uninfluenced* Newspaper.

To the candid Public.

When the benign and cheering influence of the cherub PEACE is daily spreading her delectable blessings over this New World : — When arts and sciences, (its ever attending guests) the foster-parents of liberty, are dispelling the gloomy atmosphere of war, and enlightening mankind with liberality of sentiment, every vehicle propitious to the design should be put in motion, and every exertion strained to second the undertaking.

The liberty of the press is the surest bulwark of the people's rights : A privilege to mankind which tyrannical monarchs have beheld with horror, and often attempted to annihilate. Superstition and ignorance have dissipated into obscurity, as the balmy rays of this institution have shed their benignity over the civilized world : In short, its utility is so well known and experienced by the freemen of these United States, that it would be passing an ill compliment on the judgement were we to enter into lengthy panegyrics on its usefulness.

These considerations — an inclination to be useful in the business we profess — and a desire to obtain a competency for our support, have induced us to lay before a candid and judicious public, the following proposals for publishing, every *Wednesday* and *Saturday*, The

MASSACHUSETTS CENTINEL:

AND THE

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

CONDITIONS.

I. This paper shall be printed with a legible type, on good paper, to contain four quarto pages, demi.

II. The price of this paper [will] be *Twelve Shillings*, the year, one quarter to be paid on subscribing. If agreeable to the custom in the cities of London, New-York and Philadelphia, the subscribers should choose to pay *per number*, the price will be *Two Pence*.

III. The papers in the town of Boston, shall be delivered to the subscribers as early as possible on publication days.

IV. Advertisements shall be inserted at as low a price as is demanded by any of their brethren in the art, and continued, if desired in Six Numbers.

V. Gentlemen in the country may be supplied with this paper at the above price, (postage excepted) which is cheaper than any other papers, if the advantage of receiving them twice in the week is considered.

The publishers engage to use every effort to obtain, and the most scrutinous circumspection in collecting whatever may be thought of public utility, or private amusement: Variety shall be courted in all its shapes, in the importance of political information—in the sprightliness of mirth—in the playful levity of imagination—in the just severity of satire—in the vivacity of ridicule—in the luxuriance of poetry—and in the simplicity of truth. We shall examine the regulations of office with candor—approve with pleasure—or condemn with boldness. *Uninfluenced by party, we aim only to be just.*

The assistance of the learned, the judicious and the curious is solicited: Productions of public utility, however severe, if consistent with truth, shall be admitted; and the modest correspondent may depend on the strictest secrecy. Reservoirs will be established in public houses for the reception of information, whether foreign, local, or poetical.

Anxious to deserve, they hope a display of that patronage and assistance, which the people of these States are celebrated for bestowing on the exertions of young beginners. And finally, if their abilities should be inadequate, it will at least be some recompense, that such as they have shall be exerted with candor.

W. WARDEN,
B. RUSSELL.

On the last page of the paper, is the following article, which, if the words “Poetical Correspondence” were not placed over it, would be attributed to Russell as the

author. If not original, it was subjected to the process of adaptation : * —

To preserve a similitude of publication in our introductory numbers, we have inserted the following : —

THE NEWSPAPER.

Did you ne'er see a Hawk or Kite,
With rapid wings first take its flight ?
Then hovering round the field or spray,
Souse down at once and seize his prey.

The Politician thus you spy,
Tripping to Coffee House just by ;
And fixing on the News his eyes,
With greediness enjoys the prize ;
Then home return with head quite full —
Extremely wise — extremely dull,
Assumes political capacity,
And deals out news with great sagacity :
Of all the senates of the States,
He tells their motions and debates :
Tells where the Congress will remain,
And who 's the President from Spain ;
How New-York whigs the tories plague,
Who 's our Ambassador at the Hague.
His hearers all admire his sense,
And wonder at the intelligence.
At night the Club enjoys his gleanings,
Assertions, observations, meanings :
The fearful shrug — the knitted brow —
The *fact* — the *place* — the *when* — the *how*.

We (say with def'rence to the college,)
News-Papers are the spring of knowledge ;
The general source throughout the nation,
Of every modern conversation.
What would this mighty people do,
If there, alas ! was nothing new ?
We tell you *Patrons* what relates
To make us formidable States :

* A part of this article was published in the Massachusetts Mercury, more than ten years after its appearance in the Centinel, as " From an English Paper."

We tell how Europe's balance stands,
 How Russia's Queen the Turks commands
 How Popish power hath dissipated,
 And Frederick just annihilated.

Our services you can't express,
 The good we do you hardly guess ;
 There 's scarce a want of human kind,
 But we a remedy can find.
 If any gentleman wants a wife,
 A partner (as 'tis term'd) for life,
 An Advertisement does the thing,
 And quickly will the party bring.
 Lands may be had ; if you would buy,
 We tell you where you may apply :
 Goods of all sorts where bought, where sold :
 Houses to purchase new and old.
 Ships, Shops, of ev'ry shape and form,
 Carriages, horses, servants swarm.
 No matter whether good or bad,
 We tell you where they may be had.

If you want money you 'll be serv'd,
 And strictest secrecy observ'd.
 The sum you ask will strait be lent,
 At the small sum of cent per cent.

A NEWS-PAPER is like a feast,
 Some dish there is for ev'ry guest.
 Some large, some small, some strong, some tender,
 For ev'ry stomach, stout or slender :
 Those who roast beef and ale delight in,
 Are pleas'd with trumpets, drums and fighting.
 For those who are more puny made,
 Are arts, and sciences, and trade ;
 For fanciful and am'rous blood,
 We have a soft poetic food ;
 For witty and satiric folks,
 High-season'd, acid, bitter jokes ;
 And when we strive to please the mob,
 A jest, a quarrel, or a jobb.

The inside pages contain an article of news from a
 London paper of December 21, — an article on Filial

Piety, under the head of "Food for Sentimentalists," — an extract of a letter from Port Roseway, — "Marine matters," making about a square, — an official Notice from the Secretary of the Commonwealth, — an advertisement of a dealer in Painter's oil and colors, — and three or four paragraphs under the Boston head, of which the following is the first : —

The general topics of political disquisition in the several States, are the commutation, or five years pay of the officers of the army — and the admittance of the refugees. The former, as it is consistent with justice, must be certainly adopted : — The latter occasions various speculations, and much division — while some are very strenuous against their re-admittance, from political principles — others assert that it will be sound policy in permitting them to return, as the wealth they will bring will more than counterbalance the detriment they can possibly be of. Whether the discussion will be of public benefit, or not, time, the great revealer of things, must determine. As the citizens of one State have a right to resort to, and settle in any in the confederation — their being naturalized in *any one* State, will entirely frustrate the intentions of those who declare against their admittance, and must produce animosities. Though monarchical government is never to be wished, the above shows the weakness of democracy.

In another paragraph, the editors said, — "The excellent Legendary Tale of Armine and Elvira, a most exquisite repast for Sentimentalists and the Lovers of poetical numbers, will be begun in our Saturday's Centinel, and continued numerically. We shall devote a corner to their amusement, and the Centinel being printed in a form, which, when bound, will make a handsome volume, we doubt not our kind customers will find that the matters in them are well worth their money, as a year's papers will contain, besides intelligence, what, printed separate, would sell for two guineas." There was nothing here promised, that was not performed. Beside the Legendary Tale, alluded to, which filled

nearly two columns in each of six papers, most of the poems of Goldsmith, Cunningham's Pastorals, extracts from Cotton, Gray, Cowper, and a large portion of the Narrative of Cook's Voyages, were published in the course of the first year. At first, and for many subsequent years, the Centinel of Saturday was always supplied with an article of a moral and religious character, — sometimes original, but generally selected, — under the head of "Preparation for Sunday." The department appropriated to poetry, was called "Sentimental Repast," "Heliconian Reservoir," and sometimes "Sentimental Sustenance." Occasionally the contents of this column, — the first column on the fourth page, — were described by a single word, in large capitals, significant of their character; as Moral, Prophetic, Descriptive, Sentimental, &c. Another department, consisting of selections of prose articles, was entitled "Food for Sentimentalists." A collection of short anecdotes appeared as "Entertainment for the Disciples of Zeno," and extracts or communications of a didactic or scientific character, were placed under "Food for Enquiring Minds." In short, every thing, whether original or selected, was supposed to be placed in its appropriate column, and every article seemed to wear its appropriate and descriptive title, except the editorial paragraphs under the Boston head. These were all huddled together without regard to subject. An item of news, foreign or domestic, an accident, a death, a marriage, a note to a correspondent, an advertisement, and an arrival of a ship, were often thus thrown together in half a column, and no one would imagine, till he should have made some progress in the reading of it, that it embraced more than one topic.

In the second number of the Centinel the editors published a paragraph, — the first, under the Boston head, saying, — “The talk of the day is Cincinnati. Whatever may be the intention of the original design — or whatever consequences may *possibly* result from the continuance of that institution, one circumstance that greatly recommends it, is, that His Excellency GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq. is *President-General* of that Society.” Soon after, Washington’s Circular to the state societies, and the Constitution of the parent society, were published in the Centinel, — indicating that the advice and opinion of Mr. S. Adams, had no power to produce in Russell’s mind any prejudice unfavorable to the Cincinnati.

The advertising patronage of the Centinel was not large during the first year, notwithstanding that it was solicited in the standing imprint, which declared — “Advertisements are inserted at the usual price in the Centinel, which, from its portableness and circulation, is rendered very advantageous: They will likewise be set off with taste, adorned with conspicuity, and inserted 6 Numbers.” The Ship News, which is now so prominent a feature in all commercial papers, ordinarily occupied about a square. The arrivals and clearances seldom numbered more than five or six in each paper.

The correspondents of the Centinel were numerous, and many of their contributions, especially those on politics and morals, were written with strength and propriety. The editors took a noble stand in favor of protection to all domestic manufactures and the products of agriculture and the mechanic arts. As a matter of course they were opposed to the importation of British goods, by British factors and agents, many of whom attempted to

establish themselves in Boston, and to push off the products of their manufactories, to the injury of the American producer and importer. The editors and several of their correspondents attempted, both by ridicule and serious argument, to discourage this trade. During the years 1784 and 1785, several public meetings were held to deliberate on this subject and to adopt measures of relief. A meeting of merchants, mechanics, and traders at Faneuil Hall, voted, "That we do pledge our honor, that we will not directly or indirectly, purchase any goods of, or have any commercial connections whatever, with, such British merchants, agents, or factors, as are now residing among us, or may hereafter arrive," &c.: and voted, also, "That we will not let, or sell, any warehouse, shop, house, or any other place, for the sale of such goods, nor will we employ any persons, who will assist said merchants, factors, or agents, by trucks, carts, barrows, or labor, (except in the reshipment of their merchandize) but will *discountenance* all such persons, who shall in any way advise, or in the least degree help or support such merchants, factors, or agents, in the prosecution of their business; *as we conceive all such British importations are calculated to drain us of our currency, and have a direct tendency to impoverish this country.*"

Notwithstanding measures of this description, and the strong appeals to the good sense and patriotism of the people, made in the newspapers, there were many persons who disregarded them, and persisted in practising on the free trade doctrines of that day. The Centinel raised its warning voice in the following manner: —

Commerce has extended her *blessings* upon us, in a manner unprecedented in history; and had she not been so liberal, her votaries per-

haps would have found it more to their advantage. Though these productions of foreigners may be purchased at very low prices, yet as they are mere superfluities, every one, possessed of republican principles, must feel anxiety, at seeing such vast hoards of specie daily leaving the continent as remittances. Will we impoverish ourselves? Or will we part with that which can be of no advantage to us? — Are questions that ought to be weighed in the impartial scale, that should ever occupy the breast of a friend to the prosperity of his country. The fair American, conscious of the service she can do her country by a little self-denial, will, we doubt not, dispense with that ostentatious pageantry, now so much in vogue, when they consider likewise, that they are calculated only to give a *fashionable grace* to the want of beauty. For

The beauteous female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please, while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm, that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes.

The softer sex did, during the revolution, display virtues, honorary as they were useful: And shall it ever be said that meagre want, and cold-handed poverty stalked through our country, occasioned by the inordinate desire of its inhabitants for foreign gewgaws.

[June 12, 1784.]

That no nation can ever be rich or powerful whose imports EXCEED their exports, is a fact not to be controverted. It is a melancholy truth that at present our imports far exceed our exports; and should this continue to be the case, cold poverty will soon stare us in the face, and the gaudy trifles we now import from Britain (which we are foolishly fond of, and for which we pay solid coin) will leave us, and vanish like a vapor before the rising sun. Rags, or nakedness must supply their place, and we too late must mourn our folly.

[January 5, 1785.]

At the close of the first volume, September 18, 1784, the subscribers to the Centinel were again addressed in rhyme thus: —

The CENTINEL, to its Patrons of every Denomination.

With plays it hath been long in vogue
To finish with an epilogue,
To bring in view the many clauses,
They wish may gain the best applauses,
And show, by dint of magic art,
The various virtues they impart.

The Centinel, you well might say,
 Should try to shun this oft-trod way ;
 And so it would, if it could find
 One, that would better suit its mind ;
 Or else adopt the part, that 's best,
 And partly throw aside the rest ;
 With modest truth to partly shew
 Its matters to the public view,
 And let the whole be judged by them —
 They must *applaud*, or else *condemn*.

The patrons of the Centinel
 Its origin remember well.
 “ *To captivate the curious mind,*
 “ *And make the funny more refined ;*
 “ *To amuse the pensive — and the sad,*
 “ *And make those merry, that are mad.*”
 With these in view, it first began,
 (And these continue still its plan,)
 Strove ardently in many a strain,
 ALL its kind readers' praise to gain,
 With various themes, — some wise, — some dull, —
 Some serious, — some with satire full, —
 Some things for those in merry mood —
 And copious sentimental food :
 For sober lives and conversation,
 We give our Sunday's preparation ;
 State politics of each degree,
 Advertisements, *et cetera*.

Whene'er a bowl of punch we make,
 Four striking opposites we take ;
 The strong, the small, the sour, the sweet,
 Together mix'd, must jointly meet ;
 And when they happily unite,
 The bowl is *pregnant with delight*.
 Thus in the Centinel you find
 Its matter variously inclined ;
 The parts, by properly sustaining,
 May all prove highly entertaining.

Be this its boast, it strove to gain
 Success, (nor hath it strove in vain ;)
 The Centinel asks leave to give,
 And begs its patrons to receive,

Its thanks; and only will observe
Its inclination still to serve;
Requests, e'en though its merits few,
That it may still receive its due.

Soon after the commencement of the second volume, the second title, "Republican Journal," was taken from the head. The motto was also omitted. The title was now simply

THE MASSACHUSETTS CENTINEL.

At each end of the line was a device, which is thus explained: — "The first represents the Genius of America, seated on a Pyramid of Thirteen Ascents, supporting the Cap of Liberty on a Ball, (emblematic of her having gained it by war) holding in her hand the Olive Branch, and treading on the Crown and Sceptre, the ensigns of monarchy. The second shows the Sun, breaking through and dissipating a cloud, approaching a serene sky, and shedding its influence on Arts, Commerce, and Agriculture." Here is an exact copy of these devices, the design of which, it must be confessed, could hardly be imagined without the original explanation.



The editors of the Centinel were not disposed to favor the return of those persons, who, during the war, had left the country and resided in England, or her provinces. Many of these "refugees" petitioned the Legislature for restoration to their forfeited privileges of

citizenship, and of their confiscated property. On the propriety of granting these petitions, public opinion was divided. Some writers were in favor of adopting lenient measures towards them, while others were disposed to treat them, — as in fact, they really were, — as outlaws and renegades. The Centinel of May 12, 1784, mentions that near one hundred of the persons included in the act of confiscation and banishment in South-Carolina, had returned and been admitted to citizenship after being “amerced 12½ per cent. ;” and adds, that, “as other legislatures of the United States must ere long take into consideration this important matter, we hope the citizens of America have, or will, appoint men to determine it, whose wisdom, experience, and interest are adequate to the task.” Again, in August, they say, “However the principles of common benevolence, and the desire of curing the calamities of our fellow-citizens, might operate in favor of an act of amnesty and naturalization to the ill-fated body of men, the refugees ; yet the antipathies nurtured during the war have taken so deep a root, as will, we are apprehensive, be very difficult to remove.” The following paragraph, January 5, 1785, conveys a more decided expression of their own opinion in relation to this subject : —

The joy of the refugees at Nova-Scotia on the arrival of their new governor, Carleton, speaks, in very plain language, the disagreeableness of their situation. They now solicit relief from calamities which they justly merit, and which their crimes deserve. The sanguinary conduct of theirs, respecting the Americans, is sufficient to eradicate from our breasts every sentiment, with regard to them, of pity or commiseration. In vain do they wish to avert the punishment that awaits them. It is the sure consequence of their conduct, and they must submit to it. With respect to redress, in a change of their rulers, duped as they are, we think the following lines not inapplicable : —

The ass may carry brooms or men,
 Just at his master's will ;
 But let him change and change again,
 His lot 's a burthen still.

During its first year, the Centinel was the vehicle of an amusing, though rather an angry controversy, in which some pretty severe personal epithets were used by both parties, and which, almost at its very outset produced a personal rencontre with the editors. It appears that early in the winter or in the autumn of 1784, a portion of the gentlemen and ladies of the town had associated, and formed what was called in their advertisements, "The Tea Assembly," to meet at regular periods at Concert Hall. The "assembly" was also known by the name of "*Sans Souci*, or *Free and Easy*." The name, or the reported amusements of the assembly, became the topic of public animadversion, and "The Observer," a periodical writer, in the Centinel, spoke of it as an "assembly totally repugnant to virtue;" — "throwing aside every necessary restraint, those being esteemed the politest who are the most careless; — and the most genteel and accomplished, who can, like the figures at a masquerade, mix in each scene, however devoid of delicacy," &c.; and concluded by hoping that the citizens would unanimously exert themselves to give a check to so injurious an institution. The Centinel of Saturday, January 15, 1785, came out with the following advertisement: —

A new FARCE.

On Monday morning next will be published,
 SANS SOUCI, *alias*, Free and Easy:— Or, *An Evening's Peep into a Polite Circle*. An entire new Entertainment, in three acts.

The above publication is designed more to present what is likely to take place, from the institution of the late Assembly held at C——

Hall, designated by the appellation, than what has hitherto existed. The characters exhibited, and the circumstances mentioned, are mostly imaginary, and are intended rather to satirize the measure than to point at particular persons: However, as all publications of this nature, cannot but fall in some degree on certain characters, if this should be considered as too pointed, on any individuals, the author can only plead the apology, that he is sorry that the portrait can not be softened down to a more agreeable likeness.

Printed and sold by the Printers hereof.

The next paper, Wednesday, January 19, had on its first page, an address to the Public, printed in Pica Italic, of which the following is a part: —

A few days since we were requested to publish a small performance on the institution of the Sans Souci. After carefully perusing it, and perceiving it to be only intended to display the dangerous tendency of that society, not the vehicle of personal abuse, (as has been too common) we determined to publish it and advertised our intentions of so doing. This roused the passions of those who conceived themselves deserving the lash of satire, and urged them to endeavor to suppress it in embryo. A variety of injuries was threatened us, if we persisted in our determination of publishing it. In the afternoon of Saturday we were waited upon by Mr. Samuel Jarvis, who desired to speak with one of us in another apartment; being attended thither, he demanded to know whether or not we intended publishing 'A Farce,' and being answered in the affirmative, exclaimed, "By God I'll kill you if you do," and endeavored to put his threat into execution, but found his efforts inadequate to the task.

To the public we leave it to make what comments they please, on this high-handed affair, but if (as our brother Edes observes on the matter) 'a Printer, for advertising that he intends to publish a certain book for the information or merely the amusement or innocent diversion of his fellow citizens, is to be beset and abused by a set of club men, because the Title-Page does not happen to hit their taste, we may take a farewell of our independence which we have gloriously obtained, not without great expense of our treasure, and the loss of some of our best blood.'

We return our thanks for the assistance that has been offered us by several patriotick gentlemen. They may depend, that avoiding personal scurrility and local scandal, we are determined our PRESS SHALL EVER BE FREE.

The motto we have adopted of being 'uninfluenced by party' &c.

shall be strictly adhered to ; and while we keep within the limits prescribed by the laws of our country, the threats of sanguinary assassins, will ever be considered as impotent and innoxious.

WARDEN & RUSSELL.

This rencontre did not stop the publication of the book, nor put an end to the controversy. Several writers came out on both sides, who treated each other with very little ceremony. The Observer was accused of envy, falsehood, bigotry, misanthropy, and malice. He replied, and gave an abstract of the rules of the assembly, to show that "Gentlemen of nineteen, and Ladies of fifteen were admitted," and that "the entertainment was made up of music, dancing, tea, coffee, chocolate, cards, wine, negus, punch, and lemonade." On the whole, he maintained his position with the best temper, and, in the end, appeared to have gained a triumph.

A controversy of a different complexion made some noise in Boston during the winter of 1784-5, and the columns of the Centinel afford some amusing communications on the subject, — which was the removal of the Rev. Peter Thacher from his pastoral charge in Malden to that of the church in Brattle-street, Boston. The removals of ministers from one parish to another were not quite so frequent then as they have since become. Such changes *then* were as rare as divorces of man and wife ; — *now*, they are as common, almost, as the exchange of one mercantile commodity for another. The Centinel of December 15, has the following sly hit at its Brattle-street neighbors : —

Christ's *wealthy* church in Br—tle-street,
His *poorer* flock in M—ld—n greet,
With hearts brimfull of Christian love,
They wish them blessings from above.

Dear Sirs, of late we 've lost our pastor,
 And mourn sincere the sore disaster ;
 Because we clearly can foresee
 Our sheep much scattered will be,
 Unless we should, of God's free grace,
 A shepherd get to fill his place.

Now, having sought divine direction,
 We thought it fit, on due reflection,
 To tempt the parson of your church
 To leave his people in the lurch ;
 Though few have heard him scarcely thrice,
 Yet most believe he preaches *nice*,
 And is a man, that 's fitted quite
 To make us all in him unite.
 On trial *fair*, we plainly find,
 Our pious scheme well suits his mind ;
 Then what remains for us to do,
 But settle matters right with you ?
 Sure, if you cannot him maintain,
 Of us you ought not to complain ;
 Now therefore send him off to us,
 And we will fill his mouth and purse ;
 The cash you owe him, as 'tis said,
 Shall very cheerfully be paid ;
 Another preacher should you want,
 A settlement for *him* we 'll grant ;
 Thus to the world we 'll *fully* show,
 That nought but *honor* we 've in view ;
 Yet stronger arguments than these
 We can produce with greater ease,
 And make it *clear* that we are *right*,
 And act by help of *Gospel* light.

From best of men, we often hear,
 That you 've no *souls* to save, (they fear ;)
 That parts like *his* in napkin lay,
 So long as he shall with you stay ;
 Much time among you he has taught,
 And labored all that while for *nought* ;
 To church no *single soul* could add,
 To make his pious heart " full glad."
 But, in *this* place, his talents *five*,
 To occupy would make us thrive ;

From day to day *our* church would grow,
And make at last a *goodly* show.
These *weighty* reasons, as we trust,
You 'll plainly see are good and *just*,
And freely grant us our request,
Because *we* think it for the best.

And now we *all*, with *one* accord,
Subscribe, *Your brethren in the Lord*.

There were several other articles referring to this subject, written by "A Country Minister," and replied to by "A Country Booby," which are amusing enough to reward the task of looking over the file. The reverend gentleman came out, at length, under his own signature, exonerating the people of his parish in Malden from some of the charges of injustice that had been made against them, and declaring, — "although I have suffered great inconvenience by my salary's not being punctually paid me, yet (for aught I know) the people here have been as punctual in their payment as other parishes in the country generally are."

The project of building a bridge across Charles River between Boston and Charlestown, was renewed in the Centinel, in the winter of 1785. It occasioned a "terrible clashing of opinions," among the correspondents of that paper. Another subject, which makes a conspicuous figure in the Centinel, was the plan of incorporating the town as a city. The *bridge* succeeded, but the *incorporation* failed.

A question still more exciting in its character, sprung up near the close of this winter. Governor Hancock resigned his office in the month of February, on account of ill health. James Bowdoin, a distinguished gentleman of Boston, seemed to be pointed out by the com-

mon consent of the people as the proper person to succeed him. The editors of the Centinel do not appear to have taken a very active part either for or against him ; but they allowed some of their correspondents to abuse him in a most outrageous style. There was no choice of a Governor by the people, and the election of course, devolved upon the Legislature. The opponents of Mr. Bowdoin, exulting in the belief that he would not be chosen, got up a lampoon, that was published in the Centinel, and which, for coarseness of invective and vulgar ribaldry, was quite equal to any political pasquinade of later years. It was published in the Centinel the day on which the Legislature assembled.* But the triumphant mockery was altogether premature, and produced no other effect than mortification to its projectors. For although the House of Representatives, in selecting the two constitutional candidates, gave to Mr. Cushing about thirty votes more than they gave to Mr. Bowdoin, the Senate, in the exercise of its constitutional prerogative of selecting one of two candidates, chose Mr. Bowdoin by a large majority.

At the close of the second volume, March 19, 1785, the editors again addressed their friends and customers in rhyme, as follows : —

A year 's revolved, Time's tablets tell
Since first you viewed the Centinel ;
As volume second 's at a close,
In justice to 't, it must suppose,
You 'll just permit it to rehearse
Its (some call 't usefulness) in verse.

* It is quite too long, and exhibited in typography too inconvenient to be placed in this work ; but the curious may be gratified by referring to the paper that contains it, and see with what bitterness political animosity could then assail its victim.

First News — but sure, you 've often read
 When little 's done, there 's little said.
 Though *Peace* proclaims her quiet sway,
 And *War*, with us, is done away,
 Yet still the Centinel explores
 Remotest climes and distant shores,
 Through cities stalks, peeps in at courts,
 Mingles with business and with sports,
 Listens to every word that 's told,
 Reads every paper, new or old,
 From the crude mass selects the best
 For use, and throws aside the rest.

For ENTERTAINMENT — *The Collection*
 Presents each number for inspection :
 Anecdotes droll, the bon mot queer,
 The carper's snarl, the critic's sneer,
 A smart reply, the goose-quill scar, —
 Blest trophies of a paper war —
 An essay, or a pretty pun,
 Or hint, to make a little fun,
 And other matters, as you see,
 In the uproar, 'bout the *Sans Souci*.

Oft times, when in a sober mood,
 It deals out some things that are good :
 A sober, moral observation,
 Prefaced with "Sunday's Preparation ;"
 Something to suit the great, the small ;
 In fact, it fain would please you all,
 And in its Miscellany gather
 Instruction, news, and scraps, for pleasure,
 Resolves of Congress, Proclamations,
 With *Strictures on the Law of Nations* ;
 Changes of empires, fate of kings,
 Of statesmen, culprits, and such things,
 Of great and general concern,
 From it you twice a week may learn :
 Tell who are pilloried, hanged, or cropped,
 Who runs away, or who gets shipped,
 What lucky swain has found a bride,
 And last, tell who have lately died.
 — Here sense and virtue must inspire
 In moral mood, to touch the lyre, —

When it proclaims your neighbor 's dead,
 Know, this will soon of you be said ;
 And, strange to think, when you are gone,
 The busy world will still go on
 In the old track, nor miss you more
 Than you have those, who went before.
 Your death they 'll read, without a thought, —
 Next week, perhaps, you 'll be forgot :
 They 'll feast, sport, sing, and laugh as hearty,
 As if you still were of their party :
 But, though so small in other's view,
 Your death 's no trifle, friend, to you.

Here stop — the Centinel will still
 The task endeavor to fulfill
 To captivate the curious mind,
 And make the fancy more refined, —
 To instruct, to entertain, and show forth
 What 's good, or comical, and so forth.

In March, 1785, the Legislature passed an “ Act imposing duties on licensed vellum, parchment, and paper,” which laid a duty of two thirds of a penny on every newspaper, and a penny on almanacks, — all which were to be stamped. The act was exceedingly unpopular. The people had not forgotten the British stamp-act of 1765. The fearless independence of the editors of the Centinel was not quite so conspicuous in their comments on this impolitic law, as on some other measures of the government. For example : —

The STAMP ACT, passed the last session of the General Court, meets opposition throughout every part of the Commonwealth ; that part laying a duty on newspapers particularly so. The cloven foot in it appears too visible to escape notice. To clog the currents of information, — and to shackle the means of political knowledge and necessary learning, — are discordant notes to the general ear. But its danger is not the whole of its evil consequences. It is deemed *impolitic* and *unequal*, — *impolitic*, as it will encourage our sister States to send their papers into this commonwealth cheaper than they can possibly be afforded here, to the ruin of a set of artizans, whose exertions in the

late revolution deserve a more liberal fate: — *unequal*, as the revenue arising from newspapers must (while but a mite in the general treasury) operate, in a great degree, to the destruction of the present printers of these publications.

May 4, 1785.

In mentioning the disapprobation, which we are certain is generally given to the Stamp Act, by the citizens of this commonwealth, we feel a peculiar diffidence. Ill-nature, we are conscious, will suppose the information as originating in self-interest. But as it is our duty, *in all cases*, to convey whatever may be deemed of public benefit, we shall observe that it is in agitation in several towns, to instruct their representatives to bring in an act to repeal certain clauses in the above-mentioned one. Should there be no alteration, and the act remain as it is, *we are certain* that it must operate to the *impoverishment* of many of the publishers of newspapers in this state; and could the community at large derive any considerable advantage by the sacrifice, we doubt not but they would meet their doom with a becoming satisfaction. But this will not be the case — in their fall, if they must fall, will *close* the *duty*, and every friend to *equal liberty* need not be informed, that the duties arising from the *tax* on the *vehicles* of *political information* will be in no proportion to the impoverishment of a single individual; — consequently it will be *unequal* and *hard*. If we would assume the confidence of dictating our rulers, *we* should suppose that the articles of foreign luxury, for which our cash is constantly bidding adieu to our country, were objects more deserving restrictions and duties, especially when it is considered that Newspapers are the principal support of one capital branch of AMERICAN MANUFACTURY — paper-making.

May 11, 1785.

The offensive act was repealed by the Legislature, the next June, but another was passed, laying a duty on advertisements, — *six-pence* on each insertion. This measure was censured and ridiculed in most of the papers in all the states; but the Centinel thinking it *no infringement on the liberty of the press*, approved its passage, on the ground that it “contributed thousands to the exigences of the state.”

A few paragraphs, taken without much regard to order or subject, from the Centinel while in its youthful days, will exemplify the talent, the taste, and the degree of

acquirement in the critical use of language, which the editors could then bring to the field of their labors. It has always been understood and believed that the duties of the editorial department devolved, almost wholly, upon Russell, while Warden conducted the mechanical operations. The supposition is doubtless correct, as the same ambitious style of composition characterized the editorials of the paper after the death of Warden. The reader will also meet with some facts, not now generally known, — curious and interesting as connected with the customs and habits of life in Boston, in the last century.

The taste for Air Balloon matters has grown to such an extraordinary pitch, that nothing can pretend to have any intrinsic value in it, unless it has this *name* as an appendage. The gentlemen and ladies upon *bon ton* are not the only objects that can boast of this aerial bombastic insignia to their ornaments; as a countryman was heard to say one day last week, — “*Fine balloon String Beans!*” July 14, 1784.

Every man may learn the elements of geography, which is the noblest science in the world, from an attention to the temperature of his own mind. Melancholy is the *north pole*; Envy the *South*; Choler the *torrid zone*; Ambition the *zodiac*; Joy the *ecliptic*; Justice the *equinoctial*; Prudence and Temperance the *arctic* and *antarctic* circles; Patience and Fortitude the *tropics*.

The Rev. Mr. Hazlitt is now delivering a course of Lectures on the Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion. This learned and ingenious gentleman, by a happy and insinuating style, blends instruction with amusement. Those of a Deistical turn of mind would, we doubt not, reap much benefit from an attendance on these Lectures, as the perspicuity of his arguments strike conviction into the most obdurate hearts.

January 19, 1785.

The general complaint in the coffee-houses for some time has been that *there is nothing in the papers*. The *politician*, who looks for the accounts of battles and sieges, marches and encampments, ambuscades and surprises, rails vehemently at the barrenness of our prints, and the want of spirit and enterprize in the sovereigns of Europe. He is angry at the Emperor and the Dutch for not going to loggerheads at once, if it were only for his entertainment. Commend me, says he, to those glorious times, when 40,000 men were killed in one engagement. This

was a feast at one's breakfast table in the morning ! but now, there is nothing to amuse, nothing to entertain, nothing to exhilarate ;—in short, through the whole four pages, he can see *nothing in the papers !*

The *old women*, who relish nothing but the relation of fatal accidents, providential escapes, broken legs and arms, and fractured skulls, complain too grievously of the present want of news. Not above one dog in a week runs mad, nor two scaffolds in a month fall down for their gratification. The dullness of the times is intolerable — *there is nothing in the papers !*

Those who are curious in physic and philosophy have equal cause to complain. We hear nothing at present of hurricanes in the West Indies, or earthquakes in Italy ; no plagues either at Smyrna or at Constantinople ; *all patients are in perfect health*, and the face of nature is uniform tranquillity : In short, all is dead, and *there is nothing in the papers.* June 29, 1785.

Died at Nesqueunia about three weeks since, the woman, who has been at the head of the sect called Shaking Quakers, and has assumed the title of the Elect Lady. What is extraordinary, a brother of hers, who was one of their principal elders, died the same week and of the same disorder : They were taken with inward bleeding, and died suddenly. It is not improbable that the manner of worship, practised by those extravagant enthusiasts, might conduce to a rupture of the vessels, and occasion this mode of dissolution ; as many of their ceremonies require such unnatural distortions, and continued agitations of every limb and muscle, as must shock the strongest constitution ; and the texture of the human body is too delicate to render it a fit habitation for such violent and disorderly spirits. We hope these instances of untimely death, in those who deemed themselves immortal, will induce others, who adopt this gymnastic religion, to compare the danger of ruining their constitutions with the benefit which may arise to their souls from such violent exercise. October 2, 1785.

The death of the Elect Lady, so called among the Shaking Quakers, has given a universal shock to her poor deluded adherents. Certain it is—they believed her to be immortal ; that Christ, in person, was making his second appearance on earth, and that he would continue till all who were to be saved should be called in, and join the church. Their faith in this strange personage, (or, as they used to term her, *Holy Mother*) was such, that they believed she sat daily in council with the Deity ; and that things past, present, and future, were ever open to her view. But alas ! this *feigned immortal*, who has long *made the simple drunk with the cup of her fornications*, is no more ! Her followers now begin to find they have been duped by an impostor. Some few, still

thirsting for the poison of *Satanic delusion*, avail themselves by saying, *She is not dead, but sleepeth.* Others, *that she is gone to prepare a place for them in glory.* October 23, 1785.

It must afford pleasure to every ingenious mind, when it reflects on the avidity with which the experiment on Balloons is seized by almost all ranks and denominations. The advancement of philosophy will most assuredly receive the assistance and applause of every friend to science, which will stimulate our enterprising geniuses to exert their abilities in the execution of some capital performance in this way, that will do honor to the invention, and add reputation to the town.

March 30, 1785.

Human nature has received another blot—and the laws of God have again been violated by the cowardly crime of suicide. Capt. Isaac Gleason of Waltham, we are told, on Wednesday last, impiously put an end to an existence he could not make. Like the villain, who destroyed the temple at Ephesus, the memories of suicides ought to be held up to the execration of posterity, and their bodies exhibited *on a stake, to blacken in the sun*, that the traveler may point at it and say, There hangs the coward fool—and meets a fate he justly merited.

January 7, 1786.

Sometime in the summer of 1785, a British ship of war, Capt. Stanhope, was in Boston harbor. The officers were often in the town, and had an altercation with some individuals, the precise nature of which is not to be learned from the notices in the papers. It appears that the Captain published an account of it in the Halifax papers, with a correspondence he had had with Governor Bowdoin relating thereto, on which the Centinel, September 17, made the following remarks:—

Insolence and ignorance never appeared in a more striking light, than they did in the letters lately sent by Capt. Stanhope to our worthy chief magistrate. Although those published in the last Thursday's papers were much altered in Nova Scotia, yet even those are enough, if there had not been enough before, to stamp his character with ineffable contempt—and hold him up to the abhorrence and detestation of every one in whose breast one spark of honor is resident. . . . The subterfuge of Mr. Stanhope's, in ushering his late correspondence, *corrected and revised*, to the public, under the cover of an Extract of a letter

from Boston, is a proceeding worthy of so piddling a *genius*. However, as we wish some of that gentleman's *original* productions may be seen, we shall endeavor to obtain a copy of the correspondence for our next Centinel.

The correspondence was published in the Centinel of September 28. The editors introduced it by saying, they should not comment much on the letters, and add, — “Insolence is a quality British officers generally lay claim to, but where ignorance and folly join hand in hand with it, the character *they* compose is too contemptible to deserve any other notice than personal chastisement. Whether *these* three qualities do not compose Mr. Stanhope's character the world may judge — and whether he does not merit the punishment, let the candid determine from his letters — they need no comment — vengeance is satisfied when *they* appear to the world as he first wrote them — and if even *his* ‘senses’ are not *agitated* by the reflection of their public appearance, we must pronounce him *really* ‘dead’ to every principle of shame.”

It was not without great difficulty that the Centinel was sustained, for several years. Money was scarce, and the collection of newspaper bills was no easier than it has been in later years. The publishers, on every fitting opportunity, expressed grateful acknowledgements to their customers, but these were generally accompanied by calls similar to the following : —

A LOUD CALL.

☞ That “times are hard” is the general complaint of all ranks of people; but that they are peculiarly so with the Printers hereof, is a certain truth, which must apologize for their now earnestly requesting those, whose accounts with them are of more than one year's standing, to make payment. *Dunning* is an unthankful business; and glad would they be, had they no occasion for it; but really the want of the

money due them, while it sickens the *whole heart*, will urge them to a conduct disagreeable in the extreme.

The effect produced by this appeal, if any, may be estimated after reading their address, six months after, namely, in March, 1786, in which they express in suitable terms their gratitude “for the very liberal encouragement, and even partiality, shown their endeavors to serve the public in the line of their profession ;” and pay “their warmest thanks in a particular manner” to their advertising friends for *their* favors. They venture to “hope that they shall profit by the experience they have acquired,” and to *enlarge* and *improve* the Centinel “at its present price.” They conclude, — “In regard to the *wherewith*, little need be said. Having experienced the public generosity, they only observe, that a display of it *now*, would positively be very timely.”

The Centinel of Wednesday, March 22, 1786, — the first number of the fifth volume, — announces the death of the senior editor, WILLIAM WARDEN, on the Saturday preceding, in the 25th year of his age. The annunciation is unaccompanied by any obituary notice, or any remark of the surviving editor. The imprint was changed to “Printed by Benjamin Russell, near the State-House, Boston.”

Agreeably to notice in the last preceding number, the Centinel was enlarged to a “Crown Folio.” The small cuts or devices were removed from the ends of the head line, and one of them, — that which represented the Genius of America on a pyramid — was placed in the centre of the line, between the words Massachusetts and Centinel. There was no other change in the typography.

It was in this year, that *the Rebellion* broke out in Massachusetts — an event which has consigned to infamy the name of Daniel Shays, the most prominent leader in that atrocious attempt to overturn the government of the state. The Centinel was a faithful watchman on the side of the constitution throughout the whole of that interesting and trying period, and exerted all its influence to quiet the fears of the timid, to stimulate the courage of the faithful, to keep down the clamor of the discontented and factious, and to uphold the cause of patriotism, order, and law. Sometimes it soberly and earnestly appealed to the good sense and judgement of the honest opponents of the measures of the government ; at other times, it assailed the mob with wit and ridicule, in sarcasm and lampoon. The latter mode was not, probably, less effectual than the former. Here are a few stanzas of

A SONG, dedicated to the Lovers of Wit, the Friends to Truth and good Government.

Come rouse, my bold boxers, 'tis Liberty calls ;
Hark ! hark, how she lustily bawls, and bawls !

It is high time, — if ever for mobbing 'twas time, —
To mobbing, ye chicks of Dame Liberty, run,
Scour up the old *whinyard* and brush up the *gun* ;

Freedom we'll chime,
While Tag, Rag, and Bobtail
Lead up the decorum, — Huzza !

Sure these are the plaguiest of all plaguy times,
When *villains* must hang for their crimes, their crimes,
And *debtors* a guantlope of bailiffs must run ;
When *rulers* must govern and *we* must obey,
And *law* down our gullets is crammed every day —

Rap, rap ! — 'tis a dun ! —

The sheriff's behind him,

We'll gag him and bind him — Huzza !

* * * * *

The senates and courts to our friend Beelzebub
We'll drive with the musket, and club, and club,

And in *apron* and *jerkin* our governor dress :
To sit in the saddle, we've men that know how,
And make all your *ruffle shirts* foot it and bow ;

The world shall confess

We've spirits in *hogsheads*,

And cunning in *foxheads*, — Huzza !

Thus no longer with *stocks* and with *pillories* vexed,
Nor with work, jail, or sheriff perplexed, perplexed,

The mob men shall rule and the great men obey ;

The world upon wheels shall be all set *agog*,

And blockheads and knaves hail the reign of King Log :

Under his sway,

Shall Tag, Rag, and Bobtail

Lead up our decorum, — Huzza !

The following, — not a bad imitation of the pastoral style of the English poets, — appeared about the time when the Rebellion was suppressed, and when Shays and his colleagues were seeking refuge in other states, or hiding themselves from the officers of the law in Massachusetts : —

SHAYS :

A REBEL ECLOGUE.

JEDIDIAH. JONAS. TIPPLE.

Two young Insurgents (where the sign-post high
Stands at the road, and speaks the tavern nigh)

Agreed to try, by song, which most could praise
Rebellion's influence, and the name of Shays :

With umpire Tipple, seated by their side,

Thus Jedidiah spoke, and Jonas thus replied.

JEDIDIAH.

Hear how the whirling winds around us blow !

And see the country buried deep in snow !

Why should we joyless doze away our time ?

Come, let's begin, and waste the morn in rhyme

JONAS.

Of Shays and liberty then let us try —

I'll wage you cannot sing so well as I.

JEDIDIAH.

Ho ! that's a pity ! thou shalt judge and see,
O cousin Tipple ! and the umpire be.

TIPPLE.

Make haste, my boys — I'll judge of what you sing,
For see ! 't is sunrise, and I want a sling.

JONAS.

See this junk bottle, once my joy and pride,
With all these curious letters on its side ;
Once it was often filled ! — Now, by my heart,
I'll bet this bottle, and it holds a quart ;
I'll wage my mare — bring you an equal stake —

JEDIDIAH.

— That should be seen, if I had one to make.
Father and I, and all hands labor sore,
And hope in time to pay the tavern score.
We've four years grievous taxes yet to pay ;
An hundred mugs of flip to wipe away ;
But since you will be mad and wage — here, take
This great tobacco-box — 't is all I stake.

JONAS.

Give us but rum, our pleasure and our pride ;
A rebel cares not how the world may slide.
Though all our evils overspread the land,
And vengeful justice should our wiles withstand,
Unawed by law, and uncontroled by sense,
Nobly we join to drive the vagrant hence.

JEDIDIAH.

What is rebellion ? grievances redressed,
Tis Policy, to most advantage dressed —
Sheriffs and duns could ne'er but conscience fret,
We clamor rather at the public debt :
Or like a bull to belch — we grieve and groan —
For public interest, and mean our own.

JONAS.

Still firm and steady let each rebel stand,
Nor dread the weight of Justice' heavy hand ;
Secure from brother Shattuck's iron box,
From whipping-posts, and pillories, and stocks ;
See from all countries hosts of rebels spring !
Hear through the ranks the martial music ring !

In cause so great let every country raise
Her fresh supplies, and aid our General Shays.

JEDIDIAH.

A little tumult is a dangerous thing —
Drink deep, or taste not, of Sedition's spring;
These mobbing draughts but gently turn the brain,
And bold Rebellion sobers us again.
Fired at the name of Shays and war's alarms,
Fierce in the cause, we tempt the heights of arms;
While from the level of our narrow mind,
Short views we take, nor see the length behind;
But more advanced, behold, with strange surprize,
New scenes of tumult and sedition rise!
So when at first Wachusett hill we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
One part attained, we tremble to survey,
The groaning labors of the crooked way;
The increasing prospect cheats our wondering eyes,
For still Wachusetts on Wachusetts rise.

JONAS.

Where carrion lies, the hungry crows abound;
Where plunder is, Insurgents will be found.
From laziness what cheerful pleasures come!
Sweet of a morning is New-England rum!
In all these blessed gifts no sweets there be —
For dearer than the whole is Shays to me.

JEDIDIAH.

I'll weave a garland for my darling Shays;
I'll twigs of hemlock and of dog-wood raise;
There the green bough of Rebels shall be seen
With sprigs of hemp and devil's-weed between.

JONAS.

The mighty wolf is baneful to the sheep;
Storms in the spring will make the farmer weep;
The lagging frosts to blossoms prove unkind,
And county courts disturb a debtor's mind;
Of Lincoln's sword more ills does Fame report,
Than of the wolves, and storms, and frosts, and county court.

TIPPLE.

Cease to contend — so well, so long you sing,
You must be dry — and I, too, want a sling.

But hark ! what noise is this insults my ear,
Which strikes my trembling heart with rebel fear,
A troop of Lincoln's horse ! — in yonder field ! —
Lord ! — run ! — run ! — run ! or we shall all be killed.

Some, who read these sketches, may be gratified to see the following “ Protest, or Excommunication ” which was published in the Centinel, January 2, 1780, at the request of the Rev. James Freeman, minister of the Stone-Chapel, Boston : —

Whereas a certain congregation in Boston, calling themselves the first EPISCOPAL Church in said town, have, in an irregular and unconstitutional manner, introduced a Liturgy essentially differing from any used in the Episcopal Churches in this Commonwealth, and in the United States ; and have also assumed to themselves a power, unprecedented in the *said* Church, of separating to the work of the ministry, Mr. *James Freeman*, who has for some time past been their Reader, and of themselves have authorized, or pretendedly authorized him to administer the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper ; and, at the same time, most inconsistently and absurdly take to themselves the name and style of an Episcopal Church :

WE, the ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose names are underwritten, do hereby declare the proceedings of said congregation, usually meeting at the Stone Chapel in Boston, to be irregular, unconstitutional, diametrically opposite to every principle adopted in *any* Episcopal Church ; subversive of all order and regularity, and pregnant with consequences fatal to the interests of religion. And we do hereby, and in this public manner, protest against the aforesaid proceedings, to the end that all those of our communion, whenever disposed, may be cautioned against receiving said Reader, or Preacher, (Mr. *James Freeman*,) as a clergyman of our Church, or holding any communion with him as such, and may be induced to look upon his congregation in the light, in which it ought to be looked upon by all true Episcopalians.

Signed by EDWARD BASS, NATHANIEL FISHER, SAMUEL PARKER, THOMAS FITCH OLIVER, WILLIAM MONTAGUE, JOHN C. OGDEN, ministers of Episcopal Churches in Newburyport, Salem, Boston, Marblehead, and Portsmouth.

The Constitution of the United States was adopted in the Convention on the 17th of September, 1787. It

was published entire in the Centinel on the 26th of the same month, together with the Resolve and the Circular addressed to the State Conventions. From that time till its ratification by all the states, Russell devoted all his powers to secure its adoption. Every argument in its favor was strenuously urged by him or his correspondents, and every objection was answered or refuted. A series of essays in favor of the constitution, — first published at Hartford, and supposed to be written by Oliver Ellsworth, — were republished in the Centinel, and many articles of the same character from other intelligent and influential sources, were commended to public consideration. Russell was one of the Boston Mechanics, who held a succession of meetings at the “Green Dragon Tavern,” in Boston, to represent the sentiments of that respectable class of citizens in a Memorial to the State Convention of Massachusetts — a document, which had great influence with that body, and which (as Governor Hancock is reported to have said) turned the scale in favor of the constitution.

While the several State Conventions were deliberating on the proposed constitution, Russell kept the account of their progress “posted up,” in detail, with scrupulous fidelity. When the news arrived in Boston that Delaware had ratified the constitution, the Centinel added to the intelligence, a remark in the peculiar vein of the editor: — “The State of Delaware being the first to adopt, ratify, and confirm the American Constitution, argues well. It is a good maxim, which inculcates the practice of *‘entering at the little end of the horn;’* — as, at every step we take, our circle is increased, and our basis progressively growing broader and broader.”

“Ten States (he continues,) have called Conventions. South-Carolina we have not heard from — New-York, as yet, could not, — and Rhode-Island, (*shame come upon her rulers for it !*) will not. The call of conventions is tantamount to the final adoption of the constitution — as, in these assemblies, such unanswerable arguments will be given, as must convince every member, disposed to hearken to truth, of the expediency of the measure, whatever may have been their former sentiments respecting it.”

Again, in his next paper, — “Three pillars of the great Dome of Federal Empire are reared, — and, as the convention of Georgia has been in session, and that of Connecticut will sit next week, — we hope soon to have it in our power to felicitate our readers on the better half of the pile being completed.” A few weeks after, on the 9th of January, 1788, the editorial department leads off with the following supplicatory paragraph: —

This day the Convention of this state are to meet for the purpose of assenting to and ratifying the Federal Constitution. May the GREAT IDEA fill the mind of every member of this honorable body, that Heaven, on this auspicious occasion, favors America with an opportunity, never before enjoyed by the sons of men, of establishing a form of government, *peaceably and deliberately*, which will secure to these states all those blessings which give worth to existence or dignity to man, PEACE, LIBERTY, and SAFETY! — And may the guardian God of our “dear country” inspire the convention of this Commonwealth with *wisdom, disinterestedness, and patriotism* equal to the display of those virtues in our sister states, who have already erected Three Pillars of the glorious Fabrick of the Federal Republick.

In the next Centinel, the proceedings of the Convention are reported, briefly, in detail. Here is the *editorial* description of the body: —

THE CONVENTION.

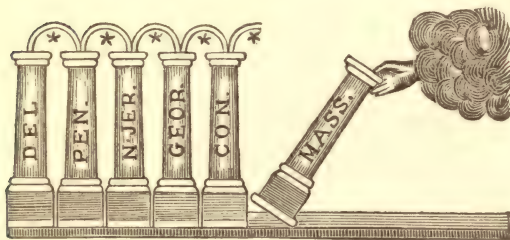
Concentered **HERE**, the united wisdom shines
 Of learned **JUDGES** and of sound **DIVINES**;
PATRIOTS, whose virtues searching times have tried;
HEROES, who fought where **BROTHER HEROES** died;
LAWYERS, who speak as **TULLY** spoke before;
SAGES, deep read in philosophic lore:
MERCHANTS, whose plans are to no realms confined;
FARMERS, the noblest title of mankind;
YEOMEN and **TRADESMEN**, pillars of the state;
 On whose decision hangs **COLUMBIA'S** fate.

Thus, the various orders, which constitute the great Family of the Commonwealth, concur to form the august, the honorable Convention, now sitting in this metropolis. To this enlightened and respectable body, the eyes not only of their *constituents*, but of **AMERICA**, and the world, are turned. And, from the rays of intelligence, which beam from every quarter of the assembly, we fondly anticipate the most learned, candid, and patriotic discussion of the great subject of the Constitution.

Next came the information that Georgia and Connecticut had ratified the Constitution, and the Centinel thus announced the intelligence: —

States, like the generous vine, supported live —
 The strength they gain is from the embrace they give.


THE FEDERAL PILLARS.



UNITED THEY STAND — DIVIDED THEY FALL.

A vessel from Georgia confirms the pleasing intelligence, that that state has unanimously ratified the Federal Constitution. Thus is a **FIFTH PILLAR** added to the glorious Fabrick. May Massachusetts rear the **SIXTH**.

As we predicted in our last, so it happened. Monday morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells in this metropolis, on account of the pleasing intelligence received by Saturday night's mail, that the State of Connecticut had added a **FOURTH PILLAR** to that **GRAND REPUBLICAN STRUCTURE**, the **FEDERAL CONSTITUTION**.

Similar announcements were made as the states successively adopted the constitution,—a new pillar was added to the device in the Centinel,—and the intelligence was given in language of the same jubilant character. In August, 1788, when eleven states had adopted it, the eleven corresponding pillars in the cut stood perpendicular: that representing North-Carolina was raised to an angle of about forty-five degrees; that for Rhode-Island was broken, just above the base, which stood firm, while the shaft was in a sloping posture, and at the capital was this inscription, “ *The foundation good—it may yet be SAVED.*” Over the whole range of pillars, in large capitals, were the words,—“**REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.**” Under it was the following:—

THE FEDERAL EDIFICE.

ELEVEN STARS, in quick succession rise,
 ELEVEN COLUMNS strike our wondering eyes;
 Soon, o'er the *whole*, shall swell the beauteous DOME,
 COLUMBIA'S boast, and FREEDOM'S hallowed home.
 Here shall the ARTS in glorious splendor shine,
 And AGRICULTURE give her stores divine;
 COMMERCE refined, dispense us more than gold,
 And this new world teach WISDOM to the old;
 RELIGION here shall fix her blest abode,
 Arrayed in *mildness*, like its parent, GOD;
 JUSTICE and LAW shall endless PEACE maintain,
 And the “SATURNIAN AGE” return again.

Russell was a constant attendant in the Massachusetts Convention, and reported the debates for the Centinel. These reports he afterwards revised, with the aid of the

principal speakers, and published in a duodecimo volume. Very few copies of this book are now in existence, and those few are highly valued by their owners. The sittings of the Convention were held in the old meeting-house, which stood on the site now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Gannett's meeting-house in Federal-street. This street was then known by the name of Long Lane, a name, which was changed for that, which it bears now, immediately after the adoption of the constitution. In a memorandum, now before me, Russell says — "I had never studied stenography, nor was there any person then in Boston that understood reporting. The presiding officer of the Convention sat in the Deacon's seat, under the pulpit. I took the pulpit for my reporting desk, and a very good one it was. I succeeded well enough in this my first effort to give a tolerably fair report in my next paper; but the puritanical notions had not entirely faded away, and I was voted out of the pulpit. A stand was fitted up for me in another place, and I proceeded with my reports, generally to the acceptance of the Convention. The doubts that still existed as to whether enough of the states would come into the compact to make the constitution binding, made the proceedings of the Convention intensely interesting. When the news arrived of the acceptance of it by the State of Virginia, there was a most extraordinary outbreak of rejoicing. It seemed as if the meeting-house would burst with the acclamation."

Soon after the ratification by Massachusetts, Russell gave utterance to his exultation in the following Song : —

THE RAISING :

A NEW SONG FOR FEDERAL MECHANICS.

Come, muster, my Lads, your mechanical tools,
Your Saws and your Axes, your Hammers and Rules ;
Bring your Mallets and Planes, your Level and Line,
And plenty of Pins of American Pine.

For our roof we will raise, and our song shall still be —

A government firm, and our citizens free.

Come, up with the *Plates*, lay them firm on the wall,
Like the people at large, they 're the ground-work of all ;
Examine them well, and see that they 're sound ;
Let no rotten parts in our building be found.

For our roof we will raise, and our song shall still be —

Our government firm, and our citizens free.

Now hand up the *Girders*, lay each in his place ;
Between them the *Joists* must divide all the space ;
Like Assembly-men, *these* should lie level along,
Like *Girders*, our Senate prove loyal and strong.

For our roof we will raise, and our song shall still be —

A government firm, over citizens free.

The *Rafters* now frame — your *King-Posts* and *Braces*,
And drive your Pins home, to keep all in their places ;
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your Pins be all made of American Pine :

For our roof we will raise, and our song shall still be —

A government firm, over citizens free.

Our *King-Posts* are Judges — how upright they stand,
Supporting the *Braces*, the laws of the land —
The laws of the land, which divide right from wrong,
And strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.

For our roof we will raise, and our song shall still be —

Laws equal and just for a people that 's free.

Up! up with the *Rafters* — each frame is a State !
How nobly they rise! their span, too, how great !
From the North to the South, o'er the whole they extend,
And rest on the Walls, while the walls they defend.

For our roof we will raise, and our song shall still be —

Combin-ed in strength, yet, as citizens, free.

Now enter the *Purlins*, and drive your Pins through,
And see that your *Joints* are drawn home, and all true ;

The *Purlins* will bind all the *Rafters* together,
 The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather;
For our roof we will raise, and our song shall still be —
United as States, but as citizens free.

Come raise up the *Turret*, — our glory and pride,
 In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to preside;
 The Sons of Columbia shall view with delight
 Its *PILLARS* and *ARCHES*, and towering height!
Our roof is now raised, and our song shall still be —
A Federal Head o'er a people still free.

Huzza, my brave boys! our work is complete,
 The world shall admire Columbia's fair seat;
 Its strength against tempests and time shall be proof,
 And thousands shall come to dwell under our *ROOF*.
Whilst we drain the deep bowl, our toast shall still be —
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

The Song, which follows, published in the Centinel of January 31, 1789, — after twelve states had adopted the constitution, chosen a President, and Representatives to the first Congress, — is not distinguished as original; but it partakes so liberally of the spirit and style of Russell, that, if it was not written by him, I must believe it was composed from his dictation: —

MECHANICS' SONG.

BY ABRAHAM AIMWELL, ESQ.

Ye merry Mechanics, come join in my song,
 And let the brisk chorus come bounding along;
 Though some may be poor, and some rich there may be,
 And yet all are contented, and happy, and free.

Ye *Tailors*, of ancient and noble renown,
 Who clothe all the people in country and town,
 Remember that Adam, your father and head,
 Though lord of the world, was a *Tailor* by trade.

Ye *Masons*! who work in stone, mortar and brick,
 And lay the foundations deep, solid and thick,
 Though hard be your labor, yet lasting your fame,
 Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.

Ye *Smiths*, who forge tools for all trades here below,
You have nothing to fear, while you smite and you blow;
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,
If you 're careful to *strike while the iron is hot*.

Ye *Shoemakers*! nobly, from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with *awl* to the *last*,
And *Cobblers* all merry, not only stop holes,
But work, night and day, for the good of our *soles*.

Ye *Cabinet-makers*! brave workers in wood,
As you work for the ladies, your work must be good;
And *Joiners*, and *Carpenters*, far off and near,
Stick close to your trades, and you 've nothing to fear.

Ye *Hatters*! who oft, with hands not very fair,
Fix hats on a block, for a blockhead to wear,
Though *charity* cover a sin, now and then,
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.

Ye *Coach-makers*! must not by tax be controlled,
But ship off your coaches, and bring us home gold; —
The roll of your coach made Copernicus reel,
And fancy the world to turn round, like a wheel.

Ye *Carders*, and *Spinners*, and *Weavers*! attend,
And take the advice of Poor Richard your friend;
Stick close to your looms, and your wheels, and your card,
And you never need fear of the times being hard.

Ye *Printers*! who give us our learning and news,
And impartially print for Turks, Christians, and Jews,
Let your favorite toast ever sound through the streets —
The freedom of press, and a volume in sheets.

Ye *Coopers*! who rattle with *driver* and *adze*,
And lecture each day upon hoops and on heads,
The famous old ballad of *Love in a tub*,
You may sing to the tune of your rub-a-dub dub.

Ye *Ship-builders*! *Riggers*, and *Makers of Sails*!
Already the New Constitution prevails;
And soon you shall see o'er the proud swelling tide,
The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride.

Each *Tradesman* turn out with his tool in his hand,
To cherish the *arts*, and keep peace through the land;
Each 'prentice and *journeyman* join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus come bounding along.

I must introduce one more article as a specimen of Russell's jubilant style of announcing the progress of federal principles. It appeared soon after the inauguration of Washington in 1789. There can be no doubt as to the authorship of this article. The *allegory* is one which Russell always delighted to introduce, and in the indulgence of which he was generally successful and happy : —

THE FEDERAL SHIP.



Just launched on the *Ocean of Empire*, the Ship COLUMBIA, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Commander, which, after being thirteen years in *dock*, is at length well *manned*, and in very good condition. The Ship is a *first rate* — has a good *bottom*, which all the Builders have pronounced *sound* and *good*. Some objection has been made to parts of the *tackling*, or *running rigging*, which, it is supposed, will be *altered*, when they shall be found to be *incommodious*, as the Ship is able to make very good *headway* with them as they are. A *jury of Carpenters* have this matter now under consideration. The *Captain* and *First Mute* are universally esteemed by all the Owners — Eleven* in number — and she has been *insured*, under their direction, to make a good *mooring* in the *harbor* of Public Prosperity and Felicity — whitherto she is bound. The Owners can furnish, besides the Ship's Company, the following materials : — *New-Hampshire*, the Masts and Spars ; *Massachusetts*, Timber for the Hull, Fish, &c. ; *Connecticut*, Beef and Pork ; *New-York*, Porter and other Cabin stores ; *New-Jersey*, the Cordage ; *Pennsylvania*, Flour and Bread ; — *Delaware*, the Colors, and Clothing for the Crew ; *Maryland*, the Iron work and small Anchors ; *Virginia*, Tobacco and the Sheet Anchor ; *South-Carolina*, Rice ; and *Georgia*, Powder and small Provisions. Thus found, may this *good Ship* put to sea, and the prayer of all is, that GOD may preserve her, and bring her in *safety* to her *desired haven*.

In February, 1789, as the time drew near for the organization of the government under the constitution, Russell published the Pasquinade, which follows. Some

* Only eleven States had then adopted the Constitution. North-Carolina and Rhode Island are not recognized as owners of the Ship.

allusions contained in it are not readily understood ; and perhaps the application of its satire, in some instances, may, at the present day, be deemed hardly justifiable ; but *that* was not the day when newspaper editors and their correspondents hesitated to speak their thoughts freely, and with a freedom, which was afterwards *dignified* with the epithet *libelous*, and attributed to the *licentiousness of the Press* : —

Notwithstanding the medical exertions of a *celebrated Physician* — the prescriptions of three *gubernatorial Esculapians* — and the endeavors of the whole fraternity of *State Quacks* and *Mountebanks* to prolong its existence — in convulsions the most violent — in contortions and wreathings the most painful, on *Wednesday* last, finished its wicked career,

The Genius of Antifederalism.

It was born in August, 1787 — was aged 17 months. Though thus cut off in its childhood, it still lived to do much mischief ; and to have grown so detestable, that even its friends — its foster-parents, shewed the utmost resentment whenever called by its name : It has, however expired, a striking instance of the truth of the adage, — “ *The wicked shall not live half their days.*”

On WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4th, the funeral obsequies will be consummated — when a GRAND PROCESSION will be formed.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

The DEMON of REBELLION,

drawn in a flaming Car, by *Ignorance, Knavery, and Idleness.*

DANIEL SH-Ys, and JOHN FR-NKLIN,

armed with *levelers* in their right, and halters in their left hands.

DAY, SHATTUCK, &c. &c. their followers, two and two, each with *caps and bells.*

Several “ *great men* ” their abettors, in *disguise.*

CHIEF PHYSICIAN —

Supporters,

Injustice,

Abuse,

Prevarication,

THE BODY.

Supporters,

Knavery,

Defamation,

Falsehood.

His SATANIC MAJESTY — Chief Mourner.

His standard — motto — “*The prop of my
Empire is fallen.*”

A KNOW-YE Rhode-Islander — and a *pine-barren* Carolinian, in
sackcloth, with brazen helmets — crest “*A Highwayman
robbing by law,*” motto — “’Tis power which
sanctifies a crime.”

A cart drawn by *Fraud* — with Paper-Money, Tender-Laws, &c.
the sides painted, “*Be it enacted,*” &c.

The GODDESS of DISCORD — in weepers.

— In her right hand a torch expiring — in her left a bloody
sword broken.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, SILAS DEANE, &c. with swords embossed,
“*In ’75 we were right.*”

A standard, motto, “*Birds of a feather flock together.*”

HON. PATRICK H-NRY, of Virginia,

Bearing a scroll, with the words, “*In the creation of TWO
Confederacies are all my hopes of greatness.*”

His Excel. G. CL-NT-N, Esq.

In both hands a Purse, tied up. The words thereon,

“*If New-York loses the Impost, I lose thee.*”

The GENIUS of IMBECILITY,

In a car — painted on both sides with hieroglyphicks. “*A ship
rotting in the harbor. — An English Crow picking the Eagle’s eyes out —
the Eagle asleep; his talons cut — an American fort, with English colors —
a rusty sword — a broken ploughshare — starving mechanics — broken
merchants, &c.*”

200 Wrongheads, two and two.

“*While we’re in, let’s keep in.*”

A WOLF, covered with the golden fleece of a LAMB, marked
4000l. per ann.

The Geniuses of the Philad. Gazetteer — New-York Journal —
Boston Gazette, &c. in their original blackness;

“*The days of our years are evil and few.*”

A cart, with antifederal Pamphlets, Essays, Protests, &c. in reams,
marked “*waste-paper.*”

GALEN and the Junto — two and two.

The GODDESS of POVERTY — in tatters —

“*Follow me, my sons,*” she cries,

“*We do,*” each scribbler replies.

A dray with stumps of pens, broken inkstands, &c.

Antifederal Scribblers, in dishabille, two and two, chaunting the
following lines: — *Who will close the Procession.*

Our prospects how fleeting, how feeble our cause,
Engag'd as we 've been, in subverting the laws :
Though we 've spread far and wide our libels and lies,
And *Anties* at heart, assum'd *Freedom's* fair guise.
Tho' WASHINGTON, and FRANKLIN, each scribbler defames,
And slanders with malice their actions and names ;
Though ADAMS, and JAY, and your HAMILTON too,
Are libel'd and black'd by each cur of our crew ;
Tho' we 've slander'd you much both abroad and at home,
And strove to demolish the FEDERAL DOME,
Yet finding our *Genius* to *Erebus* fled,
And in its disease all our prospects lie dead,
The time of contrition 's assuredly come —
And we wait from the Feds our sentence and doom.
But with truth we can say, what we fear to deny,
That we 've felt *heretofore*, as if telling a lie.
While engag'd in this cause we seldom had rest,
For the gnaw-worm of conscience has tortur'd our breast —
Then forgive us, ye Feds, though we ask it thus late —
Our grief is sincere as our crimes have been great.

It was in the course of the following winter that a series of essays over the signature of LACO* appeared in the Centinel, intended to affect the re-election of Governor Hancock — against whose administration some dissatisfaction had manifested itself. These essays were written in a style not unworthy of a Junius. They were severe, but not unmannerly. Many were startled at the exposure of the Governor's faults and weaknesses, who had never before indulged a thought that he was not as perfect as a created man could be. Laco was attacked, by several writers in the Centinel, and most ferociously abused in the Chronicle, both by the editors and their correspondents. The real author of these essays was not immediately known, and the bitterness of

* Stephen Higginson, an eminent merchant of Boston.

his opponents seemed to increase with every baffled attempt to discover him.

Russell was a great stickler for honorary titles. Soon after the constitution went into operation, a newspaper discussion sprung up on the question whether any, and if any, what titles should be given to the President, Vice-President, Members of Congress, and Cabinet Ministers. The Centinel made a hard push for high-sounding titles—the Chronicle and Boston Gazette fought as boldly against them. A correspondent of the Centinel proposed that the President should be addressed as “His Majesty the President of the United States,” and to this proposition Russell yielded his cordial assent. He also proposed that the address of the Vice-President should be “His Excellency ;” — that of a Senator “Most Honorable ;” — and that of a Representative “Honorable.” In accordance with this scale of dignity, these different degrees of honor were sometimes used, but the practice was not ratified by the public sentiment. The Centinel, on some occasions, would say — “Yesterday the Most Honorable ———, Esq. set out on his journey to New-York,” “The Honorable ———, Esq. yesterday took his seat in the House of Representatives,” &c. Whatever title was placed before a name, Russell always put “Esq.” at the end of it; and this was his uniform practice. No man, who had ever been a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, was spoken of in the Centinel, while Russell was its editor, without these additions to his name.*

* It is still common in Massachusetts, to address our Senators as “Honorable Mr. ———,” though they have no more claim to the distinction, either by law or courtesy, than any other individuals. The custom is ineffably ridiculous, and is a legitimate subject for the pen of the satirist.

THE COLUMBIAN CENTINEL.

On the 16th of June, 1790, the Centinel was published with this new title on an enlarged sheet, with improved typography, and containing the following address

TO THE PATRONS OF THE CENTINEL.

The multiplicity of political events, which are daily augmenting as the *United States* progress as a CONFEDERATED REPUBLIC, has induced the editor to increase THE CENTINEL to the respectable size, in which it this day appears; without any immediate advance of price. At TWO DOLLARS *per annum*, THE CENTINEL is the cheapest paper ever printed in this or any other part of America; and the Editor wishes long to be able to adhere to that price: If, however, Experience should make him *feel* that it is too low; and cruel *Necessity* should oblige him to raise it—the principle of gratitude for past favors will constrain him not to increase the half-yearly charge more than *Eight Pence*; and in this *small addition*, he doubts not his liberal Patrons will cheerfully acquiesce. Due notice will be given of the period when the rise, if *necessary*, shall take place.—At present, *Calculation* designates the middle of *September*, when the *semi-annual* accounts of THE CENTINEL are usually made out—HOPE points to a period more remote.

At all times, the Editor has *felt* the liveliest emotions of gratitude for the patronage he has received—and he has embraced every opportunity of acknowledging that such have been his impressions: On the present occasion he presents his Patrons the renewed tribute of unfeigned thanks for their friendship and partiality.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL.

From this date the Centinel took a decided and high rank among the newspapers that were springing up in every part of the country. The advertising custom rapidly increased, and the income soon became sufficient to insure a pecuniary independence to the proprietor. It took strong ground in support of Washington, and all the measures of the federal administration. Washington was accused by the persons, who had opposed the

constitution, of entertaining an undue partiality for England, and wanting in gratitude to France. Mr. Adams, the Vice-President, and Mr. Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, were also placed under the ban of the opposition, and pursued with relentless ferocity. The Centinel, as the leading journal of the Federalists of Massachusetts, ably defended the administration, and pushed the war most vigorously into the ranks of the opposition.

While Congress was holding its first session, Russell wrote to the Department of State, and offered to publish gratuitously, all the laws and other official documents — the country being then almost or quite bankrupt. All laws and other papers emanating from the various departments of the government, were accordingly transmitted to him and were published “by authority.” At the end of several years, he was called upon for his bill. It was made out, and in compliance with his pledge, was receipted. On being informed of the fact, General Washington said, — “This must not be. When Mr. Russell offered to publish the laws without pay, we were poor. It was a generous offer. We are now able to pay our debts. This is a debt of honor, and must be discharged.” A few days after, Russell received a check for *seven thousand dollars*, the full amount of his bill.

About this time began the warfare between the Centinel and the Chronicle, which lasted till after the close of the war of 1812. The Centinel being the organ of the Federalists, and the Chronicle that of the Jacobins, — as the opposition was then called, — the columns of both papers teemed with hostility and invective,

and frequently with not a little of vulgar abuse. Persons, who have a taste for this sort of reading, by referring to the files of these papers for twenty-five years following 1790, will find abundant matter for its gratification. Irritating personal reflections and altercations were frequent, and some times led to rencontres of a disagreeable nature. These mutually exasperating remarks upon the editors and their correspondents produced an affray, which will be best learned from the annexed article, which appeared in the American Apollo. Russell never alluded to the affair in his paper until after the trial for the offence he was alleged to have committed; nor would he even then, probably, had he not been prompted by some of his friends. The report appeared in the Apollo of March 29, 1793, and undoubtedly embraces an authentic statement of the facts in the case: —

In the month of January, 1792, the inhabitants of the town of Boston were assembled for the purpose of passing a final determination upon a question, which had been long in agitation, and upon which they all felt interested in the highest degree. The meeting was very numerous, and the hall in which they were assembled much crowded. When the question was taken, the moderator declared himself unable to determine, by the show of hands, which side had prevailed; it was therefore agreed to adopt another method of ascertaining the majority: that those who were on one side should all go out of the hall, and that the selectmen, together with two persons then to be chosen, one from either side, should stand at the door of the hall, and count the voters as they should pass; after which those of the other party should go out and be counted in the same manner. In pursuance of this agreement, Benjamin Austin, jun. was chosen as the teller on one side, and accepted the office. Dr. Jarvis, Dr. Eustis, and Mr. Lucas were then successively chosen for the other side, and declined serving; upon which Benjamin Russell was chosen and accepted the trust. Immediately upon which, Mr. Austin, who was near the middle of the hall, and had been making his way towards the door, turned round, addressed the

moderator, and said, he must decline serving; that he would cheerfully serve with Dr. Jarvis, Dr. Eustis, or *any other gentleman*, but not with *such a fellow as Ben Russell*.

The next day after this Mr. Russell, upon being asked whether he did not intend to resent the insult he had received the day before, said he would ask him whether he meant it as a personal affront to him, or as a general reflection upon him as a tradesman; and if he should answer the former, he would spit in his face and wring his nose. Accordingly he sought Mr. Austin upon the exchange, and when he had found him, asked the question just mentioned; to which Mr. Austin answered that he would have nothing to do with Ben Russell; and afterwards added, that he did not choose to put himself upon a par with Ben Russell. Upon this denial of satisfaction, and repetition of insult, Russell did as he had threatened, spit in his face, and reproached him with virulent and abusive language.

Such, as appeared in evidence, was the transaction upon which the action was grounded, in which the plaintiff laid his damages at one thousand pounds; and, by way of aggravating the offence, he had alleged that, at the time when it happened, he was a Senator for the county of Suffolk, and that the Senate was then in session.

The defence made by Mr. Russell's counsel upon the trial, was of two kinds. First, they denied the fact. Upon this, however, they laid but little stress. They were sensible of its weakness: for it was supported only by the acknowledgement of the plaintiff himself. It was proved that Mr. Austin had, in conversation with several members of the Senate, denied that Russell had spit in his face; but it was also proved that, at another time, he had said his agitation of mind was so extreme at the time, that he did not know whether he had been spitten upon or not. In common cases, the confession of the party is the best evidence that can be offered against him; but, in the present instance, where it was variant from itself, incredible in its own nature, and contradicted by positive and credible evidence, it could not be expected to have any weight with the jury, and the defendant's counsel, therefore, placed but little reliance upon it. Their second and substantial point was, in mitigation of damages; they contended that although the jury, as the organs of the law, must pronounce Mr. Russell guilty, yet they could not consider the injury in any other than a very trivial light as it respected the plaintiff. He had drawn it upon himself. In the presence of twelve hundred of their fellow-citizens, he had outrageously insulted a man, whose situation in life was very far from being disreputable: he had thus insulted him, without assigning any reason whatever for so doing, and at a moment when the object of the insult had

received a mark of respect from the inhabitants of the town, by an appointment to execute a duty, in their opinion, of considerable importance. When called upon by this injured man, to explain himself, and to avow the principle upon which he had treated him so contemptuously, instead of giving the satisfaction so justly required, he had repeated the insult, with circumstances of additional aggravation. It was an injury, which no man of common spirit could endure; yet it was of such a nature, that the laws of the country had not provided any remedy for the sufferer. If, under a sense of indignation at such treatment, Mr. Russell's resentment had hurried him beyond the limits of moderation, and led him to take his own satisfaction, by retorting upon the offender, an insult of a still higher nature, he could not indeed be justified for his violation of the rigid letter of the law, but surely the disgrace inflicted upon the plaintiff could not entitle him to any considerable compensation in damages: that, as to his Senatorial capacity, the respect and veneration of the people, in a free republican government, was due to the public offices themselves, not to the men who hold them: That it was ridiculous to suppose the honor or reputation of any man could be the more or the less precious to him, from the circumstances of his being in a public character; and that, as he was not, at the time when the affair occurred, in the execution of his office, he could not be considered in a different light from any other citizen under similar circumstances.

Upon this defence, the opinion of the Court was unanimous, that the previous insult offered by the plaintiff was a proper subject of consideration by the jury, in mitigation of damages. As to the point whether his Senatorial character was a legal circumstance of aggravation, there was some diversity of opinion. Judge Dawes thought it was a principle, upon which every man must judge for himself; and therefore left it altogether to the jury. Judge Sumner inclined to the supposition that it was not any subject of aggravation except when the plaintiff is in the actual execution of his official duties. Judge Paine and the Chief Justice were clear and decided, that it was a circumstance of aggravation, and that it ought to have great weight with a jury in the estimation of damages; at the same time, they expressed, in as full and unequivocal a manner, the sentiment that no official rank or dignity whatever could authorize the man invested with it, wantonly to insult the feelings of even the humblest member of the community; that, if a man clothed with authority would descend from his eminence to injure a private citizen, he ought not to be allowed to draw after him the atmosphere of his elevation for his protection.

The jury, after retiring for a few minutes, returned with a verdict, finding guilty, and assessing damages for the plaintiff in the sum of twenty shillings.

Of the political doggerels that were published in the *Centinel*, in this early stage of the party strife, the following is a specimen : —

SONG.

To be sung at the Quarterly Meeting of the Jacobin Club in this town :
 Stanzas by the President and Officers, — Chorus by the united voices
 of the whole Fraternity. The taste of the Society would rather have
 preferred the music of *Ca Ira*, but as that respectable body loves to
 turn things topsy-turvy, it finally agreed upon a perversion of the
 old “ Rule Britannia.”

When first CONFUSION's tattered train
 From Night and gloomy Anarch rose,
 This was the measure of the strain,
 And this the matchless theme they chose : —
Rule, Confusion, rule the Free ;
Order shall submit to thee.

'Tis ours to bid Ambition drop,
 To bid the germ of Genius fade,
 To clip the golden wings of Hope,
 And scorn the Hero's sainted shade : —
Rule, Confusion, &c.

While peaceful Virtue joys to find
 Protective *Law's* pacific reign,
 Ours is the bold unbiased Mind,
 And ours the War-exciting strain : —
Rule, Confusion, &c.

So from the dread volcano's breath,
 The mingling elements are driven,
 That blast the yellow-waving heath,
 And dim the sparkling eye of Heaven : —
Rule, Confusion, &c.

No son of science e'er shall tread
 With classic step this ritual ground ;
 Ne'er shall the ray of Genius shed
 Its visionary light around : —
Rule, Confusion, &c.

But Gallic counsels shall preside,
And Gallic hopes inspire the soul
To trample on the statesman's pride,
And give to Anarchy the whole :—
Rule, Confusion, &c.

Dear Goddess of the Gorgon Eye !
'Tis thine to bid the Arts decay,
To bid the Child of Genius die
And tear his laureled crown away :—
Rule, Confusion, &c.

So when the bickering flame extends
To earth, the trophied marble bows ;
No more the sculptured dome ascends,
No more the breathing canvas glows :
Rule, Confusion, &c.

With equal passion, equal power,
Around each jetty brother stands ;
For equal Wisdom guides the hour,
And equal Honesty commands
*Rule, Confusion, rule the Free,
Vanquished Order bows to thee.*

April 9, 1794.

In 1795, the Spirit of Federalism began to manifest the maturity of its strength in the Centinel. It was in that year that the ratification of the commercial treaty with Great-Britain, (generally called Jay's treaty) created great popular excitement. The Jacobin societies, which had then become numerous throughout the Union, were violent in their opposition. Mobs were frequent in the large cities and towns, and Boston was rather infamously distinguished by these popular demonstrations of dissatisfaction. For several nights in succession, companies of mischief-loving individuals paraded the streets, carrying an effigy of Mr. Jay, and other emblems of mobocracy, making night hideous with their shouts and brawls. One of the devices carried in these nocturnal

processions, was an illuminated shell of a water-melon, representing a man's face, accompanied by a scurrilous label. The Centinel, as usual, was on the side of order and law, and denounced the mobs and their leaders in terms like the following: — "The laws prostrate, — the magistrates literally trodden under foot — women and children frightened — bonfires made in the centre of the town — oaths and imprecations, united with threats *to tear the hearts of magistrates from their breasts*, and roast them at a fire: " — *such*, it said, was a sad picture, but a true one. Application was made to Governor Adams for the exercise of his authority to put a stop to these outrages; but he excused himself from any interference, and turned off the applicants, it was said, with a declaration, that *it was nothing but a water-melon frolic*. After the actors in these scenes had become tired of their sport, and the excitement had in some degree passed away, some one wrote for the Centinel a series of communications, entitled "A brief History of the Rise and Progress of the recent Mobs and Riots," which contain many facts, valuable to those who seek to be familiar with the early history of the two great political parties, which, for half a century, struggled for *the balance of power*.

It was about this time (perhaps a little earlier) that the celebrated Monsieur Talleyrand, who, afterwards acted so prominent a part in the negotiations between the French Directory and the Envoys of the United States, was in Boston, and frequently visited the editor of the Centinel. Louis Philippe and one of his brothers were also there at the same time. Louis was introduced to Russell by Talleyrand. The French ex-

iles lived with another French exile, or emigrant, a tailor, by the name of Amblard, who kept a shop at the corner of State-street and Wilson's lane, where the Globe Bank now stands. They were frequent visitors at the Centinel office, and especially on the occasion of every fresh arrival from Europe, to learn the news from their country. Russell had regular files of the *Moniteur*, the official journal of the Directory, which to these exiles was peculiarly interesting. At one of these visits, they observed Russell taking snuff from a parcel in a bit of brown paper, and asked him if he had no other snuff-box. He replied, he could not afford a better. The next day Talleyrand brought a gold one and presented to him. "This, (said Russell,) I kept many years. It suddenly vanished; by what agency I never *knew*; but *suspected* that my better half popped it into the crucible." While he resided in Boston, Louis Philippe opened a school for teaching the French language, and received his pupils at the house of Amblard. As an acknowledgment of the civilities he had received from Russell, he presented to him an *Atlas*, and a French work on Geography. The *Atlas* was of great service to Russell. It was always on his table, and he seldom wrote or published an article concerning the movements of the hostile armies in Europe, without referring to it to authenticate the intelligence.

In 1796, the bills making appropriations for carrying into effect the treaty with Great-Britain, were subjects of long, interesting, and angry debate in the House of Representatives. The bills were reported in the early part of the session, but met with powerful and obstinate opposition in both houses of Congress. In many towns

in Massachusetts, the people held meetings, and adopted petitions to Congress, praying for a speedy determination of the business; but the bills were not finally passed till the fourth of May. On announcing their passage, Russell let out his enthusiasm in strains like these: — “The Public Spirit of Massachusetts never before accorded so truly with the finest chords of Federalism, as it has done, in the late rising *en masse* of THE PEOPLE, to make known their wishes and expectations on the subject of the treaty. Their voice has been heard and has had its due influence. The CRISIS, at which the Peace, Happiness, and Prosperity of our country stood suspended, has passed by; *Confidence* has assumed its wonted security; and *Business* again trips lightly to the music of the *sledge*, the *hammer*, and the *axe*. On the great question now decided, we congratulate our Country. It will be a memorable era in the history of the United States.”

Again, before the end of many days, his extatic emotions broke out in the following manner: —

ALL 'S WELL!

Is still the watchword of the Centinel, notwithstanding all the croakings and abuse of the Ravens of the Chronicle. Let us trace the truth.

“ALL IS WELL”

With America's guardian friend, THE PRESIDENT. He is now satisfied in seeing the great end of all his toils and sufferings attained — the Peace and Independence of his country secured.

“ALL IS WELL”

With the constituted authorities of the Union — the first and second branches having given being to the *Instrument of Peace*; and a majority of the “*immediate Representatives*” of the People have confirmed its existence by making for its support the most ample appropriations.

“ALL IS WELL”

With the *State Governments*. Their duty is *easy*, and the taxes of their constituents *light*.

“ALL IS WELL”

With the *Yeomanry* of the United States. They have prayed for the continuance of peace, and their prayers have been heard. The labors of their hands prosper and flourish. They have no burdens but those they wish to bear, as men interested in the support of good government and order. They have borne the *toils* of war; they are now reaping the *fruits* of peace.

“ALL IS WELL”

With the *Merchants*. They have, as with one voice, prayed as the Farmers have prayed, and have been heard as they have been heard. *Peace* still continues to heap blessings on their enterprize. Every tide wafts them riches. Every gale in every climate swells their canvas.

“ALL IS WELL”

With the *Mechanics*. They, too, with the Farmers and Merchants have prayed for Peace, and been heard. The sound of every instrument of *handicraft* and *industry* is heard from the rising to the setting sun, from the St. Croix to the St. Mary's. The reward of their laborious toils is sure; and the industrious man now sees the yearly accumulation of his property with redoubled satisfaction, for he *knows* that under the reign of good order, law, and government, it will be *secured* to him.

“ALL IS WELL”

With the honest American *Seamen*, maugre all the *lies* of the *lying Aurora* and *copying Chronicle*. * * * * *

“ALL IS WELL”

With the *Great Body of the People of the United States*. Nine tenths of them have given their voice for Peace. Peace is secured to them, and under the reign of Peace their skill, industry, and enterprize, will tell the world that with them “*all is well*.”

“ALL IS WELL”

With the fair *Daughters of America*. Their boding fears of war are dissipated. Their husbands, fathers, sons, and sweethearts will not now be called from domestic life to encounter the perils of warfare. Each hour shall bring them fresh enjoyments, and in every instance of the prosperity of their country, they will tell truly that “*all is well*.”

When General Washington, at the close of the year 1796, declined a re-election to the office of President, the Centinel warmly and zealously advocated the election of John Adams, and was a faithful supporter of his

administration. With the commencement of that administration, the war between the two political parties grew more intensely hot and bitter. The conduct of the ruling powers in France, — the attempts of the French diplomatic agents in our sea-ports, to fit out vessels of war to prey on the commerce of Great-Britain, — their insulting opposition to the laws of the country, — and, above all, the spoliations committed by French privateers on our merchant vessels, and the indignities offered to our envoys in Paris by the French Directory, were topics which had excited the most acrid feelings of the federal party; while, if not directly approved, they were viewed with great lenity by the opposite party. In 1797, the subject of permitting American merchant vessels to arm and defend themselves, was agitated in the public newspapers, and petitions, from various quarters, were sent to Congress in favor of the measure. The editor of the Centinel was among the foremost to urge the fitting out of an armed force for protection. Several articles were furnished by correspondents; the following is one of his own, and may serve as a specimen of its numerous kindred: —

ARM! OR STARVE! The Jacobins to a man are opposed to *arming* our vessels, or fitting out a single ship of war. They well know, that owing to French *gun boat piracies*, our mechanics and artificers are almost starving; and that the moment Congress gives leave to our merchants to arm, and orders our naval yards to commence building new ships, that they will find full employment — THIS IS FACT! The moment the news arrives that the merchants shall have liberty to arm their vessels, not an axe, hammer, or mechanic implement will be idle. Business will assume its activity: and the music of the cunning workman will be heard on all our wharves. The French have broken down every barrier of the treaties made “*in the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity*.” They have declared, in the teeth of those treaties and the laws of nations, that the ships of all countries, kindred,

and climes, shall be a good prize to them, if they have a bale of *English Goods* on board, and bound from or to any port. Those treaties and the laws of nations give belligerent powers the right to search neutral vessels. But as the French have declared by their late decree, that they were null and void, we have no right to be governed by them, as they respect France; but to treat their citizens as we would pirates.

The ninth of May, this year, by appointment of President Adams, was observed as a national fast. The Centinel, issued on the morning of that day, contained the editor's recommendation to an observance of the day in a strictly religious manner. "There is surely, (said he,) at this moment, a peculiar fitness and propriety in this solemn act of public devotion. When the mad ambition of a foreign nation threatens our liberty and independence, — when, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of our Executive, to continue to us the inestimable blessings of peace, we have too much reason to dread that war, with all its train of calamities is at hand; — it highly becomes us to offer up our supplications, that our country may be protected from all the dangers that threaten us, and that the American people may be united in those bonds of amity and mutual confidence, and inspired with that vigor and fortitude, by which they have, in times past, been so highly distinguished. And although we have abundant cause to humble ourselves before the throne of Heaven, to acknowledge our dependence on the blessings of Providence; we would not be unmindful that we have also ample reasons for rendering our devout and fervent Thanksgivings for the unrivaled happiness and prosperity which we have hitherto enjoyed. While the old nations of Europe have been daily witnesses of the most horrid scenes of bloodshed and devastation, we have been

suffered in peace and tranquility, and under the best constitution of government enjoyed by any nation on earth, to arrive to a point of national strength and opulence, never before attained by any country in so short a space of time."

If any discrepance should be thought to exist between the sentiments here expressed and those of the last preceding extract, it must be accounted for by that fervency of patriotism which avails itself of various and sometimes conflicting arguments, to effect a favorite object.

As an offset to the "Psalm for Fast Day," which had been published in the Chronicle,* the Centinel gave the following as

THE JACOBIN'S PSALM,

For Fast Day — to the tune of Psalm 148th.

Ye tribes diminished join,
 With Jacobinic prayer,
 To curse the powers divine,
 And earthly powers that are :
 And let, this day,
 All Democrats,
 And owls, and rats,
 Shout heaven away.

Thy voice, oh ! J——n, †
 Oft tried in wicked wiles,
 Raise loud, with G——n, †
 And noted, simple G——s, †
 Thou V—n-m too, †
 Half wise as G—s, †
 Whose wit beguiles,
 The tempest brew.

The French Republic stands
 On drunken pillars five,
 Upraised with palsied hands,
 And scarcely kept alive.

* See vol. i p. 283.

† Jefferson, Gallatin, Giles, Varnum, Giles.

Directory speaks —
And justice flies,
And honor dies ;
The bubble breaks.

They move the crazy wheels
Of governmental jar :
Plunder their coffers fills,
And plunder prompts the war.
Ye few who 've chains,
Join heart and hand,
And firmly stand
By Gallic chains.

Let our ignoble race,
A patriotic few,
When Satan's arms embrace,
Loud shout the cry and hue.
For *France*, for *France*,
We'll boldly bawl,
And, one and all,
We'll join the dance.

O praise our Gallic friends,
However vile they are :
Lo, now our party ends,
Let us for *France* prepare.
The honest tribes
We cheat no more ;
Our day is o'er ;
And gone our bribes.

Columbia's guillotine
Will find each patriot head :
We'll go, by night unseen,
Glide o'er the ocean's bed.
Our hopes are gone,
Our Dev'l forsakes,
Destruction takes,
For Heaven we've none.

Ye Gallic Printers, strain
Your last, your languid cry ;
You've curst both God and men,
Now curse yourselves and die.

Quick off we'll creep,
 Or stony gaol
 Won't surely fail
 Our limbs to keep.

Congress, your wrath forego;
 We're punished now enough;
 Nor send, in gondalo,
 Our patriot bodies off.
 We'll drive full well
 Our honest selves,
 Like subtle elves,
 To *France* or hell.

Ye clouds of dust and smoke,
 Ye lightnings, in your ire,
 Our sorry gullets choke,
 And blast us with your fire.
 Our game is up;
 Our shame and sin
 Shall settle in
 Oblivion's cup.

The year 1798 has been signalized by the opponents of Adams's administration as the *Era of the Black Cockade*; — perhaps not inappropriately, as that badge was generally worn by the Federalists of Massachusetts. Russell, it has been said, was the instigator of the fashion. I know not how that may be; but the first allusion to it, that I remember, was in the Centinel of July 4, as follows: —

It has been repeatedly recommended, that our citizens wear in their hats on the day of Independence, the American Cockade, (which is a *Rose*, composed of black ribbon, with a white button, or fastening) and that the Ladies should add to the attraction of their dress (the Ladies' cockade should be a *white rose*,) this symbol of their attachment to the government, which cherishes and protects them — either on their breasts or in their bonnets. The measure is innocent; but the effect will be highly important. It will add cement to the *Union*, which so generally and so happily exists. Every cockade will be another edition of the *Declaration of Independence*, and the demonstration of it, by this

national emblem now, will be as highly laudable as the display of the immortal instrument of 1776 was then: Those who signed the Address to the President are pledged to display this evidence of it to the world — and they may be assured, that the influence of their example in this measure will be productive of as great good, as the influence of their names was on the paper. All those, who have not had opportunity to sign the address, and who feel themselves Independent Americans, cannot hesitate to show by some outward mark, that they love their country better than any other in the world; this mark ought to be the black cockade. The Ladies, we understand, are universally in favor of the measure; and if they lead, who will not follow?

To those who object, (if there be any,) on account of singularity or novelty, it is only necessary to say, that the custom is sanctioned by antiquity, and has met the approbation of the great, the wise, and the good, in all ages.

The next Centinel says, — “The Jacobins have the impudence to say, that the people of Boston were really divided, and they give as a proof, that not more than half of them wear the American Cockade. This being the case, let every Bostonian, attached to the constitution and government of the United States, immediately mount the **COCKADE**, and swear that he will not relinquish it, until the infamous projects of the external and internal enemies of our country shall be destroyed.” A few days afterward, the editor again touches on his favorite project, thus: — “The Cockade is generally worn by every class of citizens in almost every town in the United States. It is considered as a token of patriotism and union. It will enliven our commencement at Cambridge this day. It will receive the smiles and approbation of the Fair Daughters of Columbia; and will convince the Gallic spies, now in our country, that we are not a divided people.”

It was in this summer that the President appointed Washington to the office of Commander-in-Chief of the

army, which Congress had authorized to be raised, in consequence of the troubles with France. Russell must have ransacked the English vocabulary to find all the superlatives, which he used in praise of Washington's patriotism, as manifested in accepting the appointment. He published three thousand copies of the letter of acceptance, and distributed them in various parts of the commonwealth. A writer in the Salem Gazette complimented him on this "act of patriotism and liberality," to which Russell replied, — "The editor of the Centinel has but a small claim to the act of patriotism acknowledged in this article. He has on former occasions made sacrifices ; but a number of federal patriotic gentlemen have superseded him. They have, by liberal subscriptions, voluntarily defrayed the expense of circulating several thousand pamphlets in the interior, where the people are less in the habit of reading newspapers. These gentlemen directed the publication of General Washington's immortal letter, in hand-bills ; above three thousand of which have been sent into the back towns, the eastern and southern shores ; and we are happy in hearing that they have added fuel to the patriotic fire of the times, and that numbers of the reverend clergy, never weary in well-doing, have read them to their congregations after divine service. It is second only to inspiration."

On his way from the seat of government to his residence in Massachusetts, during this year, President Adams was, in all the principal towns, greeted with tokens of love and approbation. Addresses, fraught with patriotic feeling and federal principles, and his replies to them, make an imposing display in the Centinel,

and are frequently accompanied with an editorial note. Russell said, in one of his congratulant paragraphs, — “President Adams may be denominated the American Herschel. He certainly discovered the baleful *comet* of French perfidy many months before his fellow-citizens, who now see it plainly.”

The words “Massachusetts Federalist” had been recently added to the title of the Centinel. The political communications increased in number, and, if possible, were more severe on the opponents of the Federal Administration. It was about this time also, that the Editor began to compile “A Brief Review of the Political State of the World,” a task of considerable labor, which was continued annually for a number of years, and which usually occupied two or three columns in each of several successive papers, near the close of each year. As a vehicle of useful and accurate intelligence, the Centinel secured to itself a reputation superior to that of any other American newspaper. Russell had a peculiar mode of condensing and arranging the contents of foreign journals, and presenting, in the most readable shape, all the prominent incidents of the war, that then agitated almost the whole of Europe. The files of the Centinel, from 1790 to 1815 contain the materials for a better history of the French Revolution and of the wars, which grew out of the attempt of other European powers to re-establish *legitimacy* in France, than any that I have had the privilege of reading. The movements and operations of the contending armies are described with a vividness, that brings the reader directly to the scene of operation. We see the roads, in which the armies marched from city to city; the bridges they passed, and

then destroyed ; and the localities where they encamped. Russell had a *military* taste, and it was as natural for him to take his map and follow the track of an army, and to record all the minute incidents connected with it, as it was to breathe. And he always kept his account *posted up* to the latest moment, so that he was always ready for a new arrival of intelligence, and would, not unfrequently, venture upon predictions of events, which the next arrival would often announce as historical facts.

✓ Through the whole of this period, and for some years afterward, the Centinel was an indispensable source of news for the country printers, — every one of whom relied upon it for matter to fill up the news department of his paper. ✓ Subscribers in the country also increased beyond all precedent. It was every where known and every where read ; and, if industry in collecting and fidelity in republishing information, that was important to be known, are worthy of credit, never was popularity more honestly earned.

In January and February, 1799, the editor of the Centinel made a severe attack on John Bacon, a senator from Berkshire, who voted against the Report of the legislative committee on the *Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions* : — “ The Hon. Mr. Bacon (he said) the solitary *Nay* of our Senate, the advocate of Alien Legislators, the Gallatins of Geneva and the Lyons of Hibernia, was once a *preacher of the Gospel*. How well he minded his Bible, which, before the French Revolution, was the rule and guide of his faith, will be seen by comparing his speeches with the injunction in Deuteronomy : — ‘ *One from among thy brethren shalt thou set*

over thee ; thou mayest not set a STRANGER over thee which is not thy brother.' It was certainly in character for the privy counselor of Daniel Shays and Luke Day to vote against Sedition Acts." This was followed by other paragraphs, alluding to the private history of Bacon, in terms adapted to provoke irritating and bitter retorts. Bacon was defended in the Chronicle, and, probably, many of the paragraphs in that paper were written or dictated by him. But Russell was not disposed to let off the object of his political vengeance, without some severer blow than an off-hand paragraph ; and, accordingly, he published, in the Centinel of February 27, the following letter, — rather more elaborate and carefully constructed than his ordinary writings : —

The Hon JOHN BACON, Esq.

SIR,

In discharging my Editorial duty, I have been necessitated to notice your public conduct in life, and in the Senate of *Massachusetts* ; and to animadvert on your *Speech*, printed in the papers. Your political turpitude in advocating the *infallibility* of *Virginia* and *Kentucky* disorganizers ; and your arrogance in attaching unworthy motives to your compeers of the *Senate*, have rendered you a proper mark for censure or ridicule. You have not escaped censure ; and you have replied to the observations made on you. For my part, I am not displeased that the cursory notice taken of you in the CENTINEL, has *disturbed* the *Stoicism* which is your boast, and which, in fact, is the *most permanent ingredient* in your composition ; and the public really considers your lengthy exculpatory address and certificates in the last *Chronicle*, as the contortions of a *sorely* wounded adder.

In a late CENTINEL you were implicated of inconsistency (or in other words of *Clerical Jacobinism*) when a *Preacher of the Gospel* in this town ; — of Toryism in the "times which *tried* men's souls," and of disaffection to the Independence and real prosperity of your country, at the present moment.

Would time permit, I could easily bring a cloud of evidence in support of every one of these imputations. Perhaps it is unnecessary.

The certificate of the *Old South Church*, of 1781, I consider as amply sufficient of itself to satisfy every one of the “*inconsistency*” of your doctrines and creeds on theological subjects. The liberality of the worshipers at that Church, would ever induce them to exercise towards you the offices of *Christian Charity* and brotherly love; but I know from general remark, that such was the “*inconsistency*” of these doctrines arising from the *singular* (not to say *perverse*) bias of your nature, that when the routine of duty called you to the desk, and your *real* sentiments were known, you had the mortification of holding forth to comparatively *empty pews* and *solitary galleries*. Your love for dabbling in *troubled waters* impelled you to seek a *public disputation* in Mr. *Croswell's* meeting-house, with Mr. MURRAY: and there are many living evidences of the miserable predicament your “*inconsistencies*” then placed you in. You plumply denied the *existence* in the Bible of a text quoted by Mr. MURRAY; and you gave ample evidence of your chagrin, when he immediately referred you to the passage in the sacred volume then on the desk.—You left the field of controversy;—and your partizans, mortified at the imbecility of their champion, assailed the victorious disputant with *something more like ARGUMENT* than any thing advanced by you—*brick-bats* and *rotten eggs*:—but to show the contempt in which Mr. M. held your opposition, when one of *those arguments* struck the pulpit just below, he pleasantly said, “*Here we have it, brethren, Bacon and eggs.*”

To the implication of *Toryism* in 1775, you say “*there are too many living witnesses of your character and conduct in this respect, both in and out of the Legislature to leave the least occasion for any reply.*” This is a true *Baconian* flourish to get under an allegation. You certainly are not capable of a neutral character; I could, therefore, have wished you had adduced *some* evidence of your *whiggism* at that time;—For my part, I have turned over the public records of those days, when the Pulpits were the Citadels of *Patriotism* as well as *Piety*—and the Clergy the equal champions of both;—for evidence of *your* attachment to any other than the then arbitrary government of *Great-Britain*; and amidst the groves of laurels which encircled the brows of the *Clerical Heroes* of those trying times, I have seen no chaplet whereof the Rev. Mr. BACON has the *least claim* to the *smallest sprig*. You mention the Legislature.—It is perhaps fortunate for you, that during the debates on the *Virginia Resolutions*, the galleries were not open;—as, thereby I have been deprived of the knowledge of some hints of *Toryism*, which I have been told, were pretty plainly insinuated against you. How well you succeeded in getting rid of them you best know.

That at the present time, you are opposed to the best interests of

your country; — that you have betrayed the trust reposed in you by your constituents; and that you appear to be as ill qualified to exercise the office of a *Legislator* as a *Clergyman*; — and to have as little real knowledge of the Constitution of your country, as you appear to have had of the Bible, in your controversy with Mr. MURRAY; — I could adduce your late vote in the *Senate* opposed to the entire body of the *Senators* of *Massachusetts*, and to 117 of the *House of Representatives*, without including those of the minority who declared their detestation of principles you so unblushingly advocated; — Could bring forward the recent election of the Hon. Mr. SEDGWICK to a seat in Congress; and need only to contrast the incongruities and follies of your Speech with the Constitution and Laws of my country. — But, Sir, attention to other duties will not at present permit me. At another time, I may find leisure, if the subject should acquire adequate importance — to pay some attention to these particulars; to reply to some of your statements of the conversation between us; but never to notice your innuendoes or epithets. As long as your political conduct shall partake of its present qualities, you may depend, Sir, of always finding a surgeon who will probe your wounds to the quick, in

Feb. 26, 1799.

THE EDITOR OF THE CENTINEL.

Another specimen of Russell's style in his political controversies is the following, — certainly not the mildest, nor even the most acrimonious, that might be selected: —

THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE

Is sore at the necessary punishment the CENTINEL has inflicted on him for his outrageous abuse of THE PRESIDENT of the United States. It was the first time we recollect to have noticed the "*Blackguard*," — his private personalities we ever deemed beneath attention; but we could not have justified it to our consciences, in passing by the virulent invectives of this incendiary against the Chief Magistrate of the Union. Knowing the ground he had lost by his conduct, and boiling over with diabolical malice towards all who have had any hand in opposing his audacity, and chastising his insolence, he quits the original subject, and indulges his native blackguardism in distorting new ones; and has been reduced to the pitiable necessity of quibbling on an introduction of ours to a French State Paper. We detest the conduct of *France* as much as this alien can pretend to; and we were active vindicators of the cause of Federalism, when this intruder was uttering curses and imprecations against every thing American. Yet even this

spurious exotic has the effrontery to call himself a Federalist at the same time he superciliously boasts himself a *subject* of the British monarchy.

Success has made this quill-driving animal vain and conceited. He is so swoln by it as to become totally blind to his own situation :— Nay, he is ignorant, in common with other brutes, of his creation and cause of existence. COBBETT was never encouraged and supported by the Federalists as a solid, judicious writer in their cause ; but was kept merely to hunt Jacobinic *foxes*, *skunks*, and *serpents*. The Federalists found the Jacobins had the *Aurora*, *Argus*, and *Chronicle*, through which they ejected their mud, filth, and venom, and attacked and blackened the best characters the world ever boasted ; and they perceived that these vermin were not to be operated on by reason or decency. It was therefore thought *necessary* that the opposite party should keep, and *feed* a *suitable beast* to hunt down these *skunks* and *foxes* ; and “ *the fretful Porcupine* ” was selected for this business. This imported, or transported beast has been kept as gentlemen keep a fierce *bull Dog*, to guard his house and property against thieves, Jacobins and Frenchmen, and as such he has been a good and faithful dog, and has been *fed* and caressed accordingly. It is true he has sometimes, as most dogs will, growled at his masters, and as “ *STERNE’S puppy* ” was wont to do, has darted at the venerable PRIESTLEY ; but as he has evinced an inveterate antipathy to all Frenchmen, he has been excused. However, as he grows more and more fretful for want of *food*, (as may be seen by his modest, polite, decent, civil, gentlemanlike *dunning*, or rather *bullying* advertisement to his *feeders*) some think we should *shorten his chain* ; or send him home again to *England*, to starve, or feed on Jacobin vermin there ; or else transport the “ *Hedge-Hog* ” to *Boston*, where the *Board of Health* would soon order him to be taken by the tail, and thrown into the dock at low tide, as a common nuisance.

We know not what the “ *Hedge-Hog* ” means by “ *Genet-feasting*.”

This was followed by others equally *gentle* and equally rich in words of invective.

An event now occurred, which afforded the editor of the Centinel an opportunity of renewing his expressions of admiration for the character of Washington. The publication, which gave an account of his death, was printed with a broad, black border, and to the annunciation was added, — “ How shall we express our grief on

this distressing event ! with what language shall we give vent to the full feelings of our heart ! It is true, he had reached the summit of human honor, and was ripe for immortal glory. It is true, he had retired, in a degree, from public office to the rural walks of life. It is true, the government of our country has devolved on wise and faithful men. Yet WASHINGTON was still our guardian, our pride, and our defence. Amidst the threatening storms of foreign violence — amidst the more dangerous convulsions of party rage, it was still our consolation that WASHINGTON lived. His reputation was a bulwark and a shield, under whose broad and protecting shade America reposed with unbounded confidence. He led our armies amidst the perils of revolution to victory. His virtues, his wisdom, his name alone, kept the jarring elements of our confederation from bursting asunder, hushed to peace the voice of discord, and consolidated these States under one firm and fair fabric of government. For these purposes, Heaven kindly *lent* him to us — to make us a nation — and to render us prosperous, powerful, and happy. Having accomplished his high errand, *he* is now recalled and *we* are overwhelmed with grief.”

The death of Washington produced a universal expression of regret, and political writers seemed to forget their animosities, while they were paying funeral honors to the greatest man of the age ; but when the first week or two of mourning was over, they returned to the war with renewed vigor. The Centinel was liberal and sincere in its lamentations, and for several weeks kept a registration of the funeral ceremonies that were observed throughout the nation.

The approach of an election for governor of Massa-

chusetts, in the spring of 1800, awakened all the slumbering embers of party strife. The Federalists succeeded in electing their candidate. Defeat excited the other party to unwarrantable crimination, and that was, of course, met with federal recrimination, no less fierce and unpolished. An election of a President of the United States was also pending, and the contest between the friends of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson respectively, was conducted with barbarous ferocity. Many of the charges against either candidate were made in language that could hardly be tolerated, even if quoted as a matter of mere curiosity. Epithets of the coarsest character were exchanged, without care and without remorse. The editor of the *Centinel* was not of a temper to take a blow with meekness, and if force was not added to the returning stroke, his disposition was not in fault. The republican party of the *nation* succeeded in the election, but Massachusetts gave her vote for Adams. After it became known that Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Burr was to be the President from the fourth of March, 1801, and that the choice must be made by the House of Representatives, the *Centinel* advocated the election of the latter, — in which it was sustained by some able writers.

The following Parody appeared in the *Centinel* in February, 1801. I have no doubt that it was the offspring of Russell's own prolific imagination, which was always on the look-out, or busy in contriving something, wherewith to annoy his political adversaries : —

THE JACOBIN UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Parent of ill! in every State,
In every Club adored —
By small, by wicked, and by great,
Of mischief sovereign lord, —

Thou great curst cause ! but yet obeyed,
Who all my thoughts confined,
To follow Mischief's wayward trade,
To Virtue's precepts blind, —
Yet taught me, in this dark estate,
To choose the wrong from right,
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Kept Virtue out of sight ; —
What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
That teach me more than Heaven to shun,
This more than Hell pursue.
What lessons thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away,
For thou art paid when man deceives —
To cheat is to obey.
Yet not to *this* contracted place
Thy precepts let me bound,
But let me pillage all our race,
And mischief deal around.
Let then this weak, unknowing hand
Be taught thy bolt to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I think my foe.
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
Still in the wrong to stay ;
If I am right, thy grace impart
To lead my steps astray.
Bless me alike with foolish pride,
And impious discontent,
At aught Heaven's bounty has denied,
Or aught its goodness lent.
Teach me to laugh at others' wo ;
To tell the faults I see ;
To others hatred let me show,
They friendship show to me.
Base though I am, not wholly so ;
Since governed by thy will,
O lead me whereso'er I go,
And be my Mentor still.

This day be noise and strife my lot,
 Be others' wealth my own, —
 Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done.
 To thee, whose temple is each space
 That 's bad beneath the skies —
 One chorus let us Jacos raise,
 One common ruin rise.

The fourth of March arrived, and on that day the Centinel appeared with the following

Monumental Inscription.

"That life is long which answers Life's great end."

YESTERDAY EXPIRED,

Deeply regretted by MILLIONS of grateful Americans,
 And by *all* GOOD MEN,

The FEDERAL ADMINISTRATION

Of the

GOVERNMENT of the *United States* :

Animated by

A WASHINGTON, an ADAMS; — a HAMILTON, KNOX,
 PICKERING, WOLCOTT, M'HENRY, MARSHALL,
 STODDERT and DEXTER.

Æt. 12 years.

Its death was occasioned by the
Secret Arts and Open Violence,
 Of Foreign and Domestic Demagogues:
 Notwithstanding its whole Life
 Was devoted to the Performance of every Duty
 to promote
 The UNION, CREDIT, PEACE, PROSPERITY,
 HONOR, and
 FELICITY OF ITS COUNTRY.

At its birth it found
The Union of the States dissolving like a Rope of snow;

It hath left it
Stronger than the Threefold cord.

It found the United States
Bankrupts in Estate and Reputation;
 It hath left them
Unbounded in Credit; and respected throughout the World.
 It found the *Treasuries* of the United States and
 Individual States *empty;*
 It hath left them *full and overflowing.*
 It found
All the Evidences of Public Debts worthless as rags;
 It hath left them
More valuable than Gold and Silver.

It found
 The United States *at war* with the
Indian Nations;—
 It hath concluded *Peace* with them all.
 It found
 The Aborigines of the soil *inveterate*
enemies of the whites;
 It hath exercised towards them *justice and generosity,*
And hath left them fast friends.
 It found
Great-Britain in possession of all
 the *Frontier Posts;*
 It hath demanded their surrender, and
 it leaves them in the possession
 of the United States.
 It found
 The American sea-coast utterly *defenseless;*
 It hath left it *fortified.*
 It found our *Arsenals* empty; and *Magazines* decaying;
 It hath left them full of *ammunition*
 and *warlike Implements;*
 It found our country dependent on Foreign Nations
 for *engines of defense;*
 It hath left
 Manufactories of *Cannon* and *Musquets* in full work.
 It found
 The American Nation at *War* with

Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli ;

It hath

Made *Peace* with them all.

It found

American Freeman in Turkish slavery, where
they had languished in chains for years :

It hath

Ransomed them, and set them free.

It found the war-worn, invalid *Soldier* starving from want ;

Or, like BELISARIUS, *begging his refuse meat from door to door ;*

It hath left

Ample provision for the regular payment of his *pension*.

It found

The *Commerce* of our country confined
almost to *Coasting Craft ;*

It hath left it

Whitening every sea with its canvas, and
cheering every clime with its *stars*.

It found our

Mechanics and *Manufacturers* idle in
the streets for want of employ ;

It hath left them

Full of business, prosperous, contented and happy.

It found

The Yeomanry of the country oppressed with unequal
taxes ;—their farms, houses and barns
decaying ; their cattle selling at the
sign-posts ; and they driven to
desperation and *Rebellion ;*

It hath left

Their coffers in cash ; their houses in repair ; their
barns full ; their farms overstocked ; and their
produce commanding ready money,
and a high price.

In short —

It found them *poor, indigent Malcontents ;*

It hath left them

Wealthy Friends to Order and Good Government.

It found
 The United States *deeply in debt to*
France and Holland ;
 It hath *paid* ALL the demands of the former, and
 the principal part of the latter.
 It found the Country in a ruinous
Alliance with France ;
 It hath honorably dissolved the connexion,
 and set us free.

It found
 The United States without a swivel
 on float *for their defense ;*
 It hath left
 A NAVY — composed of Thirty-four ships of war ;
 mounting 918 guns ; and manned
 by 7350 gallant tars.

It found
 The EXPORTS of our country, a mere song, in value :
 It hath left them worth
 Above SEVENTY MILLIONS of Dollars per annum.

In one word,
 It found AMERICA *disunited, poor, insolvent,*
weak, discontented, and wretched.
 It hath left HER
United, wealthy, respectable, strong,
happy and prosperous.
 Let the faithful Historian, in after times say these things
 of its Successor, if it can.
 And yet — notwithstanding all these services and
 blessings, there are found
 Many, very many, weak, degenerate Sons,
 who, lost to virtue, to gratitude,
 and patriotism,
 Openly exult, that this Administration
 is no more.
 And that
 The “Sun of Federalism is set for ever.”
 “*Oh shame, where is thy blush ?*”

As one Tribute of Gratitude in these Times,
 This MONUMENT
 Of the Talents and Services of the deceased ;
 is raised by

March 4th, 1801.

The Centinel.

That Russell, and the Federalists generally, believed that the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency was the forerunner of great national calamity, there can be no doubt. The Monumental Inscription was followed by a note, saying, — “ With this day begins the EIGHTEENTH year since the birth of the Centinel — and, at no period, during that time, hath it enjoyed a greater share of patronage and assistance than it now enjoys. We shall demonstrate our gratitude therefor, by the faithful discharge of our duty ; without vaulting or tottering : Especially now, when every thing dear and venerable is exposed to be undermined or battered down. As a Centinel, we will sound the alarm, and faithfully make report of our discoveries of the disposition, force, and movements of our country’s foes. Further we need not say.”

During the whole of Mr. Jefferson’s administration, the Centinel was the undeviating opponent of every one of his measures. The reduction of the navy, the non-intercourse scheme, the embargo, and the gun-boat system, — all, — met the decided reprobation of Mr. Russell and the leading Federalists. The embargo law, which was unlimited as to the time of its operation, was disapproved of by many of the Republicans, but the policy was sustained by the Chronicle and the other papers of the party, and this led to further and more virulent attacks and vituperable accusations. The arrival of the law in Boston was announced in the Cen-

tinel in the sportive paragraph, which follows. It was afterwards treated in a less gentle manner: —

THE GENERALS. General *Blockade*, General *Resolution*, and even General *War* have not made more noise in Europe, than has been recently made here by General *Embargo*, who arrived last evening from Washington. He has been rather tardy in his movements; some of his *non-commissioned* suite having been in town two days, and his principal Aid, Major *Non-Importation* having taken up winter quarters here some weeks before. We know not who are in the *train* of the General; but it is expected he will be followed by his other Aids, Major *Poverty* and Captain *Starvation*. Several honest folks are much alarmed at his visit, particularly the houses of Messrs. *Codfish & Co.* of Marblehead, Commercial Point, Cape Cod, &c.; Messrs. *Prime Beef, Pork & Co.* a respectable establishment, in the interior; and Messrs. *Drawbacks, Mechanics, Mariners & Co.* of this and other commercial towns. The General is considered as a very unwelcome guest; especially as it has been hinted we shall not probably be rid of him, until he is driven away by General *Peace*.

In consequence, it was said, of some evasions of the embargo law, an additional act was passed, authorizing the absolute detention of all vessels bound coastwise, if any suspicion existed that there was any purpose of evasion. The President wrote a letter to the governor of Massachusetts, empowering him to grant certificates in favor of any merchant, in whom the governor had confidence, to transport flour from one port in the United States to another, in order that the inhabitants might not suffer any inconvenience from a deficient supply of bread. Russell accompanied the publication of this letter, with the following: —

UP TO THE HOB. On our first page will be found an *extraordinary* missive from President Jefferson to Governor Sullivan, appointing him *Dispenser of favors and Minister of Starvation for Massachusetts*. This bold stroke to starve a people into democracy has been received by them as it deserved; and is universally execrated as a decree, which Bonaparte would scarcely dare to issue. We wish the hirelings, who defend this new stretch of power, would inform the public, on what article of

the Constitution, or Law of the land, power can be given for such purposes. It seems the new office is not general among the governors. The new *Grand Dignitaries of the Empire* are only the Governors of Orleans, Georgia, South-Carolina, Massachusetts, and New-Hampshire.

In 1811, when Mr. Gerry was governor of the commonwealth, the Legislature made a new division of the districts for the election of representatives to Congress. Both branches had then a democratic majority. For the purpose of securing a democratic representative, an absurd and singular arrangement of towns in the county of Essex was made to compose a district. Russell took a map of the county, and designated by a particular coloring the towns thus selected. He then hung the map on the wall of his editorial closet. One day, Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated painter, looked at the map, and said the towns, which Russell had thus distinguished, formed a picture resembling some monstrous animal. He took a pencil, and, with a few touches, added what might be supposed to represent claws. "There," said Stuart, "that will do for a salamander." Russell, who was busy with his pen, looked up at the hideous figure, and exclaimed, "Salamander! call it Gerrymander." The word became a proverb, and, for many years, was in popular use among the Federalists as a term of reproach to the democratic Legislature, which had distinguished itself by this act of political turpitude. An engraving of the "Gerrymander" was made, and hawked about the State, which had some effect in annoying the democratic party.

The "Berlin and Milan Decrees" of the French emperor, and the retaliatory "Orders in Council" of the British government, had seriously injured the commerce of the United States, and were judged, by many, as

good cause for war. Russell, as the organ of the federal party, made apologies for the latter, — considering them as justified by the former, and he was, therefore, opposed to war with England for any of the causes, which then existed, though the impressment of seamen from American merchant ships was a crying evil, often practised with great insolence and injustice. War was declared in June, 1812. With what spirit the Declaration was received, may be seen from the announcement in the Centinel : —

PREDICTIONS VERIFIED. The awful event so often anticipated by us as the inevitable effect of the infatuated policy of the Rulers of the American People has now been realized, — and the worst of measures has emerged from its secret womb in the worst of forms. A naked and unqualified WAR is declared to exist between England, Ireland, and their dependencies, and the President is authorized to use the whole land and naval forces of the United States, "*to carry the same into effect.*" This *Declaration of War* is accompanied by a *Presidential Manifesto*, both of which are given in this day's Centinel. They are now before the American People, who will sit in judgement upon them. We say nothing of the *Law*; but we call upon the freemen of the United States to read the Presidential Manifesto — to read it carefully — and, as they read, to commune with their hearts and understandings on the assertions and conclusions it contains: To compare them with those solemn truths and sober facts, which their eyes have seen and their ears heard: To inquire of the Merchant, the Insurer, the Navigator, touching the truth of the many unqualified assertions in the Manifesto respecting their immediate concerns: To do all this truly, fairly, and impartially: And then, in the presence of that God of truth, who knoweth the heart, pronounce, — and boldly pronounce, — Whether these assertions are Truths, Falsehoods, or Prevarications: — Or, whether, if true, they warrant the naked Declaration of War, in which they and their dearest interests are now involved.

In 1812, the Federalists supported Dewitt Clinton of New-York, for President, in opposition to Mr. Madison. Obligated, as the organ of his party to follow its dictation, Russell gave the nomination his support, but it was not cheerful and hearty. It was a measure that he could

never relish, and he really took but little interest in the election.

The progress of the war, though marked by some brilliant exploits of the navy, did not reconcile its opponents to its continuance. On the anniversary of the Declaration, a very able article in the Centinel exhibited the loss and gain in a manner which showed that the losses on our part greatly overbalanced the gain. This article stands as editorial, but internal evidence proves that it was not written by the editor. It is much too elaborate and philosophical to have emanated from his pen. The same paper says : —

MARK WELL. Every hour the WAR grows more vindictive and sanguinary; and the pretended *object*, for which it was waged, more hard to be obtained:—And though a *Pacific Embassy* is said to be on its voyage to Europe, every *syllable* uttered by the administration, and every *act* of its officers, appears intended to augment the ferocity of War, and to put peace at an irrecoverable distance. *People of America*, think on these solemn truths.

This was from the pen of Russell; and there can be no doubt that the following had the same origin : —

OBJECT OF THE WAR. The attention of the people is daily and hourly called to bloody recitals of events of the War, the losses of property, and the progress of loans and taxes to carry it on; and they inquire, What is the object of all this? All the reply that can be made to the inquiry, is, — *That all this waste of blood, property, and money, is to afford encouragement to British, Irish, and Jersey runaway sailors, to enter on board American vessels, and then to be PROTECTED, while they are underworking the native born American Seamen and Navigators, and thereby taking the bread from the mouths of their wives and children!* This is the great object of this War! This is what is called fighting for "*Sailors Rights and Free Trade.*"

Again, in a few weeks, a similar oburgatory paragraph says, — "The National Legislature terminated its extra session of ten weeks, on the second instant. This ses-

sion was *especially* called for the purpose of adopting measures for the prosecution of an unnecessary and unjust WAR ; and, by reference to the list of acts, it will readily be seen, that a broad foundation for the further Poverty and Ruin of the people is laid, through direct taxes and other internal taxes, and through loans and other ways and means, to carry on this wicked war. The House has been as subservient as even Bonaparte could wish ; but the Senate have, in several instances, acted that independent part, which might have been calculated upon, from the very respectable accession of superior talents and worth to that branch of the Legislature. From a careful calculation and revision, it appears that 58,779,491 dollars is the least sum, which the war will cost to the end of the year 1813. Let the good people of this country seriously reflect upon this subject."

Neither Russell, nor his federal friends, had any confidence in the pacific declarations of the national government. The appointment of Mr. Gallatin as one of the envoys to negotiate a peace with Great-Britain, in 1813, was viewed with indignation. This gentleman had been Secretary of the Treasury from the accession of Mr. Jefferson. The Senate adopted a resolution, declaring his mission as envoy incompatible with his continuance at the head of the Treasury department. In reference to this occurrence, the Centinel said : —

We take no particular concern in the nomination of a Secretary of the Treasury for this appointment. It was within the discretion of the Executive ; but we maintain that his holding both offices would be a reproach to the American character, already debased by permitting him to continue in one of them. It establishes the inference, either that the office of the Secretary of the Treasury is useless, and that his duties at the most critical period may be performed by proxy ; or that this foreigner is the only man in the nation qualified for a place, which must

be kept vacant until his return. No wonder that the American blood in the Senate of the United States was quickened in the veins of many who have generally supported the administration. We rejoice in this salutary hint to the President, and trust it is the precursor of a more important earnest of their determination to fulfill the objects of their creation, by acting as a high and independent branch of the government. . . . They are in fact at issue, on many points, with a back stairs junto of mad men from the interior, speculators in Indian land, and dreamers of foreign conquest, which forms the *combatant* cabinet at Washington. They will of course be denounced. The court paper hardly preserves a *gossamer covering* over the chagrin and resentment of the palace. But we know the nature of the materials which compose the minority of that body; and we believe there is, among the majority, high-minded and honorable men, who will revere themselves.

In this style and temper, the editorials and communications in the Centinel were continued throughout the whole period of the War. All the successes of the army or navy were related in the language of exultation, and in a tone that showed that the record was made by a patriotic spirit. But it is believed, that not a word of apology or approbation of the proceedings of the government ever gained admission into its columns. The treaty of peace, signed in December, 1814, was hailed with the most joyous words of welcome; but no superfluous gratitude was thrown away upon the administration for its agency in producing it.

It was not long after the close of the war, that the federal party ceased to exist, *as* a party. The organization was kept up until the election of Mr. Munroe as President, but symptoms of dissolution had, for some time been apparent. In the summer of 1817, the President made a visit to New-England. His movements were every where hailed with expressions of satisfaction. His arrival in Massachusetts was signalized by flattering displays of loyalty, and by none more than those, who

had been the violent opposers of Mr. Madison, and the rudest in their denunciations of Mr. Munroe as a member of Mr. Madison's administration, and especially in his capacity of Lieutenant-General of the United States army, — an office, which he held while he was also at the head of the Department of State. He was certainly treated with the most flattering attention during his stay in Boston, and by no one in a more distinguished manner than by Benjamin Russell. Let it not be understood, however, that Russell is here charged with exercising more servility than others. Many of the leading Federalists were equally forward in tendering to the President all the hospitality that the chief magistrate of the nation could demand or expect; and seemed resolved to take from the Republicans, or Democrats, all the credit of the civilities, which he received. There seemed, however, to exist a general desire that no party asperities should be manifested on the occasion; and the only indication of it, which appeared, was an Address, presented to the President, signed by seven of the leading Republicans, as a committee appointed for that purpose, by the republican members of the Legislature, which had then recently adjourned.

This union of old political enemies to honor the chief magistrate of the Union, was called, by the editor of the Centinel, the "Era of Good Feelings," — a phrase, which passed into a by-word, and was frequently quoted as a word of reproach, by those who clung to the federal organization. Some of the republican papers, which had been devoted to the Madisonian policy, and had supported the election of Mr. Munroe to the presidency, were a little provoked at the conduct of the Federalists,

in bestowing so many attentions on him during his tour, and Russell came in for a full share of their sarcasm. One of them said, —

The President has probably by this time arrived at Niagara, from whence he is to proceed to Detroit, where we presume he will be waited upon by those celebrated Chiefs, *Walk-in-the-Water*, *Split-Log*, *One-who-puts-his-foot-in-it*, *Big-Elk*, and *Thunder-Storm*, with an address forwarded to them from Boston. Whether there is to be a grand *pap-poose review* we have not learned.

In a notice of this “exhibition of wit,” the writer of which Russell thought was “a *sour-cider* carper,” he said, — “If it has had no other effect than the mere *elicitation* of these *scintillations*, it were worth all the pains and expense; as it proves the existence of a *raw material* where no one ever dreamed of looking for it.”

The course pursued by Russell in this matter, disaffected some, who had been his best supporters and most valuable aids as correspondents, — one of whom, at least, never forgave him, and would never after permit the Centinel to be left at his residence. But the power of the federal party was evidently declining. Russell was chairman of the Central Committee, and, in that capacity, as well as in that of editor, supported the nomination of a representative to Congress, who was an admitted republican in politics, and who was also nominated by the republican party. From this “Era of Good Feelings,” the fate of the Columbian Centinel was sealed. Its decline, though not rapid, was perceptible, and it soon came to be disregarded as *authority*, in political circles.

On the President’s message, at the opening of the next session of Congress, the Centinel said, — “It will be found to contain much interesting and satisfactory intelligence. . . . The facts in the message are

judiciously arranged ; the style is as plain as the alphabet ; and its frankness and total exemption from that diplomatic jargon, which so often '*mystified*' other Presidential State Papers, are not among the least of its merits."

I am not aware that Russell ever passed a word of censure upon any act of Mr. Munroe's administration, or upon that of Mr. J. Q. Adams, which succeeded it ; but, on the contrary, all their public measures were approved, and some of them made the subjects of inflated encomium. In regard to the politics of the state of Massachusetts, a feeble opposition to the republican leaders was kept up for a few years. Under the advice, or dictation, of Mr. Russell, the Federalists nominated Judge Levi Lincoln as their candidate for governor of the commonwealth. He had previously received the nomination of the Republicans, — with whom, as a party, he had always been identified, — and declined, but accepted the nomination of the Federalists and was elected. I believe this was the last nomination made by the federal *party*. At the commencement of the administration of Mr. Adams, in 1825, an entire new organization of parties took place, and the adherents of Mr. Adams, took the name of "National Republicans," — a name, which a few years after, was discarded, and that of Whig, as a more euphonious and convenient designation, — took its place. The words "Massachusetts Federalist," which had formed a second descriptive title of the Centinel for more than twenty years, were also laid aside, for "American Federalist," as more truly indicative of its editor's attachment to the Union, without regard to party names or organizations. Mr. Rus-

sell was a sincere and hearty advocate for the election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency in 1824, and for his re-election in 1828.

During the twenty years preceding this "Era of Good Feelings," the political communications in the *Centinel* were numerous, written with great ability, and with unqualified opposition to the administration of Mr. Jefferson, and frequently with implacable severity upon all its advocates and defenders. The editor was backed by gentlemen of the first talent in the commonwealth — gentlemen, who, as a select body, were called, by the Republicans, "the Essex Junto;" but — by whatever name, or whatever might have been the origin of this phrase, intended as an epithet of reproach, — were as honest and high-minded men, as ever lived. The memorable "Hartford Convention," of 1814, had some of these gentlemen among its prominent members; and the character, which Mr. H. G. Otis gave of that assemblage, when he said, that a body of purer and nobler-minded men would never meet again until the general assembly of the spirits of the just made perfect, — may be received as unexaggerated truth.

In the beginning of November, 1828, Mr. Russell sold the *Centinel* to Joseph T. Adams — a young gentleman, who had been educated for a lawyer, — and Thomas Hudson, — who had served a regular apprenticeship in the office, and had, for some years, been the foreman, and had the sole direction of the printing department. His address "TO THE PATRONS OF THE CENTINEL," was very brief. It merely introduced his successors, with a complimentary assurance of their patriotism, intelligence, and liberality, and added, —

Those, who have been acquainted with the arduous duties, which, with very little relaxation, the editor has performed for near half a century, need not be informed of the necessity, which requires the transfer, now announced.

With heart-felt gratitude and thanks for innumerable and unceasing favors, conferred upon the undersigned in all the mutations of the times, from the dark period of 1784 to the bright days of 1828, by his generous and indulgent subscribers, liberal and constant advertising friends, and highly talented correspondents; with a repetition of his earnest request that the patronage he has enjoyed may be continued to his deserving young successors; and with renewed and sincere wishes for the happiness of all his friends, he tenders them an affectionate Farewell.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL.

A confraternal dinner was given to Mr. Russell, by the printers and editors of Boston, at the Exchange Coffee-House, on the 15th of November. It was attended by several of the printers from Salem and Cambridge. The young, the middle-aged, and the old, were at the table, and all seemed generously intent on showing honor to the guest of the occasion. The editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, Nathan Hale, Esq. presided at the table. On rising to propose a toast in honor of the venerable guest, he said, —

As they had met for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect and affection to an old friend, who had just taken leave of the profession, in which they had been associated with him, it was a fit occasion to bring to mind some of the services he had rendered, and to express the sense they entertained of his many good qualities. Their veteran friend had been the conductor of a public paper nearly from the date of the acknowledgment of our national independence; and, during that whole period, had taken an active part in the politics of the day. He had never been neutral on any question, in which he conceived the welfare of the country was involved, but had always supported the side, which he believed to be right—boldly, earnestly, and ably. This he had always done with good temper, and with no unkind feelings towards his adversaries. If he was ever found in the wrong, it always gave him pleasure to be set right. It had been the lot of few men to be actors in so many important political events as he. In no one was he more dis-

tinguished, than in the great work of rearing the edifice of our national Constitution. The pillars of this fabric, as they were slowly and laboriously raised, were delineated on the print of his paper, to show the progress of the work; and those, who were engaged in the task, were constantly aided, encouraged, and cheered, by the agency of his indefatigable press. His paper, though changed, from time to time, in its outward appearance, with the progress of the arts, and extended in its dimensions, with the growth of the community, has always retained the same spirit — a spirit uniformly devoted to the promotion of the public good. For more than forty years, it has had a most important agency in forming the public mind — in diffusing knowledge and sound principles — in correcting errors — in promoting useful projects — and in advancing the welfare and securing the good order of society. In promoting these objects, he has had the countenance, assistance, and friendship of some of the wisest and best men of the country. He has set a good example to those, who are in a situation to follow his steps; and, in retiring from the occupation, in which we have been associated with him, he is entitled to a hearty expression of our good will and esteem, and to our kindest benedictions.

The Chairman then proposed — “The health of our veteran friend, who, through a long life of useful public services, has been most esteemed by those, who knew him best.” In an affecting manner, but somewhat embarrassed by his feelings, Mr. Russell replied, as follows: —

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

In requesting your acceptance of my thanks for the sentiment announced from the Chair, every pulsation of my heart beats with gratitude, for the friendly and fraternal manner, in which my discharge of editorial duties has been viewed, by those, who are the best judges of them, and for the friendly interview now enjoyed. I trust that a formal speech is not expected from me. I could not, if I would, make one; and I would not if I could, detain you for any length of time, from the feast of reason, which you, gentlemen, have known so well how to provide. But, without remaining wholly silent, when called upon by duty, permit me to say, that it has been with regret that I have considered it necessary to dissolve my connection, as far as regards labor and care, with a profession, which needs no general panegyric. Its importance to the world and to civil liberty, and its great utility, are stamped in every step of the march of mind, and every verdict, pronounced by public

opinion. And you, gentlemen, are well qualified to make its character as honorable to our country as it is useful to all countries. That the profession of an editor is not, as some have asserted, irksome, and without enjoyment, permit me to inform such gainsayers, as one proof, at least, of their error, that there is an individual, who entered it as a volunteer, pursued it with a steady march more than forty years, and found it, with all its toils by day and watchings by night, not only a source of gratification, but never attended by a single hour of regret or disgust. This individual, Mr. President, could also add, that during the lapse of time, that has been mentioned, and which, it is well known, has been filled up with momentous events, he has not the recollection of a single instance, when, in the most zealous discharge of duty and devotion to the cause he espoused, that he has not recognized a brother in every opponent, and been ready to extend to him the fraternal hand and to reciprocate social feelings. This, Mr. President, is not an ebullition of egotism; and that individual feels, that it is to the knowledge of this disposition, and not for any professional eminence, that he is indebted for the kind attention, that has always been paid to him.

Mr. Russell was evidently much embarrassed by his feelings; for, in the course of his life, he had made many speeches on exciting occasions, from the impulse of the moment, much better as to style and arrangement, than this. To what particular circumstance, — if any, — he alluded, when he said he considered it necessary that he should dissolve his connection with the press, is not known. He had not manifested any failure of physical faculties or of his natural intellectual vigor, that should render such a step indispensable; and he was not so far advanced in life that he might not have continued to conduct his paper for many years. The circulation of the Centinel had diminished, and other papers had sprung into existence, and were gaining popularity with a younger generation. This might have operated unpleasantly on his feelings; and, probably, he foresaw that, without a change in his style of writing and general system of arranging his materials, in order to suit his

paper to the taste of the “varying hour,” its circulation would continue to diminish, until the establishment might be of little value; and that it would be better to sell it *then*, than to run the hazard of a poorer bargain when a sale would be unavoidable. Many persons had been subscribers to the paper from its commencement, and many others had been its readers and supporters for a long time, — all of whom regretted Mr. Russell’s retirement; but it was, notwithstanding, a judicious and fortunate procedure. Neither the talent nor the industry of the new proprietors, — though perseveringly exercised, — was sufficient to place the Centinel on the commanding eminence it had once occupied. Its subscription list was augmented in 1830 by the addition of that of the New-England Palladium, and in April, 1836, by that of the Boston Gazette. From 1830, it was issued daily as well as semi-weekly; but, with all these accessions to its support, it continued to decline, till the first of May, 1840, when it was sold to the proprietors of the Boston Daily Advertiser, and its identity was merged and lost in the more popular traits of character, which distinguished that paper.

While he was editor of the Centinel, Mr. Russell was always ready to promote all projects for public improvement, and all institutions for philanthropic purposes. He was always ready to contribute of his means to public or private charity. Avarice was not one of his failings; if it had been, he might have died worth half a million. The following anecdote, — which, perhaps, many readers may have heard from his own lips, — illustrates the generosity of his disposition, in cases of private necessity: —

About the year 1790, when Russell was in the habit of visiting, personally, all vessels newly arrived in the harbor, for the purpose of procuring intelligence, he went on board of one from the island of Guadaloupe, and examining the list of passengers, he perceived the name of *Udin*, or *Udang*.* Having known a captain of that name, while he was in the army, and knowing that he was an officer, in whom General Washington placed great confidence for fidelity and enterprize in peculiar services, Russell set off in search of him, and, after considerable fruitless inquiry, found him at an inferior tavern in Corn Court, so called, kept by a well-known landlady by the name of Duggan, whose sign was a picture of John Hancock. It was in the winter, and the weather was extremely cold. He found the old revolutionary soldier, thinly dressed in a short Nankin jacket, and trowsers of the same material, hovering over a small pan of coals, destitute of money, or any other valuable property. They recognized each other. The captain was delighted to see an old acquaintance, and after some few ceremonies of recognition, earnestly and affectionately inquired after the health and happiness of the *great commander*, as he was accustomed to call General Washington. Russell, who never suffered himself to be outdone in expressions of love and reverence for Washington, was touched by these tokens of devotion towards the man, whom of all others, he most venerated, and immediately took measures for the relief of the captain from his state of utter destitution. He got up a subscription and raised money enough to purchase for him two suits of clothing, and to enable him to board,

* The orthography of this name is uncertain.

for a time, at a more respectable public house, — the Bunch-of-Grapes tavern in State-street. Russell then set himself to work to get a situation for the captain, that would afford him a suitable maintenance. By application to General Lincoln and some other distinguished men, well known to Washington, an office of some emolument, was secured for him at Albany, where he was respected as a faithful and capable officer and a worthy citizen.

Another incident occurred in the life of Russell, which, though for a time a topic of much abuse from his political opponents, was really so creditable to the good feelings of his heart, and so happily illustrated the natural energy of his character, that it should not be forgotten. One of his cousins, William Russell of Salem, was a prisoner of war on board the British frigate *Nymph*, which, in 1814, was cruising in and near the harbor of Boston. He entertained a notion that he could get his relative released. Without consulting any of his friends, or making his project known, even to his family, he hired a small fishing-boat, with two men to manage it, and went in search of the frigate. Not knowing exactly at what point she was to be found, nor knowing how long it might take to discover her, he took with him provisions sufficient to last him and his associates about ten days. These provisions consisted of fresh beef and mutton, poultry, bread, butter, and cheese, and a generous allowance of wine. He had the good fortune to fall in with the *Nymph* about twenty miles from Boston. His boat was hailed from the frigate. The captain was informed that the persons in the boat were anxious to see a relation who was a prisoner in the ship. Russell was per-

mitted to go on board. He represented to the captain the case of his cousin, and prevailed on him to release his prisoner. As the crew of the frigate were rather short of provisions, the commanding officer thought it a good opportunity to lessen the number of prisoners, and released William Russell on condition that four other prisoners, who were on the sick list, should be taken away with him. This proposition was, of course, readily agreed to. Then, *and not till then*, Russell made a present to the officers of the *Nymph* of the provisions he had on board his boat, — an act of courtesy, which could hardly have been omitted without incurring an imputation of meanness. But it furnished the democratic party with the groundwork of a charge of aiding and assisting the enemy, of treasonable intercourse, &c. No notice was taken of it by the government, though some of the influential newspapers were loud in their censures and denunciations. After an absence of about thirty-six hours from the town, Russell arrived safely with the five released captives as evidence of his address.

Though he made no pretensions to literary scholarship, he was frequently consulted in regard to literary compositions intended for popular effect. When Thomas Paine (afterwards Robert Treat Paine,) had written his celebrated Song, “Adams and Liberty,” he showed the manuscript to Russell, who, after casting his eye over it, said, “You have not introduced the name of Washington.” Struck with the omission, which was entirely inadvertent, Paine sat down at Russell’s table, and wrote the following stanza : —

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts would ne’er rend Freedom’s temple asunder,
For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,

And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
 His sword from the sleep
 Of its scabbard would leap,
 And conduct with its point, every flash to the deep.

Paine often acknowledged that he was indebted to the suggestion of Russell for the introduction of this stanza, into a composition, which has probably done more to extend his fame than any thing else he had written.

The newspaper poets were proud of seeing their productions in the *Centinel*, and the editor usually repaid their favors with a compliment. Many of these contributions are as well worthy of preservation, as hundreds and thousands of verses, which are imported, and stamped with the approving seal of British critics. The little epigram, which follows, with Russell's introductory criticism, appears as original in the *Centinel* of August 2, 1800 : —

☞ *We may search far and long before we shall find a more delicate morceau than the following : —*

THE FEMALE GRAMMARIAN.

“A KISS,” said young Charles, “is a *noun*, we allow,
 But tell me, my dear, is it *proper*, or *common* !”
 Lovely Myra blushed deep, and exclaimed — “Why I vow,
 I think that a *kiss* is both *proper* and *common* !”

Several pieces of poetry appeared in the *Centinel*, the same year, signed “Analaski,” of which the following is the best, and which, the editor said, “presents a high-wrought Picture from the Pencil of impassioned Genius and Sensibility” : —

ODE,

ON THE FOLLY OF EXULTING ON FOREIGN WAR.

Scenes of sweet peace ! our native plains,
 Ye wild paths of our airy hills !
 Ye *gates of Heaven*, our father's fanes,
 Which yet Devotion's fervor fills !

Mid ye should angry murmurs swell ?
 To tranquil joys the heart rebel ?
 Exulting when the wrath of war
 Hurls its volcanic torrents, dreadfully afar !

To us, indifferent, whether reign
 The impious *Gaul*, or zealous *Russ* ;
 A *silken* or an iron *chain*
 Alike, to Honor is a curse.
 Our wishes cannot change decrees
 Of Heaven's high monarch, as he please
 States and their Empires are o'erthrown,
 'Tis his commissioned worm that saps the monarch's throne.

The steed in verdant pasture bred
 Starts at the martial-rallying choir,
 Wild floats the forelock o'er his head,
 His nostrils smoke, his eyes are fire ;
 'Till custom round the martial plain
 Guides him with her imperial rein ;
 Then all impatient for the field
 He laughs th' embattled host, and spurns the glittering shield.

Thus hearts that throb'd at fiction's tale,
 With battle's shouts familiar grow ; —
 Mothers, whom *distant* war made pale,
 From Glory's carnage learn to glow. —
 From them, what daughters shall be led
 Shameless, to vex the marriage bed !
 Nor joy, nor love, nor soft desire,
 Nor heavenly charity, one tender wish inspire !

A single death in times of yore,
 Was subject for a nation's tears ;
 Whole nations weltering in their gore
 Will scarcely satiate moderns' ears ;
 Thus when th' avenging angel hied,
 The first-born-hope of *Egypt* died.
 Scourges of blood the fountains dry
 Of every tender thought of sweet humanity.

Behold *Helvetia's* favored plain,
 Ere by the storm of war o'erswept,
 There gayly waved the yellow grain,
 The child in fearless cradle slept ;

The shepherd's pipe was heard at noon,
 To rustic revels lit the moon,
 The wife's quick shuttle plied the woof,
 While bending age, made welcome every humble roof.

Waked by the kine, that at the door
 With outstretched neck impatient lowed
 Her swelling udder to out-pour
 And join the neighboring pasture-crowd,
 The youth to active labor sprung,
 And jocund up the mountain sung,
 Below whose summit crowned with snows,
 Fair love, unspotted faith, health, happiness repose:—

Now see! the ox with loosened yoke
 Wander deserted hills around!
 Behold the cottage ruins smoke!
 Behold the indignant peasant bound!
 While tottering age, affrighted maids,
 Fear the loud sigh mid caverned shades,
 And mothers dumb, at terror's cry,
 Throw, to the iron-hoof, their infant progeny!

What though on *Alps*, huge *Alps* arise,
 And snows eternal fence the coast?
 To scale the heavens Ambition hies,
 And Havoc urges on the host;
 Pale Famine on their steps attend,
 Ruin, the desolating fiend;
 Starts from the blood-soaked sod the horse,
 And screams the affrighted raven o'er the mangled corse!

While Victory high her standard waves
 How writhes below the wounded plain!
 Along the hills what torture raves!
 What thousands envious of the slain!
 O'er them the careless victor rides,
 Stamping his steed's feet in their sides,
 While sullen moves the groaning team,
 Plunging their writhing bodies in the bloody stream.

Perversely then shall we exult,
 When Glory's shout is borne on air?
 What is of war the true result
 But silent misery and despair!

Our ardent passions take the rein,
Unless secured by reason's chain,
Pure virtue ne'er exulting flies
From calm humanity and peace to boisterous skies.

Mr. Russell was proud of his character as a mechanic. To the mechanics, as a class, he was strongly and affectionately attached. When, in the brightest day of his political career, when he was associated with men of the highest rank in political circles, and even courted by some of the leaders of his party, he never forgot that he was a mechanic, and would, at almost any time, withdraw from a political committee, or conference, to attend a meeting of mechanics. His agency in the meetings at the Green Dragon, while the Convention were discussing the Federal Constitution, has already been noticed. In 1795, he, with a few other mechanics of Boston, formed a society, afterwards named the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. Of this association he was President from 1808 to 1817, inclusive. He was always sincerely devoted to its interests, and did more than any other individual to establish it on a permanent basis, and to increase its popularity, usefulness, and reputation. He was also President of the Faustus Association, — a society formed by the printers of Boston and the adjacent towns, for mutual protection and advantage.

Mr. Russell had not only an *ambition* for public employment ; he had a *talent* that enabled him to discharge the duties of every employment, that his fellow-citizens saw fit to impose upon him. He filled the important station of President of the Board of Health of the town of Boston, from 1806 to 1810, inclusive. He was a

member of the school committee, by election of the people, from 1817 to 1821, inclusive, and, afterwards, held the same office by virtue of his office as an alderman of the city. He was a member of the common council from the organization of the city government in 1822, and was annually re-elected for four successive years. In 1829 he was elected an alderman, and re-elected for three successive years. Probably no other man had ever held the office of a popular representative so many years in succession. He was first elected a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in 1805, and was re-elected every succeeding year thereafter, including 1821. In 1822 and 1825, he was elected a senator for the county of Suffolk; and again, a representative from Boston in 1828, and each succeeding year, including 1835. In 1836 and 1837, he was a member of the Executive Council; and this, I believe, was the last of his service in any public capacity.

Mr. Russell's retirement from all connection with the Press was sincerely regretted by his professional cotemporaries. Although, during the long period of high political excitement, he had been engaged in many angry disputes, and had not been over-scrupulous in the application of personal reflections, yet, from the day when Mr. Munroe was elected to the Presidency, — when the federal party became virtually dissolved, and gave up its existence as an organized national party, he had been one of the most courteous and good-natured of editors. From the date of that election to the last publication under his name, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in the Centinel a severe or bitter remark upon those of the profession, who did not fall in with his

views of the policy, which he had adopted. He had hailed that election as the commencement of an "Era of Good Feelings," and he adhered to the principle, indicated by that significant phrase, with entire good faith. As, in his private intercourse, he had never harbored resentment long enough to extinguish his sympathies, except, perhaps, in a single instance, so, when his political relations were changed, his political animosities expired. Socially and politically, he suffered not the sun to go down upon his wrath. He had a fiery and a hasty temper, but it might be aptly and truly said of him, he "carried anger as the flint bears fire, which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark, and straight is cold again."

Being now a man of perfect leisure, Mr. Russell sought public employment, and his fellow-citizens were ready to avail themselves of his experience and willingness to serve them. He was four times elected an alderman of the city, — as before stated, — an office of much labor, and with no compensation. He was again sent to the Legislature as a representative. His election as a member of the Executive Council, was made by the vote of the Legislature. When not engaged in public employment, he was almost daily seen on the Exchange, or in some other public place, where he was wont to relate the incidents and anecdotes of days gone by, and where he always found willing auditors. In 1837, he was severely afflicted by the death of his wife, — a lady, whose many excellent endowments, as a wife, a mother, and a friend, had made his house a paradise for near forty years. By this bereavement he lost a friend and counselor, who had acquired an influence over his heart and understanding, that was discern-

ible in the softening of some of the asperities of his natural temper. Soon after, he broke up his domestic establishment, and took lodgings for himself, an unmarried daughter, and an unmarried sister, in a private boarding-house.

It has been stated that Mr. Russell left no manuscripts in the form of a diary, and hardly a scrap of paper, on which he had made a memorandum of any occurrence. I have not been able to discover any thing that he wrote, after he relinquished the situation of editor, except a very few letters to his intimate friends. The letter, which follows, and which, judging from its date, I apprehend was one of his longest and latest, carries on its face all necessary explanation. The original has many erasures and interlineations. Two or three omissions are supplied by the words in brackets : —

Lincoln-street, June 24, 1840.

My dear friend,

. I am fearful, from the conversation we had to-day at Ashton's, that you are under a wrong impression respecting the late Whig gathering, in Worcester. It was no mob meeting ; but a convocation worthy of the Old Bay State, although a little too noisy in the afterpiece. I refused going, as a regular delegate, because I did not wish to take on myself the responsibility of attending the convention, as such, as I had perfect confidence, that good Whig nominations would be made by those who did go, and my defect of hearing could not have permitted [me] to discharge any duty, which my age, &c. might have induced friends to call me [to perform.] Nor did I make up my mind to go, *as a volunteer*, until Wednesday morning, when, seeing the mighty masses, which were thronging the depot, and wishing to be a mere looker-on, in my second native town, of the largest assemblage ever convened in the Heart of the Commonwealth, I jumped into the car and went. An accident prevented me from seeing the early part of the proceedings ; but all I did see, bating the huzzas and salutations, reciprocated between the Whig Ladies of Worcester and their Whig visitors, was done [in] good order, good discipline, cheerful countenance, and not an instance of Intemperance. The business of the

Convention, which I did not see, I am confidently assured, was done as well as at the Conventions we have attended. A large majority of the Deputies elect met the evening before, and made the usual Caucus arrangements. These, and many others, met at an early hour on Wednesday forenoon; were duly organized, and proceeded to the usual nominations, which were unanimously agreed to, and reported to, and confirmed by, other assemblages of Whigs, from all parts of the State and Connecticut, accompanied by many hundred banners and many bands of music. All these were paraded with the utmost regularity, and occupied a cortege of nearly two miles in length. Several hundreds who were in the cars, [by] the accident I have alluded to, were prevented coming on the field till afternoon. But all the business had been finished and confirmed with approbation, and therefore [we] had nothing more to do, than to join in the felicitations, and hearty cheers, which overflowed from all hearts. But for the accident alluded to, which could not be prevented,—the whole gathering would have passed off with as much order and decorum, as that which has ever attended the great Mechanic and Civic Processions, which we have seen in Boston. To this circumstance I attribute the fact, that the loud cheers were made by those who came at the eleventh hour, and who had no other means of becoming known to the convention. The best discipline pervaded all the numerous ranks. The utmost attention was paid to the speakers' addresses, from the numerous hustings, which the great multitude made indispensable; and there was not one mob-like or disorderly movement made during the day or evening. The cheerings were heartfelt, and must have been heard with pleasure by every Whig ear within hearing. I repeat, that all the Business parts of the day were conducted with true Yankee order and decorum; and the cheerings, although loud and hearty, and might have been considered too loud, were not more loud and hearty, than you and I have heard in old Faneuil Hall. The *People* feel the wrongs of their tyrannical Oppressors,—and when they raise the voice to proclaim them,—it is the voice of God. I hate *mobs* in the true acceptation of the term; but I am confident, had you been at Worcester, under the circumstances in which I was placed, you would have contradicted every assertion, that the Worcester gathering was a mob proceeding. I make this statement in the sincerity of my heart, to remove any impressions which you must have had on your mind, in what you remarked to-day.

Your affectionate fellow citizen,

BENJ. RUSSELL.

I write in great haste, and hope you will excuse this scrawl.*

*The name under the engraved portrait, which accompanies this volume, is a fac simile of the signature affixed to this letter. It will be observed that at the date of it Mr. Russell was near the completion of his seventy-ninth year.

Mr. Russell was much affected by the death of his wife, and a decay of his intellectual power was perceived by his familiar acquaintance. In 1843, another event had a similar effect. This was the sudden death of a son-in-law, Samuel L. Abbot, an amiable man and highly respectable merchant. To the business talent of Mr. Abbot, Mr. Russell had been indebted for much aid in the management of his pecuniary affairs, and the death of so excellent an adviser and friend, seemed to be the removal of a prop, that supported his house. From this time, the failure of his physical and intellectual faculties became too evident and too rapid to escape the notice of those that knew him. His gait was noticeable for a shuffling motion, as if the machinery, which lifted the feet, was entirely out of order. He seldom visited places of public resort, and his walks for exercise were chiefly on the common. His memory was much impaired. Though he would still relate incidents of his youth and early manhood, — sometimes with surprizing accuracy, — yet, at other times, he lost entirely the order of events, in regard to which he had once been scrupulously exact.

In the month of October, 1844, I sat with him, at his boarding-house, a couple of hours. There was a military review on the common ; and, knowing that he had never permitted such an event to pass off without his being a spectator, I asked him if he would like to walk out and see the troops. He said he did not feel quite smart enough to bustle through the crowd. A few minutes afterwards he asked *if they were voting for President*. This confusion of ideas in his mind was a melancholy manifestation of the loss of memory. When I informed him that the election

of President would not take place for some days to come, he seemed to be mortified that he had committed such an error. To restore him to cheerfulness, I mentioned the names of some of his old friends in the Mechanic Association. His memory and natural joyousness revived, and he related many anecdotes concerning the past members of that association, and talked much of the difficulties they had to encounter in the early stages of its history. He then reverted to revolutionary times, and repeated the whole of a poem, written by J. M. Sewall, and recited, or sung, at Worcester, in 1776, entitled "The Fiery Devil." It was a parody on a British song — "The Watery God." It contained more than a hundred lines. He had repeated this to me, a few years before, and I then wrote it down from his dictation, not knowing that there was any printed copy of it in existence. Afterwards, I saw it in a newspaper printed in 1784. On comparing the printed copy with my manuscript, taken from his recollection, I discovered the variation of a single word only, and that a very unimportant one.

After this interview I saw Mr. Russell but once. I called on him one morning in November, in company with a gentleman, — a member of the Mechanic Association — with whom he had long been familiarly acquainted. We found him rather indisposed to conversation, owing, as I supposed to his sense of hearing being somewhat impaired. I was not then aware that he did not recognize the friend who was with me; and was surprized to learn, the next morning, that immediately after we left him, he inquired *who it was that called with Buckingham.*

The progress of decay was now daily perceptible. He had no sickness. He was sometimes a little nervous, and would send for the doctor ; but medical prescriptions were useless, and were seldom given. His physician very frankly told his friends, — what, indeed, was quite evident to them, — that he could be of no service ; *for the machine was worn out, and there was not material enough left, to form the basis of repairs.* His appetite was gentle, and satisfied with small quantities of the simplest food. The animal functions of nature continued their operations without artificial aids.

In this manner a month or two passed away. On the morning of the fourth of January, 1845, Mr. Russell was sitting by the fire-side, and rose to go to his bed. He asked his daughter, who was with him, what made the room look so dark. Perceiving that his eyes no longer performed their office, she led him to the bed. He lay down, and, in the course of an hour, ceased to breathe. He suffered no painful struggle in passing from time to eternity. The transition from world to world was so tranquil, that the affectionate watcher noted not the moment of change. The once bright and fervid flame palely and feebly burned till the oil was consumed, and the vital spark went out.

Thus died Benjamin Russell, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His funeral was honored by the attendance of the members of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, members of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and a long array of those who had been associated with him in friendly and social relations. The remains were deposited in a tomb in the Old Granary Burying Ground. Unbroken repose to his ashes ! Unending happiness to his soul !

THE SALEM MERCURY.

THIS paper was published by John Dabney and Thomas C. Cushing, and began with the year 1787. It was printed weekly on Tuesday, on a demy sheet, four columns to a page, and chiefly on Long Primer type. It was conducted with great care as to the selection of authentic intelligence, and was furnished with communications from able writers. In politics, the editors were ardent friends to the Union of the States, and advocates for the Constitution. On the third of March, 1789, they gave expression to their patriotic feelings, after the following fashion : —

If ever angels from the sky descend,
'Twill be the Federal Structure to defend.

To-morrow, (the great, the important day, big with the fate of these United States,) commences a new era in the politics of our country. May this auspicious day be ever sacred — no mourning, no misfortune happen on it! — The day whereon convenes that august assembly, the NEW CONGRESS, when, it is presumed, that every sincerely honest and independent heart in the Union bounds with joy! especially as the prospect brightens, of the luminary of our hemisphere presiding as Chief — an additional lustre to this truly magnificent Body!

As *great* in battle, *great* he is in peace!
He comes again to point our way to fame;
The FEDERAL PLAN shall bid our evils cease,
And stamp Columbia with a lasting name.

On contemplating our country, just arrived upon the solid and uniform track of regular, equitable, and effectual government, after having so narrowly escaped the dreadful calamity of anarchy and disunion; while,

on one hand, *civil dissension* yawned for our peace and safety, and, on the other, *foreign subjugation* watched, to devour all that was valuable in life, the present pleasing reverse of affairs must yield delight to every beholder. The many happy effects, which will necessarily flow from the motions of this grand system, are, no doubt, in some measure anticipated in the warm imaginations of its uniform friends, who anxiously look up for the future existence and weal of their country, to the united wisdom of the Fathers of the land, in our Supreme Legislature, most judiciously composed of

Patriots, whose virtues searching Time has tried;
 Heroes, who fought, where brother heroes died;
 Lawyers, who speak as Tully spoke before;
 Sages, deep read in philosophic lore;
 Merchants, whose plans are to no realms confined;
 Farmers, the noblest title to mankind;
 Yeoman and Tradesmen, pillars of each state,
 On whose decision hangs Columbia's fate.

May the national blessings resulting from this political revolution continue, and continually expand, from generation to generation, till the last shock of time buries the empires of the world in one undistinguished ruin!

The Mercury of October 13, 20, and 27, has no publisher's, editor's, or printer's name in the imprint. That of the 27th, contained an advertisement, stating that the partnership of Dabney & Cushing was dissolved on the 14th; and another stating that the business was to be carried on by T. C. Cushing.

In October of this year, while President Washington was on his tour through New-England, he visited Salem. In a long and circumstantial account of that visit, the Mercury says, — "No particular circumstance of the day seems to have pleased more than the plain and hearty manner in which Mr. Northey, the chairman of the selectmen, received the President. This gentleman is of the society of Friends; and when the President was presented to the selectmen, Mr. Northey took him

by the hand, being covered, and said, 'Friend Washington, we are glad to see thee, and, in behalf of the inhabitants, bid thee a hearty welcome to Salem.' "

The first paper issued by Cushing in 1790, had for its title **THE AMERICAN EAGLE**, and is designated, in the imprint, as "Number 1, in 1790." The next paper, is entitled

THE SALEM GAZETTE,

"Number 2, in 1790," and this mode of reckoning was continued through the year. At the beginning of the year 1791, the usual manner of computing the age of the publication was restored, and the paper of January 4, is designated as "Volume V. number 221," that being the whole number of weekly issues from the first number of the *Mercury*. The title, *Salem Gazette*, has remained, without change, to the present day, and the number of each publication has proceeded in order from the same beginning.

In the *Gazette* of October 14, 1794, "the Editor informs its patrons that he relinquishes the publication to Mr. **WILLIAM CARLETON**, who will conduct the same after this day. . . . He recollects, with sensibility, the benefits he has received, since he became (this day five years) the sole Editor of it; and gratitude obliges him to acknowledge, that, notwithstanding the disadvantages, under which it has been published, he relinquishes it with an increase, double to what it possessed when he received it. A more undivided attention to it has now become necessary, than he is able to bestow; and many have thought it expedient that it should be made a semi-weekly paper. He has no doubt that these deficiencies will be amply supplied by Mr.

Carleton, and, in his favor, he solicits a continuance of that patronage to the Salem Gazette, under which it has so long lived."

In assuming the editorial and publishing department of the Gazette, — after the customary expressions of deference and respect, — Mr. Carleton said : —

In the prosecution of this publication, the present Editor does not expect its importance to be increased from an adherence to *any party*; it is, on the contrary, his determination to *continue* it, impartial, independent, and uninfluenced, but by the public good — neither devoting it to the cause of unfeeling Aristocracy, or employing it in kindling the vindictive rage of Democracy, or lighting the destructive torch of Anarchy; but in endeavoring to fix the public eye on the blessings of a free government, constitutional laws, and good order in society. He is persuaded that the political transactions of the day are what always render a Gazette most interesting, and more especially at a period so important as the present — these shall receive all the attention, which the present confined limits of the Gazette will admit — at the same time a due regard shall be paid to those more domestic concerns, which, though not equally important, it may be pleasant and useful to notice, and, on all his youthful exertions, he solicits the candor of an indulgent public.

In the next Gazette we find the commencement of that long series of articles, under the title of "SUMMARY," which gave notoriety to that paper as long as Carleton was its publisher, and afterwards contributed still more to the fame of the Essex Register. These articles, — a most entertaining composition of miscellaneous ingredients, — were prepared by the Rev. William Bentley, one of the ministers of Salem, an eminent scholar, and a man of rather eccentric but unspotted character. Each of these summaries may be considered as an index to all the current news of the period, which intervened between the days of publication. They extended, according to circumstances, from half a column to one or

two, and sometimes to three, columns. But no description that I can give will present the character of the Summary, so distinctly as that of the writer himself, namely, — “As a Summary is necessarily miscellaneous, we must be excused, if sometimes we seem to pass abruptly from one thing to another. It is our intention to mention all interesting subjects, and in as few words as can make them to be understood. Should we collect things of the same nature together, without regard to the places in which they happen, we should lose the historical form which the Gazette exacts of us. It is our method to introduce foreign intelligence by the nation acting immediately the most interesting part in foreign affairs, and so to pass off from the great action to less important occurrences. In our own country, we begin at the most southern state, and so travel homewards. We intend not needlessly to deviate from this practice.”

But no adequate idea of these curious medleys can be formed without a specimen; and here is one, taken at random: —

Reports now are that the success of Russia has emboldened the Empress, after conferring distinguished honors upon her General, to promise a fleet and an army, to be at Jersey and Guernsey against France. This is in substance the tale of last spring, but it is not impossible that it may be realized. We have reason to suspect that Prussia will send her 20,000 troops to assist the Empire on their old station of the Rhine. A negotiation, it is said, has been checked between the English and the Royalists of La Vendee, by the Pacific measures of the French. And we are told that the Constitution of 1791 is read freely by the French nation. The English are represented to be suspicious and severe in their measures with the Italian States since their own failures in the Mediterranean. Robertspierre's fears respecting fanaticism, it is said, have been justified by some appearances near Lyons, and the books of moral instruction are found to be wanting, which have been promised by the Convention. We are told they begin to complain in France in want of raw materials for their manufactures. At HOME. The Lands

proposed to be disposed of by the State of Georgia, were to have been granted to four companies. To the Georgia company for 250,000 dollars. The Georgia Mississippi company for 155,000 dollars. To the Upper Mississippi company for 35,000, and to the Tennessee company for 60,000 dollars. The State was to retain out of the first grant 620,000 acres, out of the 2d 138,000, out of the 3d 138,000, out of the 4th 248,000, and 50,000 besides out of the last grant for the Commissioners. A small shock of an Earthquake has been felt in Virginia. As the third Congress has closed, we shall have the laws and proceedings in full detail in the Gazette. We are happy to find that Congress have remembered the great services of Count de Grasse in their generous attention to his children, whom we are happy to find in this town, and know to be deserving of this public gratitude. Mr. Gallatin in a long and labored speech has endeavored to prove from facts that the elections in the Western Counties were valid, because those counties could not be proved to have been in a state of insurrection during the late commotions in those parts. The Tobacconists have presented a memorial to Congress, in which they complain of the Excise, and propose Taxes on real and personal estates as to be preferred by Government. A Bill has passed in the Assembly of New-York for a new Census of that State. Perhaps our information respecting the Democratic Society in Vermont was not just. Our General Court has adjourned. The principal Acts have been, to introduce the dollar and its parts as money of accounts; to appropriate 12,000*l.* for the payment of interest on the debt of the Commonwealth; to direct the payment of Costs in Criminal prosecutions; to establish a Nantucket bank; to assist Creditors in the recovery of their just demands; to explain the Militia Law; to bind apprentices and minors; to erect guideposts on public roads; and to incorporate the proprietors of Middlesex Canal. Last week was published in this town by the Rev. Dr. Barnard, a pertinent and excellent discourse delivered in the North Congregation on the last Thanksgiving. In the discourse, the Doctor has idolized no political theory, but has justly applauded our own federal Government, and intimately associated public happiness with public virtue. We subjoin the substance of his observations at the close. . . . *Salem Gazette, March 10, 1795.*

In June, 1796, the Gazette was published as a semi-weekly paper, on Tuesday and Friday. It is introduced by a pretty long address, which bears internal evidence that it proceeded from the pen of Mr. Bentley. The following is the closing part of it: —

We have not seen without great concern the abuses which have attended the liberty of diffusing useful knowledge by Gazettes. The privilege is inestimable, but it may become dangerous by faction. Nations have had just cause to apprehend, instead of the support of liberty, the destruction of all subordination from this engine of party. Instead of the friend of truth and knowledge, it has often been the vile slave of falsehood, of slander, and guilt. It has not enlightened but deceived mankind. It has taught men to hate their friends, and has betrayed them to their worst enemies. While we should behold with horror any attempts against the liberty of the Press, we cannot refuse to view with sincere complacency all attempts to prevent its abuses. By the wise precautions of the English nation, it has saved itself from destruction. The French are now involved in the evils they were too willing to see prevailing among their national enemies. They complain that their enemies publish the slanders which endanger the blessings of their revolution. But a licentious press is always an enemy in the bosom of any nation, and every nation can supply base passions enough to arm so powerful an enemy against its tranquility. We trust, then, we shall feel no incentives to abuse the public confidence, and we trust that our correspondents will not be so disingenuous as to urge us to any insults to men or measures. Moral papers may often find a place in a Gazette, but they more properly belong to publications of a different nature. Few men having leisure or inclination to write for such papers in this rising country, little success has attended the several attempts to imitate the European publications of this character. Some new experiments are now to be determined, but all the Editors complain that they have not the encouragement promised to them. We have seen essays in our Gazettes for moral purposes. Many of them have been rather whimsical than interesting. Nothing inconsistent with the chastity of the Spectator will in the end be beneficial to the public morals. Men cannot be incited, by a laugh, to practice duties, which belong only to a sober education, and to long and careful habits. We shall be careful to avoid religious papers. They tend to degrade the most important subject which can employ the thoughts of men. Devout thoughts belong to different hours from those we assign to the Gazette and to business. And as to religious controversy, few men understand it, and very few can manage it with calmness. And they, who have ability to think coolly, have better opportunities of communicating their thoughts to the world. We shall keep ourselves in our proper character. We shall reverence religion and the laws; we shall blot out no man's good services by obloquy; and we shall communicate every thing to the public, which has, in our judgment, truth, happiness, usefulness, or good

government as its object. We shall be greatly obliged to all our commercial friends for the best foreign news, and shall rejoice in the public testimony, that we are impartial and useful, entertaining and innocent.


The Gazette of September 27, was nearly filled with President Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States. The summary of the next paper closed as follows : — " We cannot refuse to notice the Address of our worthy President, on account of which we relinquished this part of our Gazette in our last publication. With flowing tears we attentively examine an Address, which demands our admiration, while it seals our affections. His sentiments will be written on our hearts, and live with our prosperity, from which they will ever be inseparable. His services will be engraven on our memories, and Time will report them for the gratitude of the most distant ages. The virtuous lament that the wise are not immortal. There is a struggle between our duty to resign and our inclination to retain the Man, who is our richest blessing. May his future days be in peace, and his reward from his God.

' Time, to thy wing, and bring us, if you can,
' Midst all thy dead and living store,
' To such another man.' "

To this notice of the retiring President may properly be added that, which introduced the first message of Mr. Adams, at the commencement of an extra session of Congress, soon after he was inaugurated as President, in May, 1799. Perhaps no official document was ever more truly described in the same number of lines, than was this by Mr. Bentley : — " We can offer to the public the Address of President Adams at the opening of Congress. There is a manly freedom in it ; while there is a precision, which is admirable. He has combined

very noble sentiments. He awakens a sense of national honor, while he establishes the most deliberate wisdom. He feels every indignity offered to these States, while he permits no resentment, unfriendly to peace. He calls for defence, while he employs negotiation. He demands a policy, which has our own prosperity, and not the prejudice of foreign nations, as its object. In this critical conjuncture, when all eyes are turned towards him, he has conciliated the affections, and possessed the confidence of the United States. Long live the President."

The Gazette was conducted by Carleton, till the 25th of July, 1797. In the paper of that day, is the following notice: —

 The Customers of the Salem Gazette are respectfully informed that its publication is resumed by THO'S. C. CUSHING.

No reason is assigned for either of the changes, — that from Cushing to Carleton, in 1794, or that from Carleton to Cushing, in 1797. After the last-mentioned change, the Gazette had none of Mr. Bentley's Summaries. It may be supposed that politics had something to do with this last change. From that time, the Gazette had more of a partisan character, and that character was decidedly *federal*. It had previously been *neutral*. It appears, from advertisements in the Gazette, that Cushing & Carleton were partners in a book-selling establishment, while the Gazette was published by Carleton.

In the autumn of 1802, a severe political conflict agitated the county of Essex, and produced in the town of Salem a deplorable state of feeling. The occasion of it was the election of representatives to Congress.

For that district, the republican party nominated Jacob Crowninshield, an eminent merchant of Salem; the federal party nominated Timothy Pickering, who had been Secretary of state during a part of Mr. Adams's administration. Both parties grew angry, and each assailed the candidate of the other in rather intemperate language.

In the *Gazette* of November 12, is an address to the public, signed by the editor, which illustrates the angry temper, with which this electioneering campaign was carried on. Mr. Cushing states that on the Saturday evening previous, two gentlemen by the name of Crowninshield and Mr. Joseph Story, called at his house and requested a private interview. Having been seated, he was informed by the gentlemen that they had come on an unpleasant business, namely, certain publications in his paper, abusive of them and their friends. Mr. Story complained that he had been placed before the public in an injurious point of view — that he was a young man, come into the town to gain a livelihood in an honorable way — that he ought to receive countenance and protection from the community — that his expressing his political sentiments with freedom was perfectly justifiable — that he had no objection to his arguments being fairly combated, but that he would not submit to be arraigned before the public in the manner he had been. Capt. B. Crowninshield labored to show that many pieces published in the *Gazette*, had been highly injurious, and that the editor had been in the practice of making personal reflections against him and his family. He represented the danger to which he (Cushing) exposed himself by these means. After alluding to sundry circumstances of a threatening character, he concluded by

saying that if he (Cushing) continued to publish such things as they had complained of, he would shoot him in the dark if he could not do it in the day time. Cushing states that his reply was of the following tenor:—

That it was my desire, and had been my uniform endeavor to keep my paper free from undue personalities—that I considered public characters and public conduct as proper subjects of animadversion—that such was the present state of parties, and irritation of the public mind, that possibly (for I would not be my own judge) I might have admitted expressions not strictly within the bounds prescribed to myself—that I could not say how I should conduct my paper in future, but should still be governed by the same regard to decency, and endeavor to give no just cause of offence—that threats, however, would have no effect upon me in that respect, but if they meant to address my reason and sense of propriety, on that ground I was willing to hear them. With respect to the asperity of language used in my paper, I observed, if there had been such, it was excited by that of the opposite paper—that the candidates for office in my paper against Capt. Jacob Crowninshield had been treated with a degree of indelicacy and abuse in the Register, which had not been exercised in return against him. I told them that it had been impossible for me, from appearances, not to view them in connection with the paper in which these things appeared. Here they disavowed all connection with the Register, otherwise than that of being its customers, except that Mr. Story acknowledged himself to be one of its writers. They observed at length, that, as to what was past, they had no more to say; their only object was, that I should refrain in future from personalities towards them and their friends. They left it to me to divulge the meeting or not, as I pleased; it would not be done by them. I informed them that I felt a disposition not to make it known.

The earnestness and loudness with which the conversation was begun, and the kind of language made use of, alarmed the females of Cushing's family, and they immediately called in some of the young men who were in his employ; so that there were assembled in an adjoining room, without his knowledge, quite a number of young men and lads. This was the means of the meeting being almost instantly known abroad, and the most

prominent parts of the conversation, particularly the threat to shoot him, were immediately reported. A day or two after, many pressing requests were made to Cushing, that he should lay an account of the affair and a report of the conversation before the people, who considered the threats, as they had been rumored, not merely as personal to himself, but seriously concerning the whole community.

Other political topics were discussed in the *Gazette* with great freedom. One of these topics, was the invitation given by President Jefferson to Thomas Paine, to revisit the United States, and his offer of a national vessel to convey that somewhat celebrated personage to our shores. Paine accepted the invitation, and while the guest of the President, wrote a series of letters to the people, which were published in the *National Intelligencer*. The comments on these matters in the federal papers were numerous and severe, and the *Gazette* was not behind its cotemporaries, either in the number or severity of its remarks. Those remarks were highly seasoned with sarcasm, ridicule, and sober invective.

In the latter part of December of this year, the editor begged leave to inform his customers, that the disadvantages, under which he had, for a long time supported it, had, at length, reduced it to a point of depression, which made it necessary for him either to renounce it entirely and turn his attention wholly to more promising pursuits, or to make some new arrangements for prolonging its existence. He said he should attempt the latter, and he proposed certain alterations in the terms of advertising, the subscription price of the paper, &c. The attempt is presumed to have been successful, for the

publication was continued, and, no doubt, with profit to the proprietor as it was with advantage to the public.

The two great causes of public agitation, and personal anger and resentment, which marked the early years of the present century, — the Embargo of 1807 and the War of 1812, — operated with more violence in Salem than in any other town in New-England. It was said, — and, probably, with truth, — that some of the fiercest politicians went about the streets, armed, either to commit or to repel personal assault. The Salem Gazette took a high and fearless stand against the measures of the administration, and the Essex Register was no less resolute in defending them. It would be difficult to find a newspaper war conducted with so much ferocity as that, which was carried on for several years between these two papers. A few extracts, taken almost at random, and from one or two volumes only of the Gazette, will illustrate the style and temper of the editor and his correspondents during this period : —

The accounts from Washington are daily more and more alarming. Our fears and dangers are not from foreign powers — them we could resist — but from the madness of our own government, who seem determined to go on hand in hand with Bonaparte, and bring this continent into the same state to which he has reduced that of Europe. The Non-Intercourse is to be renewed, and enforced if necessary with land and sea forces, and the Bank of the United States to be annihilated. All importers, whose goods shall arrive, will not only suffer the forfeiture of their property, but heavy fines in addition. These measures combined will nearly put an end to commerce, and ruin all the mercantile class, except those whose wealth secures them from their effects. Beggary and misery will spread through our towns — the spirit of the people will be broken down — and their necks bent to any yoke that is prepared for them. They submitted to the embargo and all its horrors; they will as tamely submit to their renewal. And for what purpose is all this evil to be accumulated upon us? Can any other reason be given for it, than that it is the will and order of Bonaparte? *January 25, 1811.*

The Toasts of the Southern Democrats are very amusing both for the matter and manner. A friend of Col. Duane, gave the following:—

“WILLIAM DUANE—The sheet anchor of democracy—as able as he is incorruptible, and as true to principle as the needle to the *Pole*.”

Now we think this allusion to the “Pole” must hurt the “worthy man Duane’s” *honorable* feelings, as it is said that once on a time when he lived at Calcutta, he was for none of his *good deeds* sentenced to be carried astride on a *Pole*; whence he has long been known by the appellation of *Straddlepolitan*. It must be admitted that he is a man of *extensive views*, for he has been able to see from *Pole* to *Pole*.

July 19, 1811.

The Governor and Council have separated and returned home with malignant hearts and bloody hands. Unrelenting intolerance is not yet fated, and shameless usurpation has not yet had its perfect work. After a long and agonizing struggle, the Jacobinic conspirators against the principles of pure republicanism have vanquished the conscience of the Governor, and he now ranks, not as the Chief of a Republic, but as the Rolando of a ferocious gang. What being is more deserving of heart-felt commiseration, than a man wedded and chained to iniquity, and at the same time sufficiently sensible to perceive the gnawings of the worm of conscience! It is said that even Caligula trembled when it thundered; and the ghastly visages of his Excellency and his Honor testify that their souls are as unquiet as that of Herod. October 25, 1811.

HERCULEAN TASK. By recent intelligence from Washington it appears that the new Speaker has laudably undertaken to preserve order in Congress Hall, and to keep the members all *awake*. Vain attempt! It is equal to the labor of Hercules in cutting off the fifty heads of the Hydra. If he succeeds in keeping a hundred democratic members *awake*, he will richly merit the appellation of a *rousing Speaker*. For ten years the majority in Congress has been *asleep* to the honor and interest of their country, and their measures have been like the troubled *dreams* of a sick man. Many of the members are sleepwalkers, and others are sleeptalkers, such as Father SMILIE, and RHEA of Tennessee, commonly called the Spinningwheel, who will whisper like a grove, and purr a lullaby, that like a powerful anodyne will lock in the arms of slumber more of the *watchful* guardians of the public weal, than the Speaker and Sergeant at Arms, when they wish to count the *eyes* and *noses* upon a question, can *awaken* in an hour. While MACON and VARNUM were Speakers, the Hall of Congress was a most tranquil and quiet dormitory; sometimes, indeed, RANDOLPH, QUINCY and GARDINIER alarmed the slumberers, and *broke them of their rest*. The

sleepers always admired VARNUM, because he is a *sleepy looking* man, the very image of Morpheus; those who wished to enjoy a nap or *siesta*, would *look to him*, and in five minutes their eyelids would fall like trap doors, and in ten minutes they would snore. Sometimes the variety of nasal twangs produced a concert as entertaining as that of the Panharmonicon. On such occasions the members to a cursory observer appeared most *wise* and cogitating, so that a stranger would have thought that the Bird of Wisdom ought to have been emblazoned behind the Speaker's chair as the national arms, instead of the royal Eagle "that bolts its cloudless thunder" on the heads of our foes. On some important occasions, when the majority has been determined to carry a favorite and contested point, they have appeared in the Congress Hall equipped for a night session, with a night cap, blanket and pillow, resolved to *sleep away* the eloquence and arguments of the friends of their country. During the debate, and until the question is called, they slumber upon the floor; and hence it is said that the honorable Mr. Such-a-one kept *possession of the floor* for a number of hours. A bird's eye view of the assembled sleeping sages of this happy land reminds the spectator of the lines of the poet:—

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night.

It is a remarkable fact, that the most odious measures of democracy in Congress, such as the Forcing Act, Non-importation Act, &c. have been prepared at midnight, with no other light than the glare of a taper. Light is emblematical of purity and innocence, and is naturally repugnant to vice: hence profligates and bravoës, who harbor dark souls and foul thoughts, shun the light of the sun, and seek the broad mantle of darkness as a cover for their shameless enormities. The most hardened assassin, who in the silence of night commits deeds the most heinous with a firm and unerring hand, will blink and hang his head on the appearance of odious light:—

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world:—
Now could I drink hot blood, and do such bitter deeds
As the *day would blush to look upon*.

If a stranger should by chance view our democratic Congress, holding the orgies of a nocturnal debate, and arrayed in the habiliments of the bed, he would fear that the troubled Spirits of our Fathers had started from their tombs to reproach and rebuke their degenerate sons

for the disgrace and disasters which have been brought upon their ill fated country.

The astonished beholder, affrighted and petrified by the strange sight of such portentous spectres, would naturally exclaim,

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Art thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd!

Bring'st with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell!

November 29, 1811.

Signior ABRAMO ALBERTO GALLITINI, it is now ascertained, is appointed Ambassador to negotiate a Peace. This gentleman is of *foreign* extraction, — came to our shores about 30 years ago, — taught our citizens the *French* tongue, and the *French* doctrines of the “holy right of insurrection,” — was pardoned by Gen. Washington, — has had the care of the surpluses of the Revenue, which Jefferson thought ought not to be unproductive in the public vaults, exciting the cupidity of nations, — and has accumulated a princely fortune from his liberal salary and by other thrifty means in which foreigners generally excel. The jealous Potentates of Europe place around their persons a corps of foreign mercenary troops on whose subserviency and fidelity they may confidently rely; — Bonaparte has his Mamelukes, and the Grand Sultan his Janizaries; so our democratic Presidents have had their Swiss and Walloon Guards — trusty and secret men who never flinch like native citizens; — they can coolly talk of “Confiscation” and handle Hemp “as familiar as their garter;” *Col. Binns* the Irishman can deride New England as “the land of Codfish and Onions,” — *Col. Duane* scoffs our merchants “as the worthless part of the community,” — and Gales, Baptiste Irvine, Anthony Campbell, Pechin, Colonel Gray, Colonel De Lacroix and others are the soldiers of fortune, and patriotic Volunteers who are to defend Government from the people, and compel native citizens to feel how great a misfortune it was to be born in their native land.

Since it is a fact, that native born citizens are excluded from office and honor, and this War is a Foreign War on account of Foreigners only, no man certainly can be so well qualified to treat about these foreign affairs as Mons. Gallitini.

April 10, 1813.

THE “THREE ALTERNATIVES,” — *Embargo, Submission and War!* The American people are now afflicted and scourged with a complication of all the calamities and miseries within the power of their rulers to inflict. The morrow's sun will complete the period of SIX long and miserable years, since the evil minds of our oppressors doomed this nation to be plunged from the height of prosperity and peace into

the bottomless pit of "Restrictive Energies,—into Embargoes—Non-Intercourse, and the Continental System! Six gloomy years have elapsed since we enjoyed liberty and the rights of Freemen.— We have been imprisoned within our own territory, and our rulers have been our prison-keepers. Oppression has followed oppression; still hope sustained our sinking hearts; but hope has failed, and we have nothing left but despair!

When our rulers formerly talked of the "alternatives" of Embargo, Submission or War, we did hope the nation would not be compelled to groan under the miseries of more than one of these burthens at a time. Experience, however, teaches us the absurdity of their measures, as well as the solecism of their language. Embargo, Submission and War are the only three signs in the political zodiac of our present rulers; and in one of these signs the nation has constantly been compelled to revolve; till at length, to fill up the measure of our sufferings, the cabinet has forced us—all at the same time—into WAR with England—SUBMISSION to France—and now, as we fear, EMBARGO with all the world! Thus, in consummation of all the projects of our democratic rulers, the nation is prostrate on its back, like the fabled giant Tityus, whose huge body covering nine acres of ground was chained to the earth, while vultures rested on his breast and mangled and feasted and revelled on his ever-growing vitals,—so is this nation chained by Embargoes, and devoured by the vulture, War.

December 21, 1813.

At the close of the year 1822, Mr. Cushing took leave of his friends and the public as an editor in the following notice:—

The subscriber having relinquished the establishment of the Salem Gazette to Messrs. Caleb Cushing and Ferdinand Andrews, he takes this opportunity of bidding adieu to his respected customers and patrons, as its editor. In the long course of years, in which he has stood before them in that capacity, he has experienced from them a constant stream of kindness, a coöperation and support, that have animated and encouraged him in his labors, which he hopes and trusts have been in some degree useful; while their candor and charity have covered a multitude of defects, of which he is deeply sensible. In turning over the list of his subscribers, he perceives many respectable names, which have stood there from his commencement in 1787 to the present time. It is not easy for him to express the gratitude he feels for favor so steady and persevering, and for a thousand distinct and various obligations from individuals, which he could specify, were it

proper: he begs his friends to give him credit for all that he ought to say on this parting occasion; and to accept of his best wishes, that the opening year may smile upon them, and redouble upon their own heads the blessings they have communicated to others.

THOMAS C. CUSHING.

Mr. Cushing died on the 28th of September, 1824, at the age of sixty years. He was a native of Hingham, in the county of Plymouth, and began his profession, as an apprentice with Samuel Hall. Under the instruction of a master, whose sound judgement and liberal feelings had led him to espouse the American cause, and whose ability in his profession had given him a high rank among his brethren, Mr. Cushing, with talents of no ordinary cast, had imbibed those principles and laid the foundation of that rank, which he maintained both in his professional character and as an estimable member of society. Upon the expiration of his apprenticeship, he began a paper in Charlestown, under the title of the American Recorder, but soon after removed to Salem, and began the Mercury, in connection with John Dabney, as has been already stated. He continued to be the editor of the Salem Gazette, from the day that he resumed it in July, 1797, till about two years before his death, when infirm health obliged him to relinquish the publication. He conducted the paper with well known ability, and with a steadfast and conscientious adherence to the political principles inculcated by his master. The qualities of his heart were not less amiable than the faculties of his mind were respectable. His bosom was the seat of all the gentle virtues; his benevolence was unwearied; his friendship disinterested, ardent, and sincere; and his integrity steadfast, incorruptible, and unsuspected. In his domestic relations he

was a bright example of conjugal attachment and parental tenderness. His death was a distressing calamity to his family and a severe affliction to a large circle of friends and acquaintance.*

Caleb, the son of Thomas C. Cushing, was connected with the Gazette only a few months. The paper was conducted by Ferdinand Andrews, till some time in 1827, when he sold his interest in it to Caleb Foote, and removed to Lancaster, in the county of Worcester, and published a paper there for several years. The Salem Gazette, now the oldest paper in Massachusetts, except the Massachusetts Spy, is still in the possession of Caleb Foote, editor and proprietor. It is a highly respectable and influential paper, and circulates extensively in the county of Essex. When Federalism went out of fashion, it naturally became Whig in its politics, and has held fast to the faith of its original editor and proprietor.

* See Salem Gazette, October 1, 1824.

THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.

IN October, 1791, PHILIP FRENEAU, a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, began, in Philadelphia, the publication of a paper called the National Gazette. Mr. Jefferson was then at the head of the State Department, and it was supposed, — probably not without reason, — that the paper received its political complexion from his influence and dictation. Certain it is that the paper was devoted to the dissemination and defence of his peculiar notions and wishes respecting the administration of public affairs. It is well known that Mr. Jefferson was strongly opposed to all the principles and measures of Mr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the treasury ; and the National Gazette was the principal channel, through which all the opponents of the “ funding system ” poured forth their clamor and vituperation. John Adams, also, the Vice-President, had a share of the reproaches, that were liberally cast upon most of the principal Federalists who had any concern with the government. Nor did Washington himself entirely escape, though the attacks upon him were rather indirect. The Jacobin societies throughout the Union were upheld, and defended against the opposition of the Federalists, and all the proceedings of the French revolutionists were approved and commended. The leading Federalists were

charged with treason to liberty, adherence to England, affection for monarchical government, and for aristocratic distinctions of nobility. If evidence of this be required, take the following paragraph, published a few days after the election of President and Vice-President, in December, 1792: —

The mask is at last torn from the monarchical party, who have, but with too much success, imposed themselves upon the public for the sincere friends of our republican constitution. Whatever may be the event of the competition for the Vice-Presidency, it has been the happy occasion of ascertaining the two following important truths: — first, that the name of Federalist has been assumed by men who approve the constitution merely as “a promising essay towards a well-ordered government;” that is to say, as a step towards a government of kings, lords, and commons. Secondly, that the spirit of the people continues firmly republican, and if the monarchical features of the party had been sooner held up to the public view, would have universally marked the division between two candidates (equally unassailed in their private characters) one of whom is as much attached to the equal principles of liberty entertained by the great mass of his fellow-citizens, as the other is devoted to the hereditary titles, orders, and balances, which they abhor as an insult to the rights and dignity of man.

The two candidates referred to were John Adams of Massachusetts, and George Clinton of New York.

The publication of a series of “Probationary Odes” was begun about the first of June, 1793, (and run to twelve or fifteen numbers) “by Jonathan Pindar, Esq., a cousin of Peter’s, and candidate for the post of Poet-Laureat.” They were probably written by Freneau, who, though he had no great poetical genius, was a fluent and rapid versifier. These Odes are chiefly lampoons on the principal officers of the administration and leading men in the government, — Adams, the Vice-President — Knox, Secretary of war — Hamilton, Secretary of the treasury, &c. The first is addressed “To

all the Great Folks in a lump ;” the second “ To Atlas,” meaning Mr. Hamilton ; the third “ To a Select Body of Great Men,” meaning the Senate, &c. The fourth, which here follows, needs no explanation : —

TO A WOULD-BE GREAT MAN.

Jonathan defendeth the GREAT DEFENDER ; magnifieth and exalteth *his works* ; and confesseth his own littleness of understanding.

“ *Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus.*” Hor.

Daddy Vice, Daddy Vice,
 One may see in a trice
 The drift of your fine publication ;
 As sure as a gun,
 The thing was just done,
 To secure you — a *pretty* HIGH station.

Defences you call
 To knock down our wall,
 And batter the STATES to the ground, sir ;
 So thick were your shot,
 And so hellish fire-hot,
 They ’ve scarce a whole bone to be found, sir —

When you tell us of *kings*,
 And such pretty things,
 Good mercy ! how brilliant your page is !
 So bright in each line
 I vow now you ’ll shine
 Like — a glow-worm to all future ages.

When you handle your balance,
 So vast are your talents,
 Like Atlas your wonderful strength is ;
 You know every State
 To a barley-corn weight,
 For your steel-yard the continent length is.

On Davila’s page
 Your discourses so sage
Democratical numsculls bepuzzle,
 With arguments tough
 As white leather or buff,
 The *republican* BULL-DOGS to muzzle.

'T is labor in vain,
 Your senses to strain
 Our brains any longer to muddle ;
 Like Colossus you stride
 O'er our noddles so wide,
 We look up like FROGS IN A PUDDLE.

The next Ode indicates a *wish* but a lack of *courage* to be severe on Washington : —

TO A TRULY GREAT MAN.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum." Hor.

George, on thy virtues often have I dwelt ;
 And still the theme is grateful to mine ear ;
 Thy gold let chemists ten times over melt,
 From dross and base alloy they 'll find it clear.

Yet thou'rt a man — although, perhaps, the first ;
 But man at best is but a being frail ;
 And since with error human nature 's curst,
 I marvel not that thou shouldst sometimes fail.

That thou hast *long* and *nobly* served the state,
 The nation *owns*, and *freely* gives thee thanks :
 But Sir ! — whatever speculators prate,
 She gave thee not the power to establish BANKS.

No doubt thou thought 'st it was a phenix nest,
 Which Congress were so busy to build up :
 But there a crocodile had fixed his rest,
 And snapped the *nations bowels* at a sup.

The greedy monster is not yet half cloyed,
 Nor will be, whilst a leg or arm remains ;
 Those parts the last of all should be destroyed ;
 The next delicious morsel is *her brains*.

I trust thou 'st seen the monster by this time,
 And hast prepared thy knife to cut his throat ;
 His scales are so damned hard, that in thy prime,
 'Twould take thee twenty years to make it out.

God grant thee life to do it : — Fare thee well !
 Another time examine well the nest ;
 Though of Arabia's spices it should smell,
 It may produce some foul internal pest.

In April, 1793, the President issued his Proclamation, recommending the observation of strict neutrality towards all the belligerent powers of Europe. This was the signal of a powerful attack from all who espoused the cause of the French revolutionists. The Gazette was the principal channel, through which their vituperation reached the people. A number of writers assailed the President and his policy in terms of unmeasured invective. Some of these communications were written with ability, and were as ably replied to, in the Gazette, and other papers, which assumed the defence of the President, and undertook the task of refuting the arguments of his assailants. "Veritas" addressed "To the President of the United States" a series of letters, in which it was contended that the Proclamation was not consistent either with *duty* or *interest* — that *neutrality* was *ingratitude* to France — that it would provoke the French nation to hostilities — that it was issued in opposition to the general sentiment of the people and the will of the nation — and insinuated, pretty directly, that the President was under the influence of British emissaries. The following detached paragraphs exhibit some of the innuendoes, with which "Veritas" enriched his letters : —

I am aware, Sir, that some court satellites may have deceived you with respect to the sentiments of your fellow-citizens. The first magistrate of a country, whether he be called a king or a president, seldom knows the real state of the nation, particularly if he be so much buoyed up by official importance, as to think it beneath his dignity to mix occasionally with the people. Let me caution you, Sir, to beware that you do not view the state of the public mind, at this critical moment, through a fallacious medium. Let not the little buzz of the aristocratic few, and their contemptible minions, of speculators, tories, and British emissaries, be mistaken for the exalted and generous voice of the

American people. The spirit of 1776 is again aroused; and soon shall the mushroom lordlings of the day, the enemies of American as well as French liberty, be taught that American Whigs of 1776 will not suffer French Patriots of 1792 to be vilified with impunity by the common enemies of both.

* * * * *

It is to be hoped that our public councils have not been duped into any disgraceful negotiation, respecting the American ports now occupied by the British. If they have, let the infamous transaction be divulged. If they have not, let them publish the truth for the satisfaction of the public, and in vindication of their own conduct. Let government ever avoid that narrow policy, which involves in mystery the acts of public men, which ever creates distrust in the minds of the people, and is only fit to be practised by magistrates the most corrupt and worthless.

* * * * *

But notwithstanding all our endeavors to curry favor with Great-Britain, it is evident that she despises our professions and acts of neutrality. . . . I conclude, Sir, by cautioning you not to take all upon your own shoulders at this critical juncture. Let the representatives of the people, who can alone express the national will, be speedily convened, and let all branches of the government unite their counsels and their efforts for the promotion of the public good.

* * * * *

Should the splendor and importance of great names continue to be held forth by court writers to deter individuals from a free investigation of public measures, I shall have no objection to resume my pen, and bring unquestionable arguments that elevated station is no proof of presidential or any other infallibility.

“A Friend to Peace” replied to “Veritas,” first in the American Daily Advertiser, and afterwards in the National Gazette. These writers brought into the field another writer under the signature of “Philo-Veritas,” who called the Proclamation a “consecrated bull,” and pronounced it “improper, ill-timed, and illegal.” The attacks on the President and all the members of his cabinet, except Mr. Jefferson, were continued with unabated bitterness for several months — sometimes with irony and sarcasm. As a specimen of the latter mode

of attack, take the following parody on the Athanasian creed : —

A new Political Creed for the use of whom it may concern.

Whoever would live peaceably in Philadelphia, above all things it is necessary that he hold the Federal faith — and the Federal faith is this, that there are two governing powers in this country, both equal, and yet one superior: which faith except every one keep undefiledly, without doubt he shall be abused everlastingly.

The Briton is superior to the American, and the American is inferior to the Briton: and yet they are equal and the Briton shall govern the American.

The Briton, while here, is commanded to obey the American, and yet the American ought to obey the Briton.

And yet they ought not both to be obedient, but only one to be obedient. For there is one dominion nominal of the American, and another dominion real of the Briton.

And yet there are not two dominions, but only one dominion.

For like as we are compelled by the British constitution book to acknowledge that *subjects* must submit themselves to their monarchs, and be obedient to them in all things :

So we are forbid by our Federal executive to say that we are at all influenced by our treaty with France, or to pay regard to what it enforceth :

The American was created for the Briton, and the Briton for the American :

And yet the American shall be a slave to the Briton, and the Briton the tyrant of the American.

And Britons are of three denominations, and yet only of one soul, nature, and subsistency :

The Irishman of infinite impudence :

The Scotchman of cunning most inscrutable :

And the Englishman, of impertinence altogether insupportable :

The only true and honorable gentlemen of this our blessed country.

He, therefore, that would live in quiet, must thus think of the Briton and the American.

It is furthermore necessary that every *good* American should believe in the infallibility of the executive, when its proclamations are echoed by Britons :

For the true faith is, that we believe and confess that the government is fallible and infallible .

Fallible in its republican nature, and infallible in its monarchical tendency, erring in its state of individuality, and unerring in its Federal complexity.

So that though it be both fallible and infallible, yet it is not twain, but one government only, as having consolidated all state dominion, in order to rule with sway uncontrolled.

This is the true Federal faith, which except a man believe and practise faithfully, beyond all doubt he shall be cursed perpetually.

Volumes might be filled with extracts from the political communications in the Gazette, — all censuring the acts of the government, and tending to create discontent among the people. The French government was uniformly upheld and defended in all its operations, and especially in its endeavors to involve our country in a war with Great-Britain. The French minister, Genet, who arrived in this country in 1793, and immediately began to arm and send out, from our ports, privateers to cruise against the British, was hailed and followed with hosannas, while Adams and Hamilton were assailed with unmitigated contumely and reproach. The extracts already offered are sufficient to fix the character of the paper. The papers of the 19th, 23d and 26th of October are printed on half sheets only, and the last contains the following notice : —

† † † With the present number (208) concludes the second volume, and second year's publication of the National Gazette. Having just imported, on his own account, a considerable quantity of new and elegant printing types from Europe, it is the editor's intention to resume the publication of this paper in a short time, and previously to the meeting of Congress on the second day of December next. . . . Printers of newspapers may omit sending their Gazettes in exchange, till further notified.

I am not aware that the publication was ever resumed.

In 1809, Freneau collected and published in two volumes, his poetical pieces, which had been printed in the

newspapers from 1768 to 1795. Many of these originated from events in the Revolutionary war. "These poems (he says in a prefatory note,) were intended to expose to vice and treason their own hideous deformity ; to depict virtue, honor, and patriotism in their native beauty." Many of these pieces were popular at the time of their publication, and are still recollected. Others were versifications of anecdotes and humorous stories. "Columbus to Ferdinand" and "The Indian Student" found a place in the school books of sixty years ago. I know not in what newspaper the annexed verses were first printed. They are worthy of a place in any specimens of poetry, although some of the lines may be pronounced prosaic. The last two stanzas present thoughts that are highly poetical ; and the lines printed in Italics present an image supremely bold and beautiful : —

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep ;
The *posture*, that *we* give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands —
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.*

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
ACTIVITY, that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,

* The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture, decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c. : And (if that of a warrior) with bows, arrows, tomahawks, and other military weapons.

Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, thou shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit—
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half, by wearing rains,)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played !

There oft a restless Indian queen,
(Pale *Shebah*, with her braided hair,)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade !

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

THE AMERICAN APOLLO.

THE publication of this paper begun with the year 1792. It was published weekly on Friday. I have not been able to find the first number. There is a volume in the Boston Athenæum, which opens with No. 40, and closes with No. 156, December 25, 1794, and this I presume to be the last publication, though it contains no notice of discontinuance. It was first printed by Belknap & Young ; afterwards by Belknap & Hall ; and from No. 131 to 156, by Joseph Belknap. This gentleman was a son of the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, and was educated to the trade of a printer. He was the editor of the Apollo ; and probably received some aid from his father at the commencement of the enterprise.

The Apollo, at first, was well conducted, and maintained a respectable literary character. The editor's paragraphs discover a better knowledge of the English language and a more familiar acquaintance with composition, than those of some of the cotemporary Boston journals. The correspondents were numerous, and many of their contributions are of a character well adapted to amuse and improve the readers. The selections, in general, were judiciously made, and evince care and industry in collecting and condensing intelligence, and purity of taste in gathering sentiments, anecdotes, and

historical fragments from popular authors. Its politics were of the Federal school, but neither ultra nor violent.

The Apollo appears to have pursued the tenor of its way without involving itself in any very serious conflict with other papers or their correspondents. On one occasion the editors congratulated "the *printers* of the Mercury on the rapid credit their paper was acquiring by the scurrility which occupied so large a portion of it from week to week." They lamented their own deficiency "of that *laudable gift*, which rendered the Apollo 'dull and sleepy' to the low and vulgar."

One of the correspondents of the Apollo had a little sparring with PHILENIA, (Mrs. Morton,) and MENANDER, (R. T. Paine.) In some "Stanzas to Mira," Philenia wrote, —

Since first Affliction's dreary form
Gloomed the bright summer of my days,
Ne'er has my *bankrupt bosom* known
A solace like *his* fearless praise.

On which "Truth," a correspondent of the Apollo, wrote the following : —

Thy "*bosom bankrupt!*" — ah! too true the thought:
A bankruptcy indeed that breast displays,
Which knows no joys but those from *flattery* caught,
Which knows no "solace" like Menander's praise.

By the next Centinel, MENANDER sent the following stanza to TRUTH : —

"Too true the thought!" Know, Truth, that "bankrupt breast"
A bank of *genius* and of *taste* contains;
While thy *lank muse*, of not a *sous* possest,
BEGS the *scant pittance* of ITS daily brains.

TRUTH rejoined, in the Apollo, —

A "BANK of *genius* and a BANK of *taste* !"
 But few DISCOUNTS, Menander, there we find ;
 With all the charms of lofty nonsense graced
 As well might WISDOM *issue* from *thy* mind :

A "BANK of *genius* !" — were it so, how blest !
 There might thy "*bankrupt*" Muse a *credit* gain
 WHICH, long by *hunger* and by *pride* oppressed,
 "BEGS" not, but STEALS, to "ease ITS daily" pain.

A few other squibs of the like harmless character were exchanged, but these are sufficient to show the temper of the belligerents. A writer in the *Apollon*, addressed the following lines to TRUTH, which probably were an exponent of the public sentiment in regard to the controversy : —

Cannot Philenia's *harmless* lays
 Draw from thy pen their *needed* praise ?
 Cannot the *puffing* of Menander
 Make thee aside from Truth to wander ?
 Must thou for ever *rail* at such
 Who please by *Flattery's* magic touch ?
 Canst not thou praise that *sappy* band,
 Who, striving, grasp at Wisdom's wand ?
 Yet miss the blessing and the boon,
 Like children crying for the moon.
 Sure, friend, I think thee vastly wrong
 To blast Philenia's *pretty* song,
 And write against such *spicy* praise,
 As makes the Boston people gaze ; —
 'T is waging war — and soon thou 'lt feel
 Menander's strokes, like sharpened steel ;
 For such destruction 's in his quill,
 As will ten thousand, like thee, kill —
 He writes, and writes, then writes again ; —
 O Lord ! such *squeezing* of the brain
 Must needs convince all men of sense
 That he 's to Wisdom's throne pretence,
 Whilst Thou, meek Truth, must sit and sigh
 To hear a herd of flatterers cry, —

Philenia 's great, Philenia 's wise,
 Philenia, daughter of the skies !
 Whose songs, whose music, and whose lyre
 Charm each fond soul, and all inspire. IRONICUS.

A pleasant sort of correspondence was carried on in the Apollo, on celibacy, marriage, house-keeping, &c. by writers, who adopted the signatures of "A Bachelor," "Hymen," and "Ezekiel." The publication of an original novel, called "The Hapless Orphan," also caused a few angry communications between the *avowed* friends and the *alleged* enemies of American literature. The novel itself did not long outlive the controversy on its merits. Among the poetical contributions to the Apollo are a number signed "L. S." some of which are tolerable for newspaper poetry. The verses, which follow, are from a piece that fills nearly a column, entitled

CONSCIOUS GUILT.

Ye, who, o'erpowered by Satan, yield
 To passion's cruel sway,
 Ye know full well their torturing pain,
 Who burning lust obey.
 The Libyan sand or Greenland snow,
 The hardy spirit bears ;
 But to endure the extremes of guilt
 The bravest soul despairs.
 The gnawing vulture ceaseless preys,
 Yet still the soul remains,
 Still keenly feels the tearing wound,
 And lives to endless pains.

A correspondent requested the publication of an article, of which a part is annexed, said to be written by a person confined in the Boston work-house : —

THE CONTRAST, — SOLILOQUY IN SERVITUDE.

What revolutions oft take place
 Among the busy human race !

Although with cautious steps we move,
 Our best laid plans abortive prove ;
 When fairest prospects greet our eyes,
 Adversity in ambush lies ;
 Thus are we all by Fortune cheated,
 And our most sanguine hopes defeated.
 To ward her strokes we strive in vain, —
 The unconstant Deity will reign.

How changed my station and condition !
 How unexpected the transition
 From plenteous fare and various dishes,
 All to the summit of my wishes,
 To bull-head broth and shins decreed,
 On which reluctantly I feed ;
 From generous punch and cheerful wine,
 Of which I drank, when fixed to dine,
 To simple water and small beer ;
 (Can these the languid spirits cheer ?)
 From China plate to wooden tray ;
 From silver can to mug of clay ;
 From feather bed to bed of straw ;
 ('T is thus ordained by work-house law ;)
 From verdant meads and rising grounds,
 Now circumscribed to narrow bounds ;
 From equal, friendly, social joys,
 Cursed with obscenity and noise ;
 From easy business, my delight,
 Now doomed to toil from morn to night ;
 From liberty, the gift of God,
 Subjected to a tyrant's nod.

* * * * *

With competence and ease once blest,
 No cares intrusive marred my rest ;
 In rapturous dreams my conscious soul,
 Unshackled, ranged from pole to pole ;
 Each cheerful day with pleasure crowned,
 Complete felicity I found :
 Now banished from the world, &c.

Governor Hancock, as is well known, was a violent opponent of theatrical exhibitions, and had, some time in the year 1792, ordered the Sheriff of Suffolk county

to arrest the actors at the exhibition room in Board alley, for a violation of the law against stage-plays ; in consequence of which Harper, the manager, was arrested and taken from the stage. The Governor was also a zealous advocate for the popular French doctrine of Liberty and Equality, and during the same year, had made himself a subject of raillery, by giving a ball to the colored people of Boston at his mansion-house. The Connecticut wit, who wrote the news-boy's Address to the Readers of the Hartford Courant, humorously touched upon these and some other topics, which had occupied some space in the Boston newspapers. The following extract from the Address was copied into the Apollo : —

And lo ! where o'er the eastern shores,
 Bostonia lifts her haughty towers,
 What motley scenes salute our eyes !
 What wonders upon wonders rise !
 There each succeeding day still brings
 A mixture strange of various things ;
 Small-pox, Physicians, State-Intriguers,
 John Hancock's speeches, plays, and negroes.
 Here Plays their *Heathen names* forsake,
 And those of *Moral Lectures* take ;
 While, thus baptized, they hope to win
 Indulgence for all future sin.
 Now Hancock, fired with patriot rage,
 Proscribes the Norvals of the stage ;
 Claps Harper under civil durance,
 For having dared, with vile assurance,
 By *Interludes* and *Plays* profane,
 Pollute the glories of his reign :
 Now, prompt to assert the *Rights of Man*,
 On nature's most *extensive* plan,
 Behold him, to his splendid hall,
 The noble sons of *Afric* call ;
 While, as the sable bands advance,
 With frolic mien in sportive dance,

Refreshing clouds of rich *perfume*
Are wafted o'er the spacious room.
There he, with keen delight surveys
Their graceful tricks, and winning ways ;
Their tones enchanting, raptured hears,
Surpass the music of the spheres ;
And, as he breathes the *fragrant air*,
He deems that Freedom's self dwells there !
While Cuffey near him takes his stand,
Hail fellow met, and grasps his hand ;
With pleasure glistening in his eyes,
" Ah ! Massa Gubbener," he cries, —
" Me glad to see you, for de people say,
You lub de Neegur better dan de play."

The *original* poetry of the Apollo was of an indifferent character, and is hardly worth quoting, for the exhibition of its quality. The most copious writer of this sort of verse, used the signature of "The Traveler;" and beside a number of smaller pieces, composed one of considerable length, which was continued through some five or six numbers of the paper, entitled "All the World's a Stage."



THE MASSACHUSETTS MERCURY.

THE first number of this paper was issued on the first day of January, 1793, by Alexander Young and Samuel Etheridge. It was a small half sheet, printed in four pages, quarto, and was published three times a week — on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. After the publication of seventy-eight numbers, it was enlarged, printed on a whole demy sheet, with four folio pages, and issued only twice a week, — Tuesday and Friday.

In the first number of the enlarged edition, July 3, 1793, the editors say, — “The enlargement of the Mercury is contemplated as a duty, which they owe to their reputation, and the liberal share of the public countenance which they have received. They have had, frequently, occasion to regret that the limits of their

former paper were so circumscribed, as to exclude many valuable and lengthy communications, whose insertion would have occupied so largely that other favors would have been repressed and variety rendered impracticable. . . . But the inclination of the Editors is no longer shackled ; and while they apologize for an apparent neglect to the more copious effusions of genius and speculation, they anticipate a continuance of literary favors, and of entertaining *packets* of every description, to replete and variegate the *Mail of the Mercury*." In this number of the paper, the word "Massachusetts" was struck from the title — for which no reason was assigned.

On the 6th of August following, the partnership of Young & Etheridge, as proprietors and editors of the Mercury, was dissolved ; and, as may be concluded from the notice, that announces the dissolution, by the act of Young alone. In the next paper there was another advertisement concerning the affairs of the establishment, beginning thus — " Alexander Young, having dissolved the partnership under the firm of Young & Etheridge, in consequence of certain circumstances, . . . he therefore begs leave to assure the public in general, and his friends in particular, that he shall continue to edit the Mercury in his own name, and upon its present plan." What these circumstances were does not appear, nor is it of much importance to know. Young continued sole editor and proprietor of the Mercury till the 8th of April, 1794, when he announced that he had " thought proper to receive into connection in the publication of this paper, Mr. Thomas Minns, whose abilities and sedulous attention to the duties of his profession will probably conduce

to render this work more extensively useful and interesting." The accession of a new partner to the editorial department was the occasion of the following

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

That a "Free Press is the sure palladium and bulwark of the civil and religious liberties of every community," is a truth which Americans are taught to lisp from their cradle — to expatiate, therefore, on a position so universally allowed, appears unnecessary.

Conscious, however, that the low ribaldry and personal defamation, which frequently disgrace European publications, and sometimes contaminate the purer effusions of the American press, have a most certain tendency to depreciate its worth, obstruct its utility, and to sap the foundation of every thing dear and valuable to mankind, the Editors of the Mercury will ever strive, with the most cautious attention, to avoid the rocks, on which but too many of their cotemporaries have been shattered.

On the other hand, they aver, with the true independence of Americans, that no sinister views shall ever induce them to swerve from that strict impartiality — that ingenuous candor, and that scrutinizing vigilance, so necessary to the very existence of Republican Freedom: — Theirs shall be the task

"To drag the lurking villain into day,"

to expose the machinations of the vindictive, and to support real merit, though laboring under the oppression of obloquy and misfortune. Fearless of consequences, the decent, the modest essays and animadversions of the Theologian, the Moralist, and Politician, shall find a most ready insertion.

Public measures, of whatever nature or complexion, may be freely and liberally descanted upon in the pages of the Mercury; and while it will never be sullied by any attack on private characters, Gentlemen in public capacities, the Editors hope, will never fear a minute investigation of their conduct.

But while their particular attention is directed to the dearer concerns of their own country, the momentous affairs of Europe shall not be neglected — every event or occurrence — every species of intelligence, important or interesting, shall be equally sought after, and correctly detailed, with the same invariable adherence to truth, which, they trust, will ever be the leading characteristic of their conduct.

On these principles they venture to solicit a continuance of that patronage and support, which have hitherto been so liberally afforded to

the Mercury, by the respectable and intelligent citizens of Massachusetts — and with the utmost fidelity subscribe themselves the Public's

Most devoted Servants,

YOUNG & MINNS.

From this date the prosperity of the Mercury was rapid in its progress. Its circulation extended, and the number of its advertising customers increased. The industry of the editors was indefatigable. One of them was constantly in the office, while the other was looking for the latest news at the insurance offices, on the exchange, or on the wharves, or attending to the indispensable out-door business of the concern. On the night before the publication day neither of them left the office till their form was ready for the press, which was seldom before twelve o'clock.

In June, 1796, Young & Minns were appointed Printers to the Legislature of Massachusetts — an appointment, which added to their responsibility and their income. In giving notice of it to the public, they say, —

As young men, they feel they shall give opportunity for the exercise of candor in the prosecution of a paper, which will now be considered of more importance, perhaps, than formerly. Their political sentiments have ever been strictly Republican; and their grand object, in the promulgation of intelligence, the dissemination of Truth. While, on the one hand, they have never parasitically flattered the wishes of the People, by representing occurrences *falsely* favorable to the French; on the other, they have never willfully omitted an instance of the misfortune and degradation of the COALITION against LIBERTY, of which *England* is a branch: THEY HAVE AIMED TO BE JUST.

Nor has Justice been studied, exclusively, in stating Foreign Intelligence. In the Domestic Department, it has been rigorously adhered to; they have never bitterly and maliciously abused the Rulers of our country; nor bestowed absurd and undeserved panegyric upon them. They have "Nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice."

A double assiduity will now be required to publish, to the accepta-

tion of an extended and diversified patronage, the MASSACHUSETTS MERCURY. At the moment the Editors declare, with confidence, they never shall wreck on the rocks which have injured their predecessors—they promise cautiously to avoid the sands of an opposite extreme; and to be immutably IMPARTIAL.

At the beginning of the next year, January 3, 1797, the Mercury was again enlarged, and the word “Massachusetts” was restored to the title.

In the course of the next year the public feeling was considerably agitated by certain publications in Europe, by the Abbé Barruel and Professor Robison of Edinburgh, concerning the organization and influence of certain secret societies, called *Illuminati*. Professor Robison’s work was entitled, “Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the secret meetings of Free Masons, Illuminati, and Reading Societies; by John Robison, A. M. Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.” The Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, in a Fast-Day Sermon, adverted to the subject of secret societies, and after giving a summary account of the principles and plan of the *Illuminati*, and the probable evidence of their having commenced their demoralizing work in this country, said — “Let any who doubt the truth and fairness of the foregoing representation, read for themselves. The book, which is my authority, ought to be read by every American. It throws more light upon the causes which have brought the world into its present disorganized state (I speak for myself) than any, I had almost said, than all other books beside.”

Dr. Morse’s Sermon was printed, with some explanatory notes, and an appendix, containing extracts from

Professor Robison's "Proofs." An interesting controversy followed, and the Mercury was the channel, through which the most respectable of the adverse parties held their communications with the public. Some of the Free Masons were exceedingly angry with Dr. Morse, and attacked him with virulence. He wrote a justification of himself, and of the character of Professor Robison, which was published in the Mercury, and extended to seven or eight numbers, or to thrice that number of columns. Doctor Josiah Bartlett, of Charlestown, then Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, undertook the defence of the Free Masons against any injurious imputations that might be cast upon them in consequence of the writings of Dr. Morse. He even went so far as to say that the notes accompanying the Sermon were sufficient to explain the author's sentiments in regard to Free Masonry in this country; and added that he had "too high an opinion of his [Dr. Morse's] independence and consistency of conduct, to suppose that he would have assisted in his professional character at a late public solemnity, if he was really unfriendly to the institution."* The chief attempts to invalidate the credit of Professor Robison's "Proofs," which appeared in the Mercury, were made by the Rev. Dr. Bentley of Salem, and an anonymous writer under the signature of "Censor." Some other writers occasionally touched upon the subject, just forcibly enough to keep it before the public, but without adding any interest to the controversy. An abridgement of Barruel's "Memoirs of

* The *Corinthian Lodge* was publicly constituted, and its officers installed, at Concord, two months after the publication of the Fast Day Sermon, on which occasion Dr. Morse delivered, at their request, a very acceptable discourse, before the officers of the Grand Lodge and a large assembly of the Fraternity.

Jacobinism," originally written for a Hartford paper, was published in the Mercury, in 1799, after which the correspondents of the paper seemed disposed to let the subject rest.

The commencement of the present century, January, 1801, may be remembered as a new era in the history of this paper. WARREN DUTTON, a gentleman of fine talents, and a scholar of high reputation, from New-Haven, became its editor, and was aided by the contributions of many good writers. It was generally understood that this arrangement was effected through the agency of Dr. Morse. The mechanical execution of the paper was much improved, and the pages enlarged. The title also, underwent a change, and now appeared as



NEW-ENGLAND PALLADIUM.

The style of the new editor, as well as the moral and political principles, which the Palladium was intended to inculcate and enforce, are illustrated in the following elegantly-written article, with which he began his career: —

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

At the close of a century, it is natural and useful to pause for a moment, and review the years which have past; to examine the moral and political condition of mankind, and calculate their progress in wisdom, knowledge, and happiness. The idea of a perpetual and irresistible advancement towards a better and more perfect state of society is so grateful and alluring, that we are apt to lose sight of the

real character of men, and invest them with ideal degrees of perfection; to overlook all the lessons of experience and corrected reason; to neglect the means of happiness, which lie within our reach, and gaze upon the visions of distant good. It is not strange, therefore, that men of warm hearts have been fascinated with the delusive appearance of great, and hitherto unknown blessings, so soon to be realized; that they have given up the acquisitions of past ages, and, for a while, forgotten that they were men. Happily for mankind, they have awaked from this dream of moral and political perfection to a serious consideration of the character and condition of man; to examine the rectitude and perfection of his reason, its nature, extent and province,—and to reflect upon those new maxims in morals and policy, which have been hidden from the wisdom of ages. They have been led to observe their influence upon the conduct, character, and happiness of individuals and nations, and beheld their secret, renovating progress. Their reflections upon the great changes, in the modes of thinking and acting, in governments and religion, have terminated in a settled belief, that modern liberty and equality, the emancipation and regeneration of the world, the perfectibility of reason, and all the farrago of political creed-mongers, are founded in the vanity, pride, and wickedness of the human heart; and that they are calculated to call into action all its restless and licentious propensities, to chill its virtues, and corrupt its best affections. The efforts of political philosophists were primarily designed to effect a revolution in the moral state of man; to weaken his sense of obligation, by placing him in an insulated state; to darken the limits of moral good and evil, by sophistry and scepticism, and, by the corruption of his moral taste and sentiments, to prepare his mind for the reception of Atheism. The causes, which have produced this singular state of depravity among the civilized nations of the world, may be traced in their operation through the greatest part of the last century. The spirit of free-thinking, prevalent in Europe, at an early period, has been gradually diminishing the reverence for religious institutions, exalting reason with its weaknesses and imperfections, above all, which is called God, till at length, uniting with the spirit of modern liberty and revolution, it has gone forth the terror and the destroyer of nations. Yet the revolutions, which have marked the close of the last century, with every circumstance of cruelty and dumb dismay, have been represented as the necessary regimen for a new and more perfect state. The cries of poverty and wretchedness, of despair and death, have been silenced with the lullaby of liberty. Human victims have been the viands at the carnival of freedom, and its rites have been celebrated with the orgies of demons.

The reason of man, acting and concluding through the medium of vanity, of pride, of prejudice, and of every vicious propensity, has developed and sanctioned all the maxims and principles in the new code of morals and policy; converted his rights into a vast "magazine of offensive weapons," and wielded them for the purposes of invasion and destruction. After all this noise, turmoil, and devastation, what good has resulted to the world? What new principles have been devised and adopted, which experience has proved useful and salutary? What new grounds have been found for the security of civil or religious rights? or, in what manner has the cause of sound and useful science been promoted?

It is well known, that the people, who first settled this country, brought with them the true principles of liberty, and that their literary, civil, and religious establishments have been, from that time to this, its only solid support. The spirit, which grew out of these institutions, while nourished and supported by them, has been their vigilant guardian and protector. While it inculcated submission to all lawful and righteous authority, it stood ready to meet aggression and invasion, in every form. It carried this country through a long, disastrous war, and secured to its inhabitants a government, suited to its social, literary, and moral condition. If, therefore, the foundations of this government are not supported, the superstructure must fall. Whenever the manners and habits of the people, in this country, become licentious and corrupt, the government must of course become the object of calumny and abuse; and if this corruption cannot be checked, or controled, a system of government, better suited to their habits and state of society, will be found absolutely necessary. How far this moral and political corruption has spread, the spirit of abuse and misrepresentation, of slander and insurrection, so fully manifested in this country, must declare.

For ourselves, we consider the line of duty as limited and defined. We know that the great body of the New-England people are of one mind; that they still reverence, cherish, and support the institutions of their venerable forefathers; and that, for the maintenance of these, in their purity and simplicity, no price will be thought too high, no sacrifice too great. Whatever changes, therefore, may take place in the political condition of this country, the principles, which we espouse, will forever remain the same. They are not the doctrines and opinions of a day; they do not vary with every turn of circumstance, nor suit themselves to every change of civil administration; but they are founded upon the unchanging laws of truth and justice, sanctioned by long experience, and defended by weapons tempered from the "armory

of God." For the defence of these invaluable blessings, we stand prepared, on the one hand, to meet and repel the industrious malevolence of bad men, in every form, and, on the other, to preserve the good manners and habits of New-England. And, while we are desirous, and zealous to diffuse a correct taste in literature, to encourage useful science, and to maintain the principles of well-regulated society, we shall not be inattentive to the open or disguised attacks of the enemies of our peace. In every lawful and authorized way, we are pledged, by our situation, to unravel the designs and expose the practices of factious and unprincipled men, and to exhibit, for the habitual consideration of our countrymen, those theoretic ideas of liberty, which always terminate in practical slavery.

Resting, therefore, in the justice and goodness of our cause, we heartily join in the determination of the New-England farmer, merchant, and man of letters, to "quit themselves like men, and, having done all, to stand."

Immediately following this address is an extract from a Poem (filling more than three columns) entitled "THE RETROSPECT. Scene — *Summit of the Alps*," introduced by a note to the Editor, stating that it was written in the year 1796, with an intention to have it published, the following January, — that, at the close of 1797, it received some additions, relating to the principal events of that year, — but that it had never been published. It has considerable poetical merit, and the sentiments were such as pervaded all productions written by those, who saw every thing that was bad and could discover nothing that was good in the progress of the French war against the other powers of Europe. The Poet supposes himself on the summit of the Alps, and addressed by an imaginary genius, in numbers describing the scenes surveyed from that position. A few lines are sufficient to afford a specimen of the style: —

Where soft Italia's summer hills arise,
Where the fields purple in Elysian skies,
Where amorous Ocean bids his vernal gale
Scent the glad lawn, and wanton o'er the vale,

Where Love, with zone unbound, on pleasure's wing,
Laughs round the year, and hails eternal spring,
How changed the scene! The native now no more
With veins of milk, and soul of harmless lore,
Seeks the still walk, the smiling garden hails,
Bedews his greens, and breathes dissolving gales;
No more, while Philomel forgets to sing,
Tunes the soft voice, or strikes the silver string;
No more enraptured, joins the morning throng,
The slow procession, and the solemn song;
To the proud temple bends his silent way,
Kneels to the passing Host, and seems to pray.
From sleep and death he wakes to life unknown,
And glows with thoughts and wishes, not his own;
Through his roused nerves he feels the clarion thrill,
His bosom throbs, his veins with horror chill,
With sparkling flames his frenzied eye-balls roll,
And Freedom's mania rages through his soul.
Aghast he sees a new-born Cæsar rise,
And grasp at all beneath Italian skies;
Aghast he sees the crimson ensigns play,
Fire sweep the fields, and ruin cloud the day.

Some of the best writers in New-England then enriched the columns of the Palladium with their productions, and these together with the spicy and pungent paragraphs of the Editor, soon elevated the character of the paper, as a political and literary journal, to an equality with the highest in the country. Among the political contributors, was FISHER AMES, a man highly distinguished among the eminent statesmen and patriots, who procured the ratification of the Federal Constitution in Massachusetts, and who had been a conspicuous and influential member of the House of Representatives of the United States during the eight years of Washington's administration. Owing to ill health, he had retired from public life, but did not withdraw his mind from politics. His essays in the Palladium, for some years, were

numerous. Soon after his death, which happened on the fourth of July, 1808, they were published, in a volume with several contributions to other papers and some of his public speeches, by a number of his friends.

A series of numbers under the title of *The Projector*, and another series, entitled *Morpheus*, were written chiefly in an ironical style, and directed against the writings of William Godwin and intended to overthrow the principles of the Godwinian school of politics and morals. Other political essays, earnestly and eloquently illustrating and enforcing the doctrines of Federalism, and exposing in the deepest tones of invective the principles of the Jacobin party, may be found in the *Palladium* under the titles of *The Political Whip-Top*, *British Influence*, *Americanus*, *Aristomanes*, *Novanglus*, *Laicus*, *Quintilian*, *Equality*, and others. *The Observer* treated chiefly of the moral and social condition of society. *The Restorator*, which extended to about thirty numbers, was confined to literary topics. Seven numbers were devoted to a discussion of the style of *Junius*, and his merits as a political writer. One or two numbers animadverted, in terms not remarkably respectful, on the character and works of Noah Webster, who was then about publishing the first edition of his *Columbian Dictionary*. Webster replied in a style rather acrimonious, but made a satisfactory defence — satisfactory to those, at least, who contend for American rights in literature as well as in government, commerce, and manufactures.

The editorials of Mr. Dutton were written with much earnestness and energy, and in a style greatly superior to what the public had been accustomed to see in the

Boston newspapers. As his name never appeared in the paper, as that of its editor, the precise time when he withdrew from it is not known.

His retirement, and the discontinuance of the contributions of some of the popular correspondents, caused a retiring ebb in the tide of its prosperity. But though its political influence began to diminish, it continued to be a favorite with the mercantile community, as a vehicle of commercial and shipping intelligence. For many years, its marine department was the fullest and most accurate of any that was published. The patronage of the state was retained many years by Young & Minns, and its character as the official paper of the state government, gave it currency among men of business, with whom politics was a matter of but little concern in comparison with their private and professional concerns. Minns, who acted as principal editor, seldom wrote an article of any length ; but he had a peculiar practice of condensing *items* of news to a paragraph of two or three lines, — superadding, perhaps, a remark of his own, of about the same length.

The original poetry, which appeared from time to time in the Palladium, was not much above the ordinary level of the newspaper standard. The lampoon, that follows, is one of the best of the poetical squibs of the day. It is necessary to say, in the way of explanation, that the admirers of Mr. Jefferson, living in the town of Cheshire, Berkshire county, manufactured an immensely large cheese, and sent it to him as a token of their respect and affection. The cheese was conveyed to the city of Washington and presented to Mr. Jefferson by Elder John Leland, the pastor of a Baptist church in Cheshire : —

THE MAMMOTH CHEESE.

AN EPICO-LYRICO BALLAD.

From meadows, rich with clover red,
A thousand heifers come;
The tinkling bells the tidings spread,
The milk-maid muffles up her head,
And wakes the village hum.

In shining pans the snowy flood
Through whitened canvas pours;
The dying pots of otter good,
And rennet, tinged with madder blood,
Are sought among their stores.

The quivering curd, in panniers stowed,
Is loaded on the jade,
The stumbling beast supports the load,
While trickling whey bedews the road,
Along the dusty glade.

As Cairo's slaves, to bondage bred,
The arid deserts roam,
Through trackless sands undaunted tread,
With skins of water on their head,
To cheer their masters' home, —

So here, full many a sturdy swain
His precious luggage bore:
Old misers too forgot their gain,
And bed-rid cripples, free from pain,
Now took the road before.

The widow, with her dripping mite,
Upon her saddle borne,
Rode up in haste to see the sight,
And aid a charity so right,
A *pauper* so forlorn.

The circling throng an opening drew
Upon the verdant grass,
To let the vast procession through,
To spread their rich repast in view,
And Elder J. L. pass.

Then Elder J. with lifted eyes,
In musing posture stood,
Invoked a blessing from the skies,

To save from vermin, mites, and flies,
And keep the bounty good.

Now mellow strokes the yielding pile
From polished steel receives,
And shining nymphs stand still awhile,
Or mix the mass with salt and oil,
With sage and savory leaves.

Then, sexton-like, the patriot troop,
With naked arms and crown,
Embraced, with hardy hands, the scoop,
And filled the vast expanded hoop,
While beetles smashed it down.

Next girding screws, the ponderous beam,
With heft immense, drew down ;
The gushing whey, from every seam,
Flowed through the streets, a rapid stream,
And shad came up to town.

Soon after the passage of the Embargo act in 1807, several pieces of doggerel appeared in the Palladium, ridiculing that unpopular measure. The annexed verses are extracted from one of them, entitled "New Hobbies," a parody on a well known song : —

Ever since the great flood, and perhaps, long before,
Men have all had their hobbies — some one, and some more :
But, whether we ride upon one, two, or three,
Hobby-horseical riding has always been free.

All on hobbies.

The Embargo's the hobby, which Democrats ride,
It is Jefferson's glory and Madison's pride ;
May all swear to support it, whatever it cost,
From Tommy the Great, down to ——— *

Curse such hobbies.

* * * * * *

If we cross the Atlantic, in Europe we find
Kings, emperors, and subjects to riding inclined ;
The whim 's universal, let this proof content us,
There is no place discovered where "*non est inventus.*"

All on hobbies.

* Ichabod Frost, a somewhat noted broker, at that time, in State-street.

John Bull has his hobby — his “overgrown navy,”
 Which thousands of Frenchmen has sent to old Davy :
 'T is the strength of his nation, the scourge of proud France ;
 'T is his shield and his helmet, his buckler and lance.

Powerful hobby.

Napoleon the despot his hobby bestrides ;
 Not content with one empire, on kingdoms he rides ;
 But in mounting poor Spain, and while seizing the reins
 She kicked till poor Bona. got flung for his pains.

Curb your hobby.

Let 's beware, lest America next be his aim ;
 If it should, as Spain served him, we 'll serve him the same ;
 True Yankees will never submit to his straddle,
 But will kick hard enough to kick him from his saddle.

Spur your hobbies.

The marine department of the Palladium was managed for many years, entirely, by HENRY INGRAHAM BLAKE, — a journeyman printer, whose ambition to acquire the reputation of the best ship-news reporter, set all competition at defiance. When he entered upon this employment, the incidents of navigation were but imperfectly given in the newspapers. He may be almost said to have *invented* the present *universal* mode of reporting clearances, arrivals, disasters, and the various incidents connected with the shipping interest of the country. There was a time when this individual, — familiarly known among printers, merchants, and seamen, by the name of Harry Blake, — might command any salary he might choose to ask from any newspaper establishment in Boston. He knew the name, the owner, the captain's name, and the number of his crew, of every thing that sailed from the harbor of Boston, from the smallest craft that had sail and rudder to the most magnificent specimen of naval architecture ; and he was able to tell the position of almost every vessel, and the

time when she would arrive at her port of destination, if not prevented by unforeseen and improbable accident. He was faithful to his employers, and proud of his employment. He would visit the wharves at midnight, to obtain an item for the morning's paper ; and has frequently gone out alone in a boat to meet a ship that was coming into the harbor, in darkness, storm, and tempest, to secure information wherewith to enrich his journal. The intelligence he thus obtained he carried in his memory to the printing-office, put it in type, and, if the paper had been partially worked off, he would stop the press to insert it. Whenever he made a memorandum of the information he gathered in his walks among the shipping in the harbor, or at the boarding-houses of the captain's clerks, or mates, it was written with a pencil, in characters, which no mortal but himself could read or understand, on a bit of paper no bigger than his hand, and some times on the margin of any old newspaper he might have in his pocket. After establishing the reputation of the Palladium Marine Journal, above that of all its cotemporaries, and enjoying his triumph as king of ship-news collectors, for some cause unknown he sought for a *change*, not of employment but of employer, and enlisted in the service of the Boston Courier, in which he continued many years. This course of life was, to Harry Blake, no labor, but recreation ; but it was, nevertheless, an employment that must, inevitably, diminish the capability of performing it. Exposure to cold and wet, to the scorching heats of July, and the tempestuous snows and hail of January, was too much for a human constitution. Of itself it was enough to destroy a man, though his muscles were made of steel and his bones of

oak. But Harry Blake suffered domestic troubles to lead him to indulgences not justified by strict requirements of temperance. Seldom, too, when he found or made acquaintances on ship-board, was he allowed to depart without partaking of a social cup. At length he sank under the pressure of intellectual and physical disorders, which benevolent friends had sought to alleviate, but which it was beyond the power of kindness to avert. His death happened some years ago, but there are many of his cotemporaries, who remember him with affectionate regret. Like Yorick's, his ghost may still have the consolation of hearing, in some of the printing-offices, a reminiscent sigh, accompanied with the exclamation, *Alas ! poor Harry Blake.*

On the first of September, 1828, the publication of the Palladium was transferred to other hands, and the change was thus announced —

TO THE PUBLIC.

After nearly forty years' duty in the Editorial field, we now make our valedictory obeisance, and respectfully withdraw, that the young and energetic may come forward to serve their cotemporaries and others. The Palladium will hereafter be published by Mr. G. V. H. Forbes, for some time advantageously known as the Editor of a very respectable and useful paper in this city.*

We cannot neglect this opportunity to offer our most grateful acknowledgements to those whose encouragement has sustained us, and particularly the individuals who extended the hand of generous friendship to our inexperienced and untried youth, and continued warm to the last. Among our first patrons were numbered the sires and grandsires of many of the generation now in active business.

We tender sincere thanks to our Professional Brethren for the good feelings they have always manifested towards us, and for contributing their full share to the uninterrupted harmony that has existed, which no variance in religion, politics, or interests, has ever, in the least, disturbed; and we most cordially reciprocate the kind wishes which have been recently expressed. * * * * *

* "Zion's Herald" — a Methodist paper.

Having been honored with the good will of the public, we know its value, as constituting an indispensable part of the basis of happiness, and hope to retain it to the end of our pilgrimage. With aspirations for blessings on our country we add, with the interesting associations which belong to the word, our professional ADIEU.

Boston, September 1, 1828.

YOUNG & MINNS.

This was a deadly blow to a flourishing and profitable business. Whatever might have been the talents of the new editor, as the conductor of a religious publication, it soon appeared that he was not equal to the task he had undertaken. He abandoned it in November, 1829. The Palladium then became the property of E. Kingman, a gentleman, who had, for several years, been the Washington correspondent of editors, in sundry places. He was an excellent writer of letters; but the event proved that he could succeed much better as a reporter at the capital in Washington, than in the editorial department of a business paper in Boston. The next year, the whole establishment was disposed of to Adams & Hudson, then proprietors of the Columbian Centinel, who continued the publication of the Palladium on Tuesday and Friday, the two papers being made up chiefly of the same matter. In 1840, the subscription lists of both these papers, together with that of the Boston Gazette, were purchased by the proprietors of the Boston Daily Advertiser.

ALEXANDER YOUNG, the original projector, and owner of the Mercury and the Palladium, was a native of Boston, and the son of Alexander Young, whose ancestors were also inhabitants of that town. He used frequently to speak of working as a printer at Plymouth, and at the office of Isaiah Thomas in Worcester, — but whether as an apprentice or journeyman at either place

is not recollected. He died in Boston, March 24, 1834, aged sixty-six.

THOMAS MINNS was also a native of Boston. I have heard that he served his apprenticeship at Plymouth, with Nathaniel Coverly ; but there are reasons for doubt as to that point. He also died in Boston, in 1834.

There have been very few partnerships in business, that have continued so long uninterrupted as that of Young & Minns. Whatever differences of temper and sentiment might have existed between them, there were other attributes, which they held in common, — industry, economy, integrity, perseverance, generosity ; and this was the whole secret, though it was no secret to their friends and acquaintance, which kept them in harmonious union, for near forty years, in a business, which, of all others, is most trying to human patience and good nature. Every one, who has had the management of a newspaper in a place of any importance, can understand this. Their habits of industry and personal attention to their business were proverbial, and continued as long as they were publishers of the paper. Each of them accumulated what may be called a *handsome* property ; but such untiring labor, and judicious economy in any mercantile pursuit, would have insured the possession of a million.

When Young & Minns retired from the publication of the *Palladium*, the printers and editors of Boston invited them to a social festival, as a token of respect and affection, to which they were justly entitled.

THE FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE paper, which was long known by this title, and which, for a time, enjoyed a degree of popularity then unprecedented in the case of any one published in a country village, was begun in April, 1793, at Walpole, New-Hampshire, by Isaiah Thomas and David Carlisle. Carlisle was a native of Walpole, and had served an apprenticeship with Thomas, at Worcester, which was then just completed. Thomas furnished the printing-office with its types and press, and a bookstore with a handsome assortment of books, and the whole business of printing and bookselling was carried on under the firm of Thomas & Carlisle.

The paper was first published with the title of the New-Hampshire Journal.

It soon gained a respectable circulation in New-Hampshire, and was liberally patronized in Vermont, particularly in the towns lying opposite to Walpole, on Connecticut river. The business intercourse between the two states was constant, and a similarity of taste and habits existed among the inhabitants of both. The New-Hampshire Journal was found, by the people of Vermont, to be a convenient paper for advertising, and two or three post-routes were established on that side of the river. There seemed to be a propriety in giving to

the paper a title expressive of the locality of those to whose accommodation it was, in some measure adapted, and, at the commencement of the second year, it was called *The New-Hampshire and Vermont Journal*, or, *Farmer's Weekly Museum*. Carlisle was then the sole editor of the paper; but he received aid from several correspondents, one of whom was the Rev. William Fessenden, the minister of Walpole. He wrote a long series of articles under the title of the *Religionist*.

In 1795, Joseph Dennie, took up his residence in Walpole, and began to write for the *Museum* that series of papers, — which did more to extend his reputation than all his other literary efforts, — entitled “*The Lay Preacher*.” These *lay sermons* were republished in nearly all the newspapers in the nation. They found a place in the columns of the city journals, sometimes to the exclusion of advertisements, and, wherever a newspaper was printed in a rural district, they were welcomed by both editors and readers as a kind of “*God-send*.” It is believed that these contributions were, at first, voluntary and entirely gratuitous; but, in the spring of 1796, — Carlisle having become, nominally, the sole proprietor of the paper, — an arrangement was made with Dennie, by which the entire control of it, — except the selection of news and the advertising department, — was transferred to him.

When the new arrangement with respect to the property was made, at the commencement of the fourth volume, the public were informed of it, in the following Address, which, if not wholly written by Dennie, underwent his revision and improvements: —

TO THE PUBLIC.

Three years have elapsed, since the present publisher of this paper commenced the Farmer's Weekly Museum, in connection with Mr. Isaiah Thomas. That gentleman, from the multiplicity of his Massachusetts business, has thought proper to retire from the Press at Walpole; and his late partner has to regret the loss of a valuable assistant, and that he is no longer sheltered by his extensive reputation.

But, though he now finds himself floating *alone* on the stream of life, he is confident that his PATRONS will not suffer him to sink without a struggle. The generous encouragement of three years represses the sigh of anxiety; and, though the influential name of Thomas be taken from the Museum, it will still be perused, if meritorious by the industry of its editor, or the genius of its writers.

Notwithstanding the usual enterprize of youth, the publisher acknowledges that in the infancy of the paper, he doubted whether it would reach maturity in a corner of a *young* state, in a corner where a Printing-Press was scarcely known. But agreeable experience has convinced him that, not without reason, have the sons of New Hampshire been praised for their love of letters, and liberal patronage of the Press has dissipated each doubt of its good fortune.

Addresses of this nature are commonly pregnant with promises, which are rarely realized. Beginning with flame, and ending with smoke, most of the periodical works of our country have dwindled from the first number. To guard against a circumstance so disgraceful shall be the peculiar care of the publisher. He is convinced that the industry of Franklin is a better auxiliary to an editor, than even that philosopher's abilities. Unremitting industry he pledges himself to manifest; and, by the frequent arrivals of the mails, by a weekly post from Boston, and the aid of several men of letters in the vicinity, it will be in his power to announce early intelligence, and to decorate his pages with useful and elegant literature.

The publisher is making arrangements to establish an extensive correspondence with political and literary characters, in various parts of the United States. He will make it his care to procure the best written pamphlets on "the transient topic of the times," European magazines and reviews, and, in general, such books as will furnish him with extracts curious and novel. Every thing, *that will promote the substantial interests of the yeomanry*, every thing, that will amuse the imagination, enrich the head, or improve the heart, shall ever hold a front place in the Farmer's Museum.

The political creed of this paper has already been so clearly manifested, that perhaps it is superfluous for the publisher to avow the firm-

ness of his Federalism. Happy to imitate the loyal spirit of the country that cherishes him, he will ever support the constituted authorities of America. Implicitly believing that "our officers are peace and our exactors righteousness," he is willing to swear that he will defend the admirable constitution of the United States, and expose the nefarious schemes of the disorganizer and the Jacobin. Rejoicing under the mild but dignified administration of WASHINGTON, he rests satisfied with the *genuine* and *rational* liberty of this country, and will not make a voyage of enthusiasm to France, in quest of a fairer goddess or a more perfect freedom.

Ardently grateful for the past, and hopeful of the future, he thanks his numerous customers for former smiles, and deems himself entitled to a continuance of favor, if he persevere in attempts to deserve it. As he has received manifold obligations from the citizens of Vermont, who have manifested most liberal regard for the Press, by fostering a paper not published within their own territory, it would be the extreme of ingratitude to be careless of their interest. He shall therefore view it as a matter of moment to adapt his paper, as far as possible, to their meridian. A condensed statement of their politics, abstracts of the acts of their Legislature, and every thing relevant to the sale or the taxation of their lands, claim, and shall receive, a place in his Vermont Journal.

The publisher having thus manifested his gratitude, to his partner and his patrons, explained his politics, and described his resources, now invites those, who *cultivate* and *adorn* the beautiful banks of the Connecticut, to *come, see,* and subscribe. His object is not to exhibit a mere gazette of dry detail or doleful narrative of bloody murder, but a *Literary*, no less than a political vehicle. The Walpole Post shall sometimes knock at the door of his customers,

"News from all nations lumbering at his back,"

and sometimes he shall be freighted with only a *light load* of *Literature*; the short sermons of the LAY PREACHER, the fantastic FARRAGO, and *small parcels* of the fancy goods of MESSRS. COLON & SPONDEE.

DAVID CARLISLE, JUN.

During this year, the Lay Preacher was pretty constant in the weekly production of his labors; and he was aided in his task as an editor, by Royal Tyler, (then a lawyer in Guilford, Vermont,) who furnished all those agreeable and humorous articles, purporting to be "From the Shop of Messrs. Colon & Spondee."

Thomas Green Fessenden, — who graduated at Dartmouth College, in August, was the author of sundry pieces of humorous political doggerel. The motto of the Museum was, — “Ho, every one, that thirsteth for novelty — come !”

At the beginning of the fifth volume, April, 1797, the titles of the paper were transposed, so as to read, — “The Farmer's Weekly Museum: New-Hampshire and Vermont Journal;” and the last year's motto gave place to the following lines from John Bunyan: —

. Wouldst thou remember
From New-Year's day to the last of December,
Then read

Sundry improvements were made in the typography and size of the paper, and in the arrangement of the contents, as proposed in the following notice

TO PATRONS.

The Editor, flattered, animated by patronage, hastens to display more than verbal gratitude. He presents this number of the Museum on paper of royal size; and has the pleasure to announce to his subscribers a weekly miscellany, as ample as the city papers. The different articles are shown in a new, and, he hopes, neat array. Those speculations, strictly pertinent to the Belles Lettres, he has arranged, as distinctly as possible, in the last page, under the title of “The DESSERT.” A simple device, emblematical of wine, fruit, and flowers, explained by a very concise Latin, and a poetical English motto, sufficiently indicates the general design. *Politics, Biography, Economics, Morals, and Daily Detail*, will be restrained to the first pages. Under the local head of the paper, the reader will regularly find a compressed statement of foreign and domestic occurrences, by the title of “Incidents abroad” and “Incidents at Home.” Paragraphs, with appropriate heads, are to succeed next, containing the intelligence, or the jest, of the hour.

The Editor hopes that the varied matter, and cheapness of the Museum, will induce some to compose and some to subscribe for a paper, whose object is sedulously to improve, and harmlessly to amuse.

As a literary periodical, the Museum had now no rival. Its circulation extended from Maine to Georgia, and large packages, filled, weekly, an extra mail-bag, to supply the subscribers in New-York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and intervening cities.

For three years succeeding this arrangement, the Museum was more richly supplied with original communications of a literary character than any other paper, that had then, or has since, been published in the United States. "Colon & Spondee" came out, almost every week, with new varieties of their small wares ; — T. G. Fessenden produced his political lampoons, under the signature of "Simon Spunkey ;" — Isaac Story, opened a shop with the sign of "Peter Quince," and endeavored to rival Peter Pindar in his humorous style of versification ; "Common Sense in Dishabille" was furnished by David Everett ; — and beside these, "The Meddler," "The Hermit," "The Rural Wanderer," "Peter Pencil," "Beri Hesdin," and numerous other writers, whose contributions I am not able to assign to the authors *by name*, enriched the Museum, and gave to it an unprecedented popularity. Dennie, however, was not merely the responsible editor, but was the enlivening spirit, around which the others congregated, and to which they made their obeisance as the sheaves of Jacob's sons, of old, did to the sheaf of Joseph. The selected articles were of his choosing. He gathered the exotics, and his criticism stamped them as genuine products of the garden of genius. The weekly summary of "Incidents Abroad" and "Incidents at Home," which was not the least attractive feature of the Museum, was prepared by him ; and though this feature of the Museum has had many

imitators, I know of none, which can claim any near relationship or striking resemblance. The notes "To Readers and Correspondents," make, of themselves, an amusing department. These were also the sole composition of Dennie, and were frequently written in the printing-office, and extended or contracted in length, so as precisely to fit the space, in which the last column of the form might be deficient of matter.

In less than a year from the time when the Museum put on this new and promising aspect, Carlisle became involved in embarrassments, and the property fell back into the possession of Thomas. In noticing this change, the Editor said, — "Hence it may be easily concluded that its establishment is liberal and permanent, and that no effort of enterprize will be wanting to render it worthy of general favor. The Editor will still attempt, by variegated Literature and pure Politics, to interest the numerous readers, by whose patronage he is honored. But he must be permitted to remark, that a paper so cheap, so closely printed, and so free from advertisements, must, to support its present reputation, attach not only copious subscriptions, but *punctual payment*. Semi-annual anticipation of the dues of this paper, an augmentation of its subscribers, prompt and generous settlements, will animate and retain the conductor in his course. Like every other industrious workman, he has a right to *bread*, and sometimes, to write "all cheerily," he ought to have *wine*. The incumbrance of excessive wealth is scarcely to be dreaded by an author, but for the decent recompense of literary labor he has an importunate claim. If the public will merely *compensate* that labor, the task shall be fulfilled by the Editor, with his best possible exertions."

From this it may be concluded, that the *paying patronage* of the paper was not equal to the desires of the editor; and that his expectations of better support were not realized in their fullest extent, is evident from the incidents and changes, which soon after followed. Alexander Thomas, a relative of Isaiah Thomas, had been taken into the partnership in the Bookstore connected with the Printing-Office, and about the first of June, 1798, took upon himself the charge of conducting the paper, while Dennie took a recess from his labors as Lay Preacher, though he continued to write summaries, criticisms, and "paragraphs with appropriate heads." On his return from a visit to Boston, which had been extended somewhat beyond the proposed term of absence, he saluted his readers in a sprightly Lay Sermon, in which are the following paragraphs:—

"Here am I, for THOU DIDST CALL ME."

With a voice, O Public, so finely modulated, so gratefully soothing to the ear of an ambitious author, that he hearkens to the summons, and is actually inditing a sermon, apologetical for laziness and neglect of his flock.

But who is there among the sons of men, of such self-denying humor, that will not, sometimes, flee from confinement and his cottage to breathe a little fresh air, and ramble, yea, run, a moment, from the drudgery of methodized life?

The Clergyman, fatigued with Flavel, and panting under the unusual load of heavy sermons, asks from the parish a respite; and, as he cheerily urges his pacer, plodding and slow, like his owner, sings, instead of David's Psalms, a hymn to the goddess of leisure.

The Lawyer, choked with the dust of courts, and deafened by the gibberish of the laws, canters from the circuit; and, placid at his desk, suffers not a plea in bar to obstruct the current of his yawning humor.

The Doctor, too, and the Merchant, in gaping hours, scorn the recipe and the invoice, and idly dream of subjects more pleasant than subjects consumptive, or subjects commercial.

Many circumstances may, at any stage of his course, command a Lay Preacher to rest from his labors. Like a Bishop Watson, or Porteus, he is not invested with holy lawn, to inspire awe in the vulgar; nor is he, like them, brilliant and learned, to excite the admiration of the wise. Reflecting, in sober hours, on the obscurity of his station, and the simplicity of his lessons, he has perceived that many object to a sermon from the woods, and that many exclaim, "a wooden sermon!" Moreover, in that narrow circle, which may justly be denominated my listening parishioners, *Who hath believed our report?* Neither by smiles nor by frowns, neither by grand precepts, nor merry allusion, has the Lay Preacher driven the rake from his mistress, nor the reveler from his wine. Men persevere in tracing the path, which passion has chosen, or habit has worn smooth; and the monitory sermon, if read, is soon forgotten.

To those, who, from the intimacy or the partiality of friendship, are anxious that my weekly advice should again be given, and to the public, who have condescended once or twice to ask for me, I will narrate the private motives, which have persuaded me to be silent for a year.

In the first place, I honestly declare, with wonted frankness, that many *evil* spirits have domineered over my mind, and that Laziness, Spleen, and Ill-humor have been too frequently suffered to lock up my quills, and to upset my ink-horn.

Like a venerable predecessor, I have been, during the above period, "in journeyings often, in weariness and painfulness, and in watchings;" all which are unfriendly to preaching; nor do I believe the Archbishop of Canterbury himself could indite a pastoral letter, or make a visitation charge, successfully, under such unfavorable circumstances.

He, who resolves to speculate, flies, in conformity to the suggestion of Horace, to the grove, and, in a lonely situation, converses with few besides his books and himself. But, if an author keep no other company, he will not be long qualified to give interest and novelty to his researches. Every line will savor of the lamp, and every page will be mouldy, by the damp air of a monkish cell. Hence, to write what the world will gaily read, it is necessary, sometimes, for a man of letters to obey the advice of the poet, Green, and make

"Trips to the town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste."

Unless he occasionally go to the great city, and forsake his closet for a saunter in "vanity fair," how could a Lay Preacher correctly describe

or justly censure fashionable follies, and the blameful luxury of a capital? To ridicule, with point and effect, the fantastic foppery of dress, one must actually look down the street, or through the coffee-house, and mark the peacock beau, sporting his "Joseph's coat," or jockey pantaloons. To laugh at gowns without a waist, or the brick-dust hue of coquelicot riband, the writer should at least drink tea in the Tontine buildings, and go, one morning, with giggling girls to that great box of millinery, the shop of Mrs. Milliquet.

Now, it scarcely, from these premises, need be inferred, that, to gather materials is the work of one day, and to put them into form is reserved to the next. It is unreasonable to expect that an essayist should be seen constantly with a pen in his hand. His effusions would become wretchedly trite, if he were not permitted to go abroad, searching for some new object, or some new face, to serve as fresh topics for speculation. While I was mingling in the crowd on 'change, lounging in booksellers' shops, arguing in a coffee-house, or chatting with sensible women round a supper-table, I was, in fact, composing Lay Preachers. The process, though invisible, still continued. I entered hints in my note-book, though I did not expand them in the Museum; and kept, for future use, the fruit of my observations, as my prudent and tender mother used to store for me autumnal russetings to bless my infant palate in the scarce and the spring time.

But though for a year the Lay Preacher's desk has been shut, yet his books have been open and his thoughts awake. Having seen some novel objects, and read many curious tomes in the course of his vacation, perhaps he is qualified to resume his labors with some degree of spirit. He has meditated not merely the works of the *fathers*, but the lighter productions of the *sons*; and perused, laboriously, many a heavy book, with a view, by studious chemistry to extract some essence to relieve the spirits of his readers. At any rate, to continue, to the end of this sermon, the same egotism, with which it began, he is determined, as this mode of writing is approved by those, whom it is his ardent wish to please, to lay aside every weight of interest, which might bias him to more gainful occupations; to lay aside that sin of indolence, which doth so easily beset an invalid and an author, and to run with patience the race, that is set before him.

For three or four weeks succeeding the appearance of this apology, the Lay Preacher performed the promised service, and then again became silent. In the beginning

of November, in one of his notes to "Readers and Correspondents," he said, —

The Lay Preacher has not locked up his pulpit door. Absorbed in the perusal of church history, and the holy life of Hilarion, the Hermit, he has, with the absence of an author, forgotten to write with periodical regularity. He will soon open his Notes, and then

— — — "Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire that he were made a prelate."

Business is rather dull at "the Shop of Colon and Spondee." Customers are few, and Mr. Weiser, the old tenant, rings his bason about their ears. He tosses about his powder with such an air of gracefulness, and brandishes his keen razor with such dexterity, that the partners think seriously of quitting the premises.

The Editor implores his correspondents to afford him some literary and political aid. He is timorous, lest his readers should be nauseated with similar dishes, cooked by the same hand. Associates will, in the language of recruiting, meet with kind treatment.

Wanted, a bale of American Biography; a quantity of Quips and Cranks; a load of Wit, and a few bundles from the Parnassian Shrubbery; pointed Darts of Criticism; and above all, during the dreary dullness of November, two or three genial sunshine days of American Patronage.

A month passed away and a note to the reader said, — "Next week, if the source of all mental exertion give the invalid and sluggish author leave, the Lay Preacher will take up the neglected thread of his speculations." "Next week," (December 10,) he fulfilled this conditional promise, and published a sermon from the text, — "*She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.*" The whole article, — two columns and a half, — was a critique on the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe." Nothing more is seen of the Lay Preacher till the first of April, 1799. But, in the mean time (February 11,) a still more importunate address to the public, indicates discontent and solicitude,

and a persevering ambition in his favorite pursuit. It is entitled to a place here, as an exhibition of the discouraging reminiscences and flattering hopes, which alternately affect the minds of many other editors, as they did the aspiring spirit of Dennie: —

TO THE PUBLIC.

The well wishers to literary exertion are once more warned, that such is the care, expense and fatigue, in conducting a Gazette upon the plan of the FARMER'S MUSEUM, that to preserve its spirit, and ensure its continuance, frequent communications must be made, new subscriptions must be added, and the charges of the paper punctually paid. If men of letters fail to coöperate with the Editor, one of these consequences must ensue. Either, from the limited faculties of the human mind; from lassitude; from that hypochondria, which generally infests the sedentary studious; or from real indisposition, the little that an unassisted and imperfect individual can produce, will be weak and stale; or if, in a laborious hour, he produce much, and cover his columns with his own effusions, an intolerable sameness appears, and his miscellany is defrauded of its very essentials, Novelty, Variety and Use. If men fail to encourage the circulation of this paper, or tardily, or grudgingly, or *never* pay the small sum, for which it is sold, such are the various expenses attached to the establishment, it is impossible it should be permanent. From an experience of four laborious years, in this department, the Editor is convinced that without a very flowing subscription, without *assiduous* patronage, without the *countenance* of the *first* characters in the country, without *much* original literary matter, and without a *generous premium, periodically* paid, no really useful and diversified paper can be supported in America. The Farmer's Museum, which is in fact a Magazine in a minor form, is composed of many originals, procured by pecuniary compensation, and of selections from English Journals, Reviews and Magazines, purchased in large numbers, at an *expensive rate*. The Post Office tax for many of the essays, communications, and letters, pertinent and *essential* to the paper, is frequent, and often heavy. The expenses of paper, and other rude materials in the hands of the printer, exceed twenty dollars per week; and the folding and directing of the papers, for distant subscribers, demand considerable time and *cash*, for which the Proprietors of this paper, make no additional charge to their customers; though in other offices, particularly at the southward, a sum, *equal to two thirds of the whole price of the Museum* is required for this subaltern service alone. From these state-

ments it must appear evident, to the considerate and the generous, among the readers of this paper, that if it acquire not many friends, and if its price be not paid with a merchant's punctuality, "confusion and every evil work," among our types, "must ensue." With much watching, and with continued exertion, the Conductor of this paper has, for a period, not brief in continuance, and certainly not trivial in value, as it respects an important stage of human life, endeavored to disseminate among his countrymen literary articles, in a cheap and familiar form. Notwithstanding the respectable assistance he has received, the expense incurred, the pains employed, and enthusiasm exercised, in this behalf, he is sorry to declare that two of his earlier attempts in this line, far from being *remunerated, or even smiled upon*, involved him in debt, and that for the present undertaking of a large, and he may add *useful* paper, at a *lower* price than any other of the size and quality of letter press in the United States, he is so moderately, not to say penuriously, requited, that, were it not for an aversion to relinquish literature, however neglected, he should instantly engage in some of the coarser vocations of life, and interdict himself from pen and ink forever. Public encouragement will rouse him from lethargy, will dispel despondence, will incite the Preacher to sermonize, the Poet to versify, and Literary Labor to "work willingly with her hands." Failure of patronage and payment will close the Museum, and crush the fondly fostered hopes of an anxious Editor.

From this period to the first of April much originality shall be exhibited to our readers. A number of periodical effusions, of a sprightly cast, will appear; a bird's eye view of *Foreign* literature may be pretty generally found, under the local head of the paper; and curious Biography and Anecdote will continue to diversify its columns.

Provided the Editor can meet a recompense barely sufficient to alleviate the labor, and equal the expense, he proposes to make improvements in the Museum on the first of April, at which time a new volume of this paper commences. By an economy of the press, the quantity of matter shall be increased, some new types shall be employed, certain decorations attempted, new writers engaged, and more originality produced. The title of the paper will be changed to the FARMER'S MUSEUM and LAY PREACHER'S GAZETTE; and from that time the lectures and sermons of that writer will frequently appear. A series of Critical Speculations, principally upon American works, will be procured, and an article, under the head of "Federal Biography," containing authentic anecdotes of the principal personages in the United States, will be occasionally introduced. This last article, if well executed, will, from its utility and interest, be worth treble the price of the paper. To

realize this plan, which, if accomplished, will render the Museum as valuable as is possible for a work in such a fugitive form, *Patronage and subscribers must increase*. The Editor has a *right* to declare, that a Gazette, embracing the useful and amusing objects above indicated, is entitled to copious subscription, general currency, and a liberal reward. If the public will cherish these efforts, the Editor *pledges* himself for the satisfactory discharge of his duties. On the contrary, in proportion to popular neglect and parsimony, the spirit of the paper will evaporate, the columns will grow dull, and gradually merit the shameful title of the most stupid production in the United States.

How truly may it be said of Dennie, —

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall, —
We know that these were felt by him,
For they are felt by all, —

all editors, at least, who have a proper feeling of their responsibilities, and a proper ambition to carry out the honorable destiny of their profession. In looking over a file of the Museum, after a lapse of near fifty years, and revivifying my personal recollections of Dennie, it would not be possible to suppress a token of admiration of his assiduity and perseverance, and a sigh of regret that his susceptible nature was so often compelled to suffer mortification and disappointment, where he expected sympathy and encouragement. A few weeks before the time appointed to present the proposed improvements in the mechanical appearance of the Museum, Dennie said, — “Among other important improvements, an American Biography will occasionally appear. The ‘Shop of Colon and Spondee’ will not be shut up: The partners have obtained a tolerable credit with the house of Apollo & Co. and both the stock in trade, and the demand on the literary market, indicate nothing like bankruptcy. The Lay Preacher will sometimes officiate, and continue to sow the seed of good doctrine,

though, as usual, it should fall by the way-side, or be choked with thorns. To ensure success to these honest and earnest efforts to please the reading part of the community, information and assistance from men of learning and taste, is, with *persevering importunity*, required. Memorials of American personages of note, *original* poetry, scientific researches, notices of new books and pamphlets, and witty anecdotes, are sought for *as for hidden treasures*. All, or any of these articles will be, to the Editor, *the pearl of great price*. The Editor sanguinely hopes that inattention to these particulars will not compel him to exclaim, with the neglected Milton, —

Alas ! what boots it, with incessant care,
To tend the homely, slighted *Author's* trade ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nerea's hair ? ”

At length the first of April came, and with it, the “Farmer’s Museum, or Lay Preacher’s Gazette,” in a new and promising dress. The Lay Preacher himself honored the occasion and the day with one of his best sermons, and which is too sensible a piece of admonition not to be admitted among the specimens of his genius : —

“ *Oh foolish Gallatians, who hath bewitched you ?* ”

Horace, in a facetious satire, alluding to a common custom among the Romans, who, during the Saturnalia, or Christmas holidays of old time, permitted every slave to be sovereign and saucy, bids his servant, Davus, to recollect the good natured law in mitigation of servitude, and to avail himself of the licentiousness of December. The poet, though apprized of the consequences of such indulgence, which would infallibly produce either scurrilous language, harsh reproof, or unpleasant instruction, satisfies himself by simply stating the sanction of antiquity. It was the will of his ancestors ; it was an old usage ; and, therefore, Davus had a title to be insolent and could plead prescription in favor of the Rights of slaves.

Customs, equally whimsical, have prevailed in every age. If the Romans had their Saturnalia, the chimney-sweepers of England consider May-day as their own; and the first of April is a festal season to the whole body corporate of Fools.

As by a curious coincidence of circumstances, the renewal of my lay labors occurs on All Fools' day, as it is merrily styled in the Almanac, it will not be impertinent to say, in my concise manner, a word or two, concerning this singular festival.

It is well known, that I am a most laborious examiner of books, new and old; but, in the whole course of a long life, devoted to study, I never could discover the origin of the custom of elaborately making a fool, only in the spring of the year. My love of investigation, and my zeal for the honor and dignity of human nature, have induced me to inquire, most anxiously, why this thing was so. The shades of many departed candles, three worn out lamps, and a bookseller's bill, both long and unpaid, can attest the time I have consumed, and the musty folios I have read, in the progress of this laudable inquisitiveness. Four times I peeped into the magical volumes of Cornelius Agrippa; twice I have consulted that prying author, who wrote of arts lost and found; I have looked for the first April fool day, by the obscure light of Jacob Behmen's "Aurora;" I have "read Alexander Ross over;" and, many times, when at college, did I raise the devil to satisfy my curiosity in this behalf. All this watching and toil, like much of my labor of life, has proved ineffectual; and the day of fools still wants its successful antiquarian, though it has at length found its preacher.

Relinquishing, therefore, all ideas of discovering the origin of this carnival time for fools, I must satisfy myself, and attempt to satisfy my readers, with a view of its rites and ceremonies; or a sarcasm upon these vernal worshipers of that simple being, exalted, by Erasmus, into a goddess, and styled, in his elegant latinity, "Moria," or the deity of weak ones.

On the first of every April, there appears to be a general combination to expose the common weakness of humanity. The philosopher and the idiot; the high and the low; the bond man and free, are all equally exposed to the juggling tricks of the priesthood of Folly. All the "idly busy" stand at the door and the lattice, and, like the wisdom of Solomon, cry "whoso is simple, let him turn in hither." From the many passages, interspersed through the writings of this prince, on the subject of folly, I am persuaded that he knew more of the first of April, than, in his pride of learning, he chose to acknowledge. Indeed, in the course of my Biblical researches, I once conjectured that the day, the amorous monarch enrolled in his list of pleasures three hundred

wives and seven hundred concubines, was the earliest epoch of All Fools' day; and that his noted aphorism, of "the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness," was dictated on the first of April.

One cannot help smiling at the levity or absurdity of man, in consecrating a day to the ludicrous purpose of striving to metamorphose into an idiot every neighbor, however stored with wisdom, or pregnant with wit. At other seasons, we discern no formal process for exposing the general weakness; on every other holiday, each one is allowed to possess his mental stock in quietness, and the fool and the philosopher are marked with characters as distinct as those of the ass and zebra. But on the earliest day of the second genial month, the greatest pains are employed to confound the distinctions of nature, and to compel even the wary and the sagacious to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Folly.

It may be asked, in a tone less growling than that of Johnson, and less misanthropical than that of Swift, why mankind are so anxious to form fools, when the business appears to be fully done, on the largest scale, and we find them in shoals already made? I can see no reason for this superfluous care. Whether the foolish are sought for in the vernal or autumnal months; on whatever day of the year, weakness and imperfection are wanted, it is but opening the eyes, and the inquirer is gratified. Folly is not a rare, exotic bird, or far-fetched wild beast, kept carefully in museums, and to be seen only for a fee. She is at our doors; she stands at our elbows; she meets us each moment in the street. Her bubble is as frequent as "the idle wind;" and her face is common as Doll Tearsheet's in the bagnio, and notorious as the perfidy of the French.

It is time for injured April to assert his rights, and no longer to suffer such an idle profanation of his day. Surely the first of a month, the immediate harbinger of the fairest portion of the year, ought not to be distinguished only in the rubric of folly. April may be commenced with much more propriety, than by acting like fools ourselves, or striving to surprize others into fatuity. This day should be, indeed, a festal one, but not dedicated to "idiot laughter," and the petty tricks of childhood. It should be a kind of vernal thanksgiving. The goddess Flora, rather than Folly, should have our vows. We should rejoice, that "the mandrakes give a smell," and that "at our gates are all manner of pleasant flowers." Our sports should be sylvan. We should exult that the gloomy shadows of Winter are fled away; that the south wind is come, and blows upon our gardens; and the vines, with the tender grape, give a good smell. Instead of tampering with the credulity of our neighbor or friend, we should, in the forcible words

of Milton, "go out, and see the riches of Nature, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth." Joy, excited by the lapse of Winter, and its horrors, and Hope, animated by the prospect of "the flowery prime," will not ask for an All Fools' day to enlarge the delights of Spring. Even to him, who has but low pretensions to philosophy, all nature, gay and revived, will be a much finer sight, than all men foolish, or exposed to the taunts of Folly. Let us, therefore, be more solicitous to enjoy and improve the season; to crown ourselves with the chaplets of the field, and with "rose buds, before they be withered," than to invest the silly with their cap and bells.

At this new epoch in the history of the Museum, the old motto from Bunyan was discarded with the old and worn-out types, and the following, from Goldsmith, adopted: —

Hither, each week, the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
Again the farmer's news — the barber's tale,
Again the woodman's ballad shall prevail.

The essays of the Lay Preacher were continued, with tolerable though not constant punctuality till the beginning of September, when they were again suspended, and never again revived, as contributions to the Museum. Dennie was invited to Philadelphia, to a different employment, and the editorial management of the paper was given to ALEXANDER THOMAS, who conducted it with good taste and discretion, — aided by many of the correspondents that had given it popularity during the administration of Dennie. In consequence of the departure of Dennie and the entire suspension of his labors, the title "Lay Preacher's Gazette" was expunged and that of Literary Gazette took its place. This was in February, 1800. Thenceforward there was sensible decadence in the contents of the paper.

The weekly summaries, which had frequently filled two or three columns, dwindled down to less than half a column, and had none of the raciness and agreeable humor, that had formerly made them attractive.

In October, 1801, the proprietors, Thomas & Thomas, published an advertisement, stating that they had made a temporary disposal of the establishment to DAVID NEWHALL, whom they recommended to the patrons of the paper, for industry and ability. Newhall published an Address, in which he wisely refrained from promising too much, as "addresses of this kind are generally pregnant with promises, which are rarely realized." The dimensions of the paper were reduced, and the spirit evaporated.

In 1803, the publication was resumed by Thomas & Thomas. The next year the paper was again enlarged, and the second title was dropped. On this occasion the publishers said, — "Though the state of the country is such as to render most interesting the political department, and the arts and falsehoods circulating by reams over the state, render it necessary to pay prime attention to correct political information, yet our columns will be occasionally varied with the insertion of brief essays on religion and morality. The interest of the Farmer shall claim our notice in the publication of useful agricultural hints, inventions, and improvements. The Sentimentalist and the Wit will occasionally find a repast at our Dessert, and we trust that the variety we shall offer will be palatable to the tastes of all."

From this time to October, 1806, the Museum was respectably conducted, but had no remarkable excellence

to distinguish it from many other newspapers in the country towns of New-England. It then dwindled down to its former contracted size.

In March, 1807, the publication was suspended. In stating their reasons for this suspension the publishers said, after alluding to the smallness of the income and the difficulties of collecting it, — “Were it deemed practicable or probable that a longer continuance of our efforts in favor of the former wise, prudent, and patriotic administration, would be the means of restoring them, we should cheerfully maintain the post we have occupied. But where failure is conceived to be the certain consequence of exertion, a person may be excused for withdrawing his forces.” They concluded with a recommendation of the New-Hampshire Sentinel, published at Keene, by John Prentiss, on principles similar to their own, to the favor of their subscribers.

What encouragement they had for reviving the publication does not appear; but it *was* revived in October, 1808, and published by Thomas & Thomas and Cheever Felch. In July, 1809, the names of Thomas & Thomas disappeared from the imprint, and that of Cheever Felch remained as the sole publisher and editor.

Alexander Thomas had long suffered from declining health, and made a visit to the Saratoga Springs, hoping thereby to obtain relief; but he died the day after his arrival, July 2, 1809, aged thirty-five.

At the close of the year following the revival of the publication, Felch expressed his gratitude for the encouragement he had received, and, as new arrangements for business had been made, he should continue his endeavor to merit the patronage of the public. But

notwithstanding all these flattering assurances, the Farmer's Museum rapidly approached its end. In October, 1810, the publication was again suspended, and was never again revived. In his farewell address to the public, the editor declared that the subscription would by no means remunerate the trouble of conducting the paper in a proper manner, and that a multiplicity of other business prevented his paying that attention to it, which it demanded. The following is a part of his valedictory : —

The public is assured, that I entertain a grateful sense of its liberal patronage, as well as for the confidence it has placed in me. And it is a pleasing reflection, that, in no instance, have I intentionally misled that confidence. In the course of my editorial labors, I have deemed it necessary to take decided and bold ground, which has exposed me to the bitter invectives of opposing partisans. But this ground was taken from a full conviction of its rectitude. I have always thought that the man, who conducted a public paper, and dared not publish the truth, for fear of giving offence, was not only a coward, but a villain, and, in matters of consequence, a traitor to his country. Believing this, I have pursued a different course. When I have found the truth, I have not feared to publish it. In my articles upon individual characters, I have been guided by the strictest adherence to facts. And, in many cases, for fear of over-stepping the truth, I have omitted publishing some of the most glaring things. No man has any cause of complaint against me; and whatever bluster some individuals may have made, they have not dared the attempt of clearing themselves from the charges. If it were attempted, they well knew it was in my power to affix on them others of a deeper cast.

Quitting the editorial cares, I also quitted the bickerings of party politics. 'Tis in vain to attempt to stand against the current of the times. An infatuation has seized the public mind; and as people are more ready to believe falsehood than truth, so the party, which is the most corrupt, and will resort to the most base methods, and dress up the most plausible falsehoods, will, of course, generally carry its points. We are treading the steps of former republics, and we shall most certainly share their fate. The man, who does most for his country, and opposes the most strenuously our career to destruction, shall fare the

worst. Let us then go down with the current, and a few years shall find us the groveling slaves of a foreign despot, an upstart tyrant — of our own.

Felch continued some time in Walpole, in the business of bookselling. He took orders in the Episcopal church, and, in 1814, was a chaplain in the navy.

It remains to take some further notice of Dennie and his literary associates.

When Dennie left Walpole for Philadelphia in September, 1799, it was understood to be in consequence of an invitation from the editor of the United States Gazette, with whom he was to share the responsibility of editing that paper. He entered upon that service, but his connection with it was of short continuance. Before the end of the year 1800, in company with Asbury Dickens, a bookseller of Philadelphia, he began the publication of the "Port Folio," — a weekly paper, "combining in the manner of the Tattler, politics, with essays and disquisitions on topics, scientific, moral, humorous, and literary." In his prospectus, he enumerated his literary offspring, and declared that he was not weary in well-doing. "The Tablet, a favorite child, (he said) after buffeting the billows of adverse fortune, for thirteen short weeks, sickened and died; and so it had fared with other similar productions of his pen." He conducted the Port Folio, wholly or in part, till January, 1812, when he died — a premature victim to social indulgence. If his epitaph were to be written by one of his convivial companions, the writer might be prompted to offer something like the following: —

Farewell! may the turf, where thy cold relics rest,
Bear herbs — odoriferous herbs! o'er thy breast,
May their heads thyme, and sage, and pot marjoram wave,
And fat be the gander, that feeds on thy grave.

I have a vivid recollection of Dennie's personal appearance, in 1796, when I began my apprenticeship in the printing-office of David Carlisle. In person, he was rather below than above the middling height, and was of a slender frame. He was particularly attentive to his dress, which, when he appeared in the street, on a pleasant day, approached the highest notch of the fashion. I remember, one delightful morning in May, he came into the office, dressed in a pea-green coat, white vest, nankin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes, or *pumps*, fastened with silver buckles, which covered at least half the foot from the instep to the toe. His small-clothes were tied at the knees, with ribband of the same color, in double bows, the ends reaching down to the ancles. He had just emerged from the barber's shop. His hair, *in front*, was well loaded with pomatum, frizzled, or *craped*, and powdered; the *ear-locks* had undergone the same process; *behind*, his natural hair was augmented by the addition of a large *queue*, (called, vulgarly, the *false tail*,) which, enrolled in some yards of black ribband, reached half way down his back. Thus *accommodated*, the Lay Preacher stands before my *mind's eye*, as life-like and sprightly as if it were but yesterday that I saw the reality.

Among his familiar acquaintance, and in the company of literary men, Dennie must have been a delightful and fascinating companion. In the printing-office, his conversation with the apprentices was pleasant and instructive. His deportment towards them was marked with great urbanity and gentleness. Being the youngest apprentice, — in vulgar phrase, the *printer's devil*, — it was my lot to call upon him for copy, and carry the proof to him. Thus, for seven or eight months, my in-

tercourse with him was almost daily, and was as familiar as propriety would sanction between an editor and an apprentice. I never saw him otherwise than in good humor.

Dennie wrote with great rapidity, and generally postponed his task till he was called upon for *copy*. It was frequently necessary to go to his office, and it was not uncommon to find him in bed at a late hour in the morning. His *copy* was often given out in small portions, a paragraph or two at a time ; sometimes it was written in the printing-office, while the compositor was waiting to put it in type. One of the best of his Lay sermons was written at the village tavern, directly opposite to the office, in a chamber where he and his friends were amusing themselves with cards. It was delivered to me by piece-meal, at four or five different times. If he happened to be engaged in a game, when I applied for copy, he would ask some one to *play his hand for him, while he could give the devil his due*. When I called for the closing paragraph of the sermon, he said, *call again in five minutes*. "No," — said Tyler — "I'll write the improvement for you." He accordingly wrote a concluding paragraph, and Dennie never saw it till it was in print.

For some unaccountable cause, (unaccountable by me,) Dennie hated, or despised, the faculty of Harvard College, and he never neglected an opportunity to lampoon the individuals, of which it was composed, and would often step a little out of his way to level his arrows at the professors and tutors, and exult in the belief that he had hit the mark.

It has been frequently remarked that Dennie left no

work, that will sustain the reputation he enjoyed as a writer. The Lay Preacher, the most elaborate of all his literary compositions, is now unknown to the great mass of the reading public, and is almost forgotten by those who read and admired it, as it came fresh from the press. It is true, that there are some things in this series of essays, that have not the attributes that will insure immortality ; but it is also true, that they contain much, which bears the stamp of genius, and which ought not to sink into oblivion. He was a professed admirer of the style of Addison and Sterne, and was not unwilling to have his Lay Preacher compared with the Spectator and the "Sermons by Mr. Yorick."

I have never met with any Biography of Dennie, though I have been told that a volume bearing that title was published at Philadelphia. The materials for such a work doubtless existed ; though, if not published, they may now be difficult of access. There must have been many letters of his among his literary friends, which, if they partake of the spirit and sprightliness of his conversation, would exhibit his character in very attractive colors. Whatever deficiencies there might have been in his character, they died with him, as they should. His virtues ought to be remembered by those, who beheld the manifestations of his genius in its brightest period, and *they* should present to the public his literary, intellectual, and moral portrait.

It has been asserted that Dennie practised law with reputation and success ; but the fact, I apprehend, was otherwise. The contrary assertion, — that he never appeared in court but once, *as an advocate*, I have no doubt, is much nearer the truth. The following account

of his first and last attempt to address a court was written by his friend Tyler, for the *New-England Galaxy* and published in that paper, July 24, 1818. It was doubtless *embellished* by the writer, but the main facts were often mentioned when Dennie was editor of the *Museum*, were understood to be accurately narrated, and I have reason to believe that they were never denied or controverted : —

I well recollect that soon after he had terminated his noviciate, was admitted to the oath of an attorney and had opened an office, *I was present at his debut as an advocate at the bar*. No young lawyer ever entered on practice with more favorable auspices. The senior members of the bar augured success, and he numbered all who were valuable among the juniors as particular friends. As it was generally known when he was to deliver "his maiden speech," by a kind of tacit agreement the gentlemen of the bar resolved to afford him the most favorable arena for the display of his eloquence. The opposing counsel had engaged to suspend all interference, although his statements deviated ever so far from fact.

Mr. Dennie had been engaged on behalf of the defendant to support a motion for an imparlance or continuance in an action brought by certain plaintiffs for the recovery of the contents of a promissory note. The execution of the note could not be contested, it was given for a valuable consideration, and was justly due. A very liberal indulgence had already been extended to the defendant by several previous imparlances, and nothing remained for the most adroit advocate to press upon the court but the untoward effects a judgement and consequent writ of execution would have upon the fortunes of his client.

The court opened, and, as if by previous concert, all other business was suspended, and our young advocate, after bowing gracefully, assumed the attitude of an orator, and addressed the court.

I wish I could transcribe this address, as the lawyers say, "*in hæc verba*," but I can give only a mere sketch. Twenty years have elapsed, and I remember it as I do an original picture of Claude Lorraine; to do justice to the original I should possess the talents of the matchless artist.

He began with a luminous history of compulsory payments; he showed clearly that as knowledge was diffused humanity prevailed even from the savage era, when the debtor, his wife and children, were sold into slavery to satisfy the demands of the creditor, and the corpse of the insolvent was denied the rites of sepulture, through the iron age of

our English ancestors, when the debtor was incarcerated in "*salva et areta custodia*," down to the present day, when by the amelioration of the laws, the statutes of bankruptcy and gaol delivery had humanely liberated the body of the unfortunate debtor from prison, upon the surrender of his estate. He observed, that in the progress of knowledge, the municipal courts had, by interposing the "law's delay" between the vindictive avarice of the creditor, and the ruin of the debtor, always to the honor of the judiciary department, preceded the Legislative in the merciful march of humanity. That the time was not far distant when the Legislative would repeal those statutes which provided for imprisonment for debt, and punished a virtuous man as a criminal merely because he was poor.

But aside of these general considerations, he begged leave to lay the defendant's unhappy case before the court; he would "a round unvarnished tale deliver." His client was an husbandman, a husband, and the father of a large family, who depended *solely* on the labor of his hands for bread—he had seen better days—but his patrimonial farm had been sold for Continental money, and the whole lost by depreciation, whilst others had been getting gain. A deep scar in his side, occasioned by the thrust of a British bayonet at the battle of Bunker-Hill, was all he had to remunerate him for his services as a soldier during the revolutionary war. Here the "poet's eye began to roll in a fine frenzy." We saw the hapless husbandman "plodding his weary way" through the chill blast of a winter's storm, and seeking through the drifting snow his log cottage, beneath the craggy side of an abrupt precipice; "the taper's solitary ray" appears—vanishes—and again lights up hope in his heart—the door opens—his children run "to lisp their sire's return and climb his knees the envied kiss to share"—"the busy housewife" prepares the frugal repast, the wicker chair is drawn before the capacious hearth, "and the crackling fagot flies;" the labors of the day are forgotten and all is serenity and domestic bliss—the family bible is opened—the psalm is sung, and the father of the family rises in the midst of his offspring and invokes a blessing upon his country and his government, and fervently prays that its freedom and independence may last as long as the sun and moon shall endure—acknowledges his own trespasses, and pours out his heart in gratitude, that in the midst of judgement God had remembered mercy—that though despoiled of wealth, the wife of his youth was continued unto him—that his children were blessed with health, that they had a roof to cover them from the wintry storm, and that under his Divine protection they might sleep in peace, with none to disturb them or make them afraid. But scarcely does the incense of prayer ascend from that golden censer, a

good man's heart, when an appalling knock is heard; the wooden latch is broken, the door is widely thrown open — Enter the bailiff, "down whose hard unmeaning face ne'er stole the pitying tear," with the writ of execution, issued in this cause; he arrests the hapless father, and amidst the swoonings of the wife, the sobbings and imbecile opposition of his children, he is dragged "through the pelting of the pitiless storm" to a loathsome prison.

Was not this a case to be distinguished from the common herd of parties, which cumbered the court's docket? — Was not some considerations to be had for a brave man, who had bled for that independence, without which their honors would not now dignify the bench as the magistrates of a free people? — Was rigid justice untempered with mercy to be alone found in the Judicial Courts of a people renowned for their humanity? and shall "human laws, which should be made only to check the arm of wickedness," be changed into instruments of oppression and cruelty?

The orator ceased — mute attention accompanied the delivery, and at the close all were charmed, and all silent; even the opposing counsel sat hesitating betwixt his fees and his feelings, and forbore to reply. This silence, which our young advocate seemed to notice with peculiar complacency, was broken from the bench. The Judge, an unlettered farmer, who, by the prevalence of party, had obtained the summit of yeoman ambition, a seat on the bench of an Inferior Court, who knew only the technical jargon of the court, and to whom the language and pathos of Dennie were alike unintelligible, sat, during the delivery of the address, rolling a pair of "lack lustre eyes" with a vacant stare, sometime at the orator and then at the bar, as if seeking most curiously for meaning, and who was perhaps restrained only by the respectful attention of the latter from interrupting the speaker. The Judge broke silence.

Judge. I confess I am in rather a kind of a quandary; I profess I am somewhat dubus; I can't say that I know for sartin *what the young gentleman would be at.*

Counsellor V. My brother Dennie, may it please your honor, has been enforcing his motion for an Imparance on the part of the Defendant, in the cause of Patrick McGripinclaw *et alii*, Plaintiffs, *vs.* Noadiah Chubber.

Judge. Oh! Ay! now I believe I understand — the young man wants the cause to be hung up for the next term, duz he?

Counsellor V. Yes, may it please the court.

Judge. Well, well, if that 's all he wants, why couldn't he say so in a few words, pat to the purpose, without all this *larry cum lurry*?

Our advocate took his hat and gloves from the table, cast a look of ineffable contempt upon the Bæotian magistrate, and stalked out of the court house.

Although Mr. Dennie affected to view his unlucky debut in its proper light, and would frequently tell the story of his discomfiture with great humor, yet his friends perceived he was deeply wounded — disgusted with the profession. To entice him to a second essay, some months afterwards, I observed to him, "That I was engaged as counsel in an action for seduction. An unfortunate girl, the daughter of a poor but respectable widow, had been ruined by the promises of a base but wealthy man; that the facts would be well substantiated, and the whole effort of her counsel directed to the enhancement of damages: this depending principally upon the eloquence of her counsel, presented a fine opportunity for the display of his peculiar talents. That I would introduce him into the cause, and he might open it before a presiding Judge who possessed a taste for fine speaking, and would justly appreciate the force and classical purity of his rhetoric.

His reply convinced me that he had taken a *final leave* of the "noisy bar."

D. "It may do for you, my friend, to pursue this sordid business — you can address the ignoble vulgar in their own Alsatia dialect. I remember the Bæotian Judge, and it is the last time I will ever attempt to batter down a mud wall with roses."

Dennie's most intimate friend and associate in his literary enterprizes was ROYAL TYLER. This gentleman was a native of Boston. He graduated at Harvard College in 1776, and studied law, — it has been said, — in the office of John Adams. For a short time, he was connected with the army, and was an aid to General Lincoln. He also acted in the same capacity, when that officer commanded the military force of Massachusetts, called out to suppress the rebellion of Daniel Shays. He was also deputed by Governor Bowdoin to the government of New-York, to make arrangements for the delivery of Shays and his adherents to the authorities of Massachusetts, should they escape to that state. While conducting this agency, in the city of New-

York, he offered to the manager of the theatre a comedy, entitled "The Contrast," which he had written at intervals of military service. The comedy was performed, and received with a good degree of applause. In 1797, he wrote a three-act comedy, called "The Georgia Spec, or Land in the Moon," which was performed several times at the Boston theatre. It censured the wickedness of the speculators in what was called the Yazoo purchase, and laughed at the folly of those, who were their victims.

Tyler's contributions to the Farmer's Museum were numerous; and, if collected, would fill several volumes. He wrote rapidly, and could vary his style "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as easily as he could draw on his glove. Most of the articles, purporting to be "from the Shop of Messrs. Colon & Spondee," were written by him; the poetical pieces, I believe, are all of his composition. These he generally threw off with a dash of the pen, seldom taking any pains to revise them. They are noted for inaccuracy of rhymes, — a defect, which he thought hardly worthy of his attention; but they are remarkable for sprightliness of thought and expression, and an easy flow of language. They embraced topics of all sorts, local and general, temporary and permanent, and were well charged with wit and humor. The complexion of the political articles was purely *federal*. The original idea of this fictitious Shop of Colon & Spondee, was the offspring of Tyler's prolific brain; and the first public manifestation of it was made in the *Eagle*, a paper published at Hanover, N. H., in the following style: —

VARIETY STORE.

TO THE LITERATI. Messrs. Colon & Spondee, wholesale dealers in *Verse, Prose and Music*, beg leave to inform the public and the learned in particular, that—previous to the ensuing Commencement—they purpose to open a fresh assortment of *Lexicographic, Burgersdician, and Parnassian Goods*, suitable for the season, at the room on the Plain,* lately occupied by Mr. Frederic Wiser, Tonsor,—if it can be procured—where they will expose to sale Salutatory and Valedictory Orations, Syllogistic and Forensic Disputations and Dialogues, among the living and the dead—Theses and Masters' Questions, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic and the ancient Coptic, neatly modified into Dialogues, Orations, &c. on the shortest notice—with Dissertations on the Targum and Talmud and Collations after the manner of Kennicott—Hebrew roots and other simples—Dead Languages for living Drones—Oriental Languages with or without points, prefixes, or suffixes—Attic, Doric, Ionic, and Æolic Dialects, with the Wabash, Onondaga, and Mohawk Gutterals—Synalœphas, Elisions, and Ellipses of the newest *cut*—v's added and dove-tailed to their vowels, with a small assortment of the genuine Peloponnesian Nasal Twangs—Classic Compliments adapted to all dignities, with superlatives in *o*, and gerunds in *di, gratis*—Monologues, Dialogues, Trialogues, Tetralogues, and so on from *one* to *twenty-logues*.

Anagrams, Acrostics, Anacreontics; Chronograms, Epigrams, Huldibrastics and Panegyrics; Rebuses, Charades, Puns and Conundrums, by the *gross*, or *single dozen*. Sonnets, Elegies, Epithalamiums; Bucolics, Georgics, Pastorals: Epic Poems, Dedications, and Adulatory Prefaces, in *verse* and *prose*.

Ether, Mist, Sleet, Rain, Snow, Lightning, and Thunder, prepared and personified, after the manner of Della Crusca, with a quantity of *Brown Horror* and *Blue Fear*, from the same Manufactory; with a pleasing variety of high-colored *Compound* Epithets, well assorted—Farragoes, and other Brunonian Opiates—Anti-Institutes, or the new and concise patent mode of applying *forty letters* to the spelling of a monosyllable—Love Letters by the Ream—Summary Arguments, both *Merry* and *Serious*—Sermons, moral, occasional, or polemical—Sermons for Texts, and Texts for Sermons—Old Orations scoured, Forensics furbished, Blunt Epigrams newly pointed, and Cold Conferences hashed; with *Extemporaneous Prayers corrected and amended*—Alliterations artfully allied—and periods polished to perfection.

* At Hanover. Before the Farmer's Museum became the repository of these articles, a few were published in the Federal Orrery, and in the Tablet.

Airs, Canons, Catches, and Cantatas — Fuges, Overtures, and Symphonies for any number of Instruments — Serenades for Nocturnal Lovers — with *Rose Trees* full blown, and *Black Jokes of all colors* — Amens and Hallelujahs, trilled, quavered and slurred — with Couplets, Syncopations, Minims, and Crotchet Rests, for female voices — and *Solos*, with *three* parts, for hand organs.

Classic College Bows, clear starched, lately imported from Cambridge, and now used by all the topping scientific connoisseurs, in hair and wigs, in this country.

Adventures, Paragraphs, Letters from Correspondents, Country Seats for Rural Members of Congress, provided for Editors of Newspapers — with Accidental Deaths, Battles, Bloody Murders, Premature News, Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, and Hail-Stones, of all dimensions, adapted to the Season.

Circles squared, Mathematical points divided into quarters, and half shares; and jointed Asymptotes, which will meet at any given distance.

Syllogisms in Bocardo, and Baralipon; and other coarse Wrapping-Paper, *gratis*, to those who buy the smallest article.

☞ *On hand a few Tierces of Attic Salt — Also, Cash, and the highest price, given for RAW WIT, for the use of the Manufactory, or taken in exchange for the above Articles.*

Tyler was extremely fond of amusing himself and others with specimens of his skill in alliteration. One of these, a sort of love epistle, “From Fond Frederic to Fanny False Fair,” has the following stanzas: —

The sweetest seraph's softest smile,
The gorgeous gems of gentle grace,
The slippery serpent's scathful stile,
Frequent false Fanny's flattering face.

Headstrong with hazy halcyon hope,
I follow, fond, the fickle fair;
Nor shun the sudden, stunning stroke,
Which drives me deep in dank despair.

* * * * *

Nor systems, suns, nor sparkling stars,
In confused Chaos countervolved,
Could ape the ambling of her airs,
When random ruin she resolved.

Fair Fanny's fame shall flourish far,
 Till teaz-ed Time shall, toiling, tire;
 And Daphne, Delia, Dorcas, dear,
 Shall fail to fan fierce Fanny's fire.

To these there was given an answer, alphabetically arranged, beginning —

Artful ape of amorous airs,
 Baneful bait thy ballad bears;
 Coaxing coxcomb, curb thy course, &c.

The following verses are in a different style, and, it must be admitted that they have an air of unstudied ease and elegance, which are seldom seen in the productions of those, who write for newspapers : —

SPONDEE'S MISTRESSES.

I.

Let Cowley soft in amorous verse,
 The rovings of his love rehearse,
 With passion most unruly,
 Boast how he woo'd sweet Amoret,
 The sobbing Jane, and sprightly Bet,
 The lily fair and smart brunette,
 In sweet succession truly.

II.

But list, ye lovers, and you 'll swear,
 I roved with him beyond compare,
 And was far more unlucky;
 For never yet in Yankee coast
 Were found such girls, who so could boast,
 An honest lover's heart to roast,
 From Casco to Kentucky.

III.

When first the girls nicknamed me beau,
 And I was all for dress and show,
 I set me out a courting.
 A romping Miss, with heedless art,
 First caught, then almost broke, my heart,
 Miss CONDUCT named; we soon did part;
 I did not like such sporting.

IV.

The next coquet, who raised a flame,
 Was far more grave, and somewhat lame,
 She in my heart did rankle ;
 She conquered with a sudden glance ;
 The spiteful slut was called MISS CHANCE ;
 I took the gipsy out to dance ;
 She almost broke my ankle.

V.

A thoughtless girl, just in her teens,
 Was the next fair, whom Love it seems
 Had made me prize most highly :
 I thought to court a lovely mate,
 But, how it made my heart to ache, —
 It was that jade, the vile MISS TAKE ;
 In troth, Love did it slily.

VI.

And last, MISS FORTUNE, whimpering, came,
 Cured me of Love's tormenting flame,
 And all my beau pretences ;
 In Widow's weeds, the prude appears ;
 See now — she drowns me with her tears,
 With bony fist, now slaps my ears,
 And brings me to my senses.

In 1799, Tyler wrote an Ode for the celebration of the fourth of July at Windsor, Vermont, highly charged with federal politics and patriotism. It consists of eighty-four lines ; and though it might be here introduced as a good specimen of the author's poetry, I prefer appropriating the space it might occupy to the following CONVIVIAL SONG, which he wrote for the same occasion, and which was sung at a select meeting in the evening : —

TUNE — " Here's to our noble selves, Boys."

I.

Come, fill each brimming glass, boys,
 Red or white has equal joys,
 Come fill each brimming glass, boys,
 And toast your country's glory ;

Does any here to fear incline,
And o'er Columbia's danger whine,
Why let him quaff this gen'rous wine,
He'll tell another story.

II.

Here's Washington, the brave, boys,
Source of all Columbia's joys,
Here's Washington the brave, boys,
Come rise and toast him standing:
For he's the hero firm and brave,
Who all our country's glory gave,
And once again he shall us save,
Our armies bold commanding.

III.

Here's to the gallant Tar, boys,
Whose cannon's roar our foe annoys,
Here's to the gallant Tar, boys,
His country's cause defending;
For warlike Truxton's noble name,
Like Nelson's shall extend his fame,
And loud through all the earth proclaim
His glory, never ending.

IV.

Here's to our native land, boys,
Land of liberty and joys,
Here's to our native land, boys,
Your glasses raise for drinking;
And he that will not drink this toast,
May he in France of freedom boast,
There dangling on a lantern post,
Or in the Rhone be sinking.

V.

Here's to our Vermont Fair, boys,
Pledges bright of Federal joys,
Here's to our Vermont Fair, boys,
Fill high to Love and Beauty;
For while we toast their glowing charms,
Their virtue every bosom warms,
We'll die to guard them safe from harms;
It is a Federal duty.

VI.

Here 's to Vermont state, boys,
And all her manly rustic joys,
Here 's to Vermont state, boys,
Columbia's brave defender ;
For while our pines ascend on high,
And while our mountains mock the sky,
Our Independence, Liberty,
We never will surrender.

VII.

Here 's to the Sage of Quincy, boys,
Legal head of all our joys,
Here 's to the Sage of Quincy, boys,
Who guards us while we 're drinking ;
For while we quaff the boozy wine,
And sense and tipsy mirth combine,
With temperate head he sits sublime,
And for our good is thinking.

VIII.

Now come join hand in hand, boys,
Mystic type of Federal joys,
Now come join hand in hand, boys,
Like brother, brother greeting ;
For while our union we pursue,
'Tis I and he, and you and you,
Our pleasure all may yet renew,
At our next Federal meeting.

In 1799, Tyler published, in two volumes, a novel, entitled "The Algerine Captive: or the Life and Adventures of Captain Updike Underhill, six years a prisoner among the Algerines." It was popular, in its day, and sold rapidly, but is now entirely *out of the market*. About the year 1800, he was elected by the Legislature of Vermont, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, — an office, which he held by annual reëlection, for a number of years. While he held this important place, his literary taste was in constant exercise. He

wrote many articles for the *Port Folio*, and some for other papers. At a later period he communicated many pieces for the *New-England Galaxy*, written in his own peculiarly humorous style. He died at Brattleboro', in 1826. For several years before his death, he suffered much from a cancer in the face, which compelled him to withdraw himself from all society, except that of his family and most intimate friends. No collection of his writings has ever been published.

The articles, entitled "Common Sense in Dishabille," were written by DAVID EVERETT, at that time a lawyer in Boston. This gentleman was left an orphan at a very early age, and was indebted for support to some of his relatives living in the county of Norfolk, Mass. He had an overpowering ambition for a better education than could be obtained at the common schools in the country, and by industry and perseverance, he fitted himself for college. He graduated at Dartmouth about the year 1796; afterwards studied law in Boston; and, while pursuing that study, was an usher in one of the public schools. In due time, he was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of law in Boston. He was a fluent and ready writer, and the columns of *Russell's Boston Gazette*, and some other newspapers, from 1796 to 1802, bear testimony to his talent and industry. He was contributor to a small literary paper called "The Nightingale," in 1796, and, about the same time wrote a tragedy in blank verse, called "Daranzel, or the Persian Patriot." In 1802, he removed to Amherst, N. H. but returned to Boston in the course of six or seven years. In 1809, in connection with Munroe & French, he established the *Boston Patriot*, which he

edited for two or three years, and left it for the purpose of editing "The Pilot," a paper, that was got up in 1812, to aid the election of Dewitt Clinton to the office of President of the United States. While editor of the Patriot he wrote a series of essays, explanatory of the Apocalypse, which were afterwards published in a pamphlet. The Pilot was a short-lived paper, and existed only during the political campaign of 1812. Not long after this, Mr. Everett left Boston for Ohio, and died in that state in 1817. The numbers of "Common Sense in Dishabille" were re-published in many of the newspapers, and were afterwards collected and printed in a small volume. The following is the first number:—

COMMON SENSE IN DISHABILLE.

No. I.

"Refined sense and exalted sense, are not half so good as common sense," says one author; "common sense is the best sense in the world," says another. Follow its dictates, says my pen. It will serve better to keep you out of fire and water, and I may add, out of gaol, too, than the philosophy of a Newton, the genius of a Dryden, or the metaphysics of an Edwards. Its seeds are sown in thy mental garden, good reader! cultivate them by observation, reflection, and reading such authors as have brought them to the greatest perfection. I do not intend by this to recommend the writings of Thomas Pain and his deistical colleagues: I had rather see spiders' webs hanging on the shelves of thy library. Common sense is of a peaceable, contented temper, and would be the very last to declare war with Heaven. Its counsels will assist thee in thy domestic economy and every honest employment of life; but they will differ from the advice of the professions of counselors in two respects; they will always be to thy advantage, and will cost thee nothing. It will seldom address thee in Greek or Latin, but in plain English.

Quit your pillow; and go about your business, if you have any, is its first injunction; if not, seek some. Let the sun's first beams shine on your heads in the morning, and you shall not want a good hat to defend your head against its scorching rays at noon. Earn your breakfast before you eat it, and the sheriff shall not deprive you of your supper. Pursue your calling with diligence, and your creditor shall not interrupt you. Be temperate, and the physician shall look in vain for your name

on his day-book. If you have a small farm, or a trade, that will support your family and add a hundred dollars a year to your capital, be contented, and never go to Boston, or Hartford, or New-York, to buy land in Georgia, that is to be made on the eighth day of the creation.

ISAAC STORY, the writer of the articles "From the Shop of Peter Quince," graduated at Harvard College, in 1793.

Except that, which follows, all his contributions were imitations of the odes of Peter Pindar, alluding to incidents that have now but little interest : —

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

TUNE — President's March.

I.

"Lo! I quit my native skies —
 To arms! my patriot sons arise.
 Guard your *freedom, rights* and *fame*;
 Guard your *freedom, rights* and *fame*;
 Preserve the clime, your fathers gave;
 Heaven's sacred boon from *villains* save —
 Lest such daring, impious foes,
 Your grandeur in oblivion close —
 Your virtue, wisdom, worth decline,
 And gasp, convulsed, at *freedom's* shrine.
 Rise! my sons, to arms arise!
 Guard your heaven descended prize;
 " Prove to France, the *world*, and me —
 COLUMBIA'S SONS ARE BRAVE AND FREE."

II.

We hear, blest shade, your warning voice;
 Approve your call — pursue your choice —
 With hearts united, firm and free,
 With hearts united, firm and free.
 The sacred boon your valor won,
 Shall wake to arms each patriot son;
 And glowing with the glorious cause,
 Of *freedom, country, rights* and *laws* —
 The storm of worlds our arms will brave,
 Or sink with freedom to the grave.

Peaceful, seek your native skies —
 Lo ! to arms your sons arise ;
 Firm and fixed our foes to brave,
 Till heaven's trump shall burst the grave.

III.

“ Worthy sons of glorious sires !
 Behold, the warning shade retires ;
 Pleased your martial fame to spread —
 Pleased your martial fame to spread —
 Where immortal patriots stand,
 Watching freedom's favorite land ;
 Charmed to hear such deeds of fame,
 In holy choir they 'll breathe your name,
 Till ancient heroes catch the sound,
 And thus the heavens with joy rebound —
 Happy nation ! brave and free ;
 Friends to man and liberty —
 Long enjoy the sacred boon,
 Which immortal valor won.”

IV.

Illustrious shade, to thee we swear,
 To freedom's altar we 'll repair ;
 And, like a band of Spartans, brave,
 And, like a band of Spartans, brave,
 To Pluto's realm each foe convey —
 O'er lawless tyrants bear the sway —
 Till freedom's banner is unfurled,
 And waves around the darkened world ;
 Till from the centre to each pole,
 In rapturous sounds shall constant roll —
 Hail ! sweet freedom, gift divine —
 Lo ! we bend before thy shrine,
 Firmly fixed on this decree —
 TO FOLLOW DEATH, OR LIBERTY.

THOMAS G. FESSENDEN, son of the Rev. William Fessenden, the minister of Walpole, graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1796. While in college, he had gained notoriety by writing poetical trifles, and particularly by a Yankee ballad, called “ Jonathan's Courtship,”

which had been published in a pamphlet and secured for its author an uncommon share of popularity among the rural population. The most important of his contributions to the Museum were signed "Simon Spunkey," and were written in the Hudibrastic style, satirizing French and democratic politics. His Ode for the New Year, 1798, filled a whole page of the Museum, and thus it began : —

Old Time, a persevering codger,
Like debtor dunned, a nimble dodger,
Who, having scampered one inch by you,
Will never afterwards come nigh you ; —
Whose foretop one might hide a cat in,
But bald behind as school-boy's Latin ; —
Who never yet, by saint or sinner,
Was bribed to stay till after dinner ; —
Who never bates his usual jog,
Nor stops his steed for oats or grog,
But Jehu-like, drives all the world round,
As swift as top by truant twirled round ; —
Who lowers at love-sick poetaster,
But puffs productions of a master ; —
Before whom grandeur's gorgeous palaces
Melt, like a dream's fantastic fallacies ; —
Now jogs the band with shag-bark elbow,
And aims with lifted scythe a fell blow
To level Simon's reputation,
Unless the poet scrawl narration,
A kind of Hudibrastic summary,
Of politics and other flummery,
Of matters tragical and queer,
Which mark the annals of last year ; —
And, with a congee, low and pleasant,
Wish people happy through the present.
Now, gentle reader, take the trouble
To mount my nag, — he carries double, —
I mean my Pegasus so antic,
And bid him canter 'cross the Atlantic,
While we, as close as bride and groom, stick,
And ride, like witches on a broom-stick.

The poet proceeds to review the principal events that had happened in Europe during the preceding year, and then

From Europe turns his bounding Pegasus
 Where fighting fellows make a plaguy fuss,
 To blithe Columbia's peaceful shores,
 Where no rude din of battle roars,
 Where Plenty fills her wicker basket,
 And Wealth unlocks his golden casket;
 Health strings the nerves of every farmer,
 And tints the cheek of ruddy charmer;
 Where once was nought but desert howling,
 With swamps, scarce fit to pasture owl in;
 Where meagre famine often drilled us,
 Where Indians tomahawked and killed us,
 We quaff the bumper, smoke cigar,
 Nor dread the howl of Indian war;
 Where lately stood but two or three men,
 Are many hardy bands of freemen,
 &c. &c. &c.

Some severe touches at the printers and editors of Jacobin papers, at members of Congress, and other politicians, and various topics of public interest, fill up the poem. It was in that year, that the frigate *Constitution* was built in Boston. On the day appointed for the launch, an immense crowd assembled to witness the passage of the ship into the water; but from defect in the preparatory steps, the workmen were unable to get it from the stocks, and, of course, there was no launch, until several days afterwards. This circumstance is thus referred to:—

But man is under contribution,
 To sing the frigate *Constitution*,
 Lest this, our pithy Ode, be lost on
 Commercial wits and tars of Boston.
 Bostonians built a stately frigate,
 And undertook to man and rig it,

Which set Sedition's sons a-scowling,
 And maddened Jacobins to howling.
 The foresaid frigate, on a day,
 Appointed was to glide away,
 To hoary Ocean's oozy bed,
 With Neptune then and there to wed.
 The wished-for day arrived, when lo !
 Miss Constitution would not go.
 How Jacobinic sinners scoff,
 Because she fails to travel off !
 They swore she was prophetic wench,
 And foresaw trouble from the French,
 If she to federal folly kept tune,
 And sought the arms of Master Neptune.
 At length, in merry mood she went in,
 And floats her natural element in,
 And may she ever triumph there,
 The watery god's peculiar care.

After a compliment to the printer and the writers of the Museum, he concludes in this strain : —

Now, Courteous Reader, since a while
 To sing, in Della Cruscan style,
 By frolic Fancy borne along,
We stemmed the cataract of song !
 'Tis time, I think, with aching heart,
 For Muse and you and I to part ;
 Still cherishing the hope, however,
 That we three gentlefolks so clever,
 When eke another season passes,
 May meet on summit of Parnassus ;
 Like crazy Sybil, who did mutter once,
 As sage Apollo gave her utterance,
 To trill a new-year's ode sublimer
 Than ever flowed from lips of rhymer.

Fessenden had the common-place book of Yankee comparisons always at the nib of his pen. Here is one of his pieces, — not political, — ludicrously rich in these sportive metaphors : —

PETER PERIWINKLE, TO TABITHA TOWZER.

A MOST DELICATE LOVE SONG.

My TABITHA TOWZER is fair,
No guinea pig ever was neater,
Like a hackmatack slender and spare,
And sweet as a musk-rat, or sweeter !

My TABITHA TOWZER is sleek,
When dressed in her pretty new tucker,
Like an otter that paddles the creek,
In quest of a pout, or a sucker !

Her forehead is smooth as a tray,
Nay smoother than that, on my soul,
And turned, as a body may say,
Like a delicate, neat wooden bowl.

To what shall I liken her hair,
So pretty, so flowing and fine ?
For similes sure must be rare,
When we speak of a nymph so divine.

Not the head of a Nazarite seer,
That never was shaven nor shorn ;
Nought equals the locks of my dear,
But the silk of an ear of green corn.

My dearest has two pretty eyes,
Glass buttons shone never so bright,
Their lustre pellucid outvies
The bug that oft twinkles by night.

My dear has a beautiful nose,
With a sled-runner crook in the middle,
Which one would be led to suppose,
Was meant for the head of a fiddle.

The lips of my charmer are sweet,
As a hogshhead of maple molasses,
The ruby red tint of her cheek,
The gill of a salmon surpasses.

Description must fail in her chin,
At least till our language is richer,
'Tis fairer than dipper of tin,
Or beautiful china cream pitcher.

So pretty a neck, I'll be bound,
Never joined head and body together,
Like a crooked necked squash on the ground,
Long whitened by winter-like weather.

Should I mention her gait, or her air,
You might think I intended to banter ;
She moves with more grace you would swear,
Than a foundered horse forced to a canter !

Should I speak of the rest of her charms,
I might, by some phrase that 's improper,
Give modesty's bosom alarms,
Which I would not do for a copper.

I felt t' other day very droll,
As by her I chanced to be marching,
My heart waxed hot as a coal,
And hopped like a pea, that is parching !

I'll trudge away one of these nights,
To see my delectable creature,
I'll tell her 'tis hard if she slights
Her pining, poetical PETER.

But then I'll be surly and sad,
Should she cruelly send me a jogging,
Like a bully, when some punky lad,
Gives the quarrelsome devil a flogging !

I'll tell her, "t' wont answer for me,
To be whining about you so idle,
Should you give me the bag, d' ye see,
I'll hang my 'nawn self,' with a bridle ! "

The expenses of his education at Dartmouth College, Fessenden defrayed chiefly by his own exertions. During the vacations, he added to his slender means by instructing a village school, and occasionally procured some further addition to his finances by teaching psalmody several evenings in the week, after finishing his daily task as a schoolmaster. In the autumn of 1796, he commenced the study of the law at Rutland, Vermont.

After completing his preparatory studies, he formed a partnership, as a practitioner, with Nathaniel Chipman, — a gentleman then eminent for legal, literary, and scientific attainments, and afterwards a judge of the superior court.

In 1801, he was employed as an agent for a company formed in Vermont, for the purpose of securing, in London, a patent for a newly-invented hydraulic machine. He spent some time in London, and while there, wrote one of his principal poems, namely, "The Modern Philosopher, or Terrible Tractation! By Christopher Caustick, M. D., A. S. S." &c. which ran through two or three editions in England, and three in the United States. After his return, he published another poem, entitled "Democracy unveiled; or Tyranny stripped of the Garb of Patriotism." The first of these is a satire on medical quackery; the second, a scourge for the democratic politicians. Both these poems are written in the Hudibrastic verse, and, though now seldom read, and but little known, will always be valued by those, who take pleasure in reviewing the vagaries and caprices of scientific men, and the wrangling of politicians.

In 1803, Fessenden was the editor of a weekly political paper in New-York, the title of which, if my memory serves me, was "The Investigator." It was printed in the octavo form. Its existence was brief and unprofitable. About this time, he revised his two poems, — mentioned above, — and made considerable additions to both. The notes are copious and entertaining.

Tired of writing upon politics, Fessenden retired to the vicinity of his native place, and gave his attention to less exciting but more useful discussions. He was, for a time, the editor of a paper printed at Bellows Falls,

in Vermont, which he made a useful vehicle of rural and agricultural amusement and instruction ; and compiled a small volume of recipes and maxims, adapted to the use of farmers and mechanics.

In 1822, a paper called the "New-England Farmer" was established in Boston, and Mr. Fessenden was regularly installed as its editor, — a place which he filled till his death. In conducting this paper he displayed untiring industry in collecting all sorts of information, that could be serviceable to agriculturists and gardeners in their domestic operations ; and though he had but little *practical* knowledge of agriculture, he managed by the aid of others, and by constantly consulting the best authors, to make the Farmer an interesting and highly useful paper. Among his correspondents and advisers were those scientific agriculturists, the late John Lowell, John Prince, and Peter C. Brooks, and John Welles and Josiah Quincy, who are still living. While engaged in editing this paper, he compiled and published several volumes, for the purpose of assisting the rural population in farming and gardening.

Mr. Fessenden, after two days illness, died on the 10th of November, 1837, aged sixty-five. He was buried at Mount Auburn. Over his remains, his friends erected a monument, which bears the following inscription : —

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN,

died Nov. 11, 1837 :

aged 65.

This monument is erected by the Massachusetts Society for promoting agriculture — by the Horticultural Society of Massachusetts, and individuals, as a testimony of respect for the talents and acquirements of the deceased, and his labors in promoting the objects of the above institutions.



THE FEDERAL ORRERY.

THE publication of the Federal Orrery was begun October 20, 1794. It was edited by THOMAS PAINE, and printed by Weld & Greenough, at No. 42 Cornhill, — now Washington-street, — Boston. It was published semi-weekly, on Monday and Thursday, at the price of two dollars and a half a year. Mr. Paine was the projector, and, probably, the sole proprietor of the paper. He had graduated at Harvard College in 1792, with a reputation for scholarship and literary talent, much above the ordinary rank, and his proposals for publishing the Orrery were received by the public with extraordinary favor.

The subscription to the paper, even before the appearance of the first number, was exceedingly liberal — surpassing that, which had been given beforehand, to any other Boston paper. The following is his opening address

TO THE PUBLIC.

Confiding in the smiles of an indulgent and generous public, the editor of the Orrery is enabled to anticipate the earliest period, which his most sanguine hopes had contemplated, as the commencement of his publication. Under auspices so flattering, were he to procrastinate, but for a day, the active execution of his office, he would be guilty of ingratitude to that republican liberality, which has so *universally* countenanced, and that literary friendship, which has so splendidly supported, his proposals.

To the sons and daughters of science and taste, he returns his most respectful thanks for the reception of many elegant favors;—to the merchants of this metropolis, he feels a deep obligation for the extensive circulation, to which they have so greatly contributed;—and to every description of his numerous friends, he presents the warm tribute of grateful acknowledgement.

In the prosecution of a work, whose birth has been propitiated by an unprecedented patronage, the editor will most rigidly adhere to those principles of impartiality, which he professed in his proposals. Speculations, whether moral or political, will find a ready insertion; and any strictures, in answer, will be equally acceptable. The Orrery will be the *agent* of all parties, but the *slave* of none. As subjects of discussion, it will never be the *trumpeter* or the *denouncer*, of public men or national measures:—Republicans have the eye of an eagle, and can penetrate their *spots*, while they admire their *splendor*. The administrators of a free government should expect the scrutiny of their political creators;—but the demon of private slander shall never conduct the orbit of the smallest satellite, that twinkles in the horizon of the Orrery.

The promises held out in the prospectus, and the high literary reputation of the editor, led to anticipations, which, it is unpleasant to say, were but partially realized. Public expectation was not satisfied. The editor devoted much of his time to other pursuits, and entrusted the care of his subscription list and the accounts of his advertising customers, to those, who were unfaithful or incompetent. That constancy of attention, which is the imperative duty of an editor and publisher, became irksome, and, of course was too often neglected. After

publishing three volumes, of fifty-two numbers each, Paine abandoned the establishment, and it was sold to Benjamin Sweetser, in whose hands it expired.

The Orrery took a decided stand in favor of the federal party ; and, notwithstanding the complacent tone of the prospectus, was not remarkable for urbanity in its intercourse with political antagonists. Toward the Jacobin clubs, and especially in reference to the Chronicle and its correspondents, it was fierce in its opposition, merciless in ridicule, and implacable in resentment.

A number of writers contributed to fill the columns of the Orrery — chiefly on politics ; but the most remarkable portion of the political matter was a series of papers, entitled “Remarks on the Jacobiniad,” and these contributed largely to its notoriety and circulation. They were introduced by a note, signed X. Z. and dated at Worcester. The writer says — “I am requested, by a critical friend, to send you the following remarks on a poem, that deserves, I think, to be better known. He informs me, that there were but few copies of the poem struck off for some particular friends, and that the author’s name is a secret.” It will be understood that no such poem had been printed or written ; but that the writer chose this mode of satirizing and caricaturing the most prominent persons in the Jacobin club of Boston. The “Remarks” are interspersed with extracts from the imaginary Poem, — almost every couplet of which was a sharp-edged satire or galling lampoon. The portraits, thus hung up to public ridicule, were too like the original, not to be readily recognized. They were sometimes designated by the real names of the persons they were intended to expose, and, at others, by letters corresponding to the number

of syllables. The persons thus attacked were stung to madness. In one instance, a personal assault on the editor of the Orrery, in one of the most public places in State-street, was the consequence of one of the "Remarks." I refrain from making extracts from these papers, for the reason, that very few readers would understand their application, without the accompaniment of notes, *biographical and historical*, which it is not in my power to prepare; and the preparation of which would be thought by some an ungracious act. The political asperities, which tormented society at that period, have been softened by the all-subduing hand of time; the clamor of the old party hostilities long ago subsided; the slumber of years has crept over the fires, which then heated the blood and flamed in the bosoms of Federalists and Jacobins; and it might be unkind to rake from the ashes a single spark, to awaken individual sensibilities from the oblivion of nearly half a century.

The authorship of the "Remarks on the Jacobiniad" was attributed to the Rev. John S. J. Gardiner, then assistant rector of Trinity church, Boston; and he was bitterly and ferociously assailed in Edes's Boston Gazette and in the Chronicle, on the presumption that he was the author. I am not aware that the imputation was either admitted or denied. Soon after their appearance in the Orrery, the numbers were published in a duodecimo volume, *embellished* with caricature likenesses of many of those, against whom the unmerciful satire of the author was directed. The book is not now to be found, but in the libraries of the book-worm and the antiquarian.

When the Orrery first appeared it was expected that Mrs. Morton, — a lady, who had delighted the public

with some of her poetical effusions, — would be a liberal contributor to its columns. A poetical correspondence, between her and Paine, under the signatures of “Philenia” and “Menander,” had been previously carried on in the Massachusetts Magazine and in some of the newspapers. Mrs. Morton had also published a poem, entitled “Beacon Hill,” — a production of much merit, but now almost forgotten. Her poetry was then read with avidity, and generally admired, and the expectation of seeing many of her productions in the Orrery, aided it in its claim to popularity. But there is very little of her writing to be found in it, and that little, is of an uninteresting character. Her contributions were discontinued before the close of the first volume.

The oblivion, which has fallen upon the literary reputation of Mrs. Morton, affords a melancholy lesson to the poets of the present generation, who are crowding the avenues to public favor. Fifty years ago, — one little half century, — the Poems of Philenia were *as* popular as those of the *most* popular of the magazine poets, of the year 1850. About twenty-five years ago, they were published in an imposing octavo, by one of the Boston booksellers; and the question was then often asked, who is Philenia? Who is Mrs. Morton? But that octavo, it is presumed, is not now to be found, except in some public library, or in those repositories of “antique books,” kept in Cornhill by Messrs. Drake & Burnham. Yet which of the ladies, who write for the Magazines, the Souvenirs, and the Forget-me-nots, have produced any thing sweeter and purer, than the following Hymn, written by Mrs. Morton for the anniversary celebration of the Humane Society?

REANIMATION.

Who, from the shades of gloomy night,
 When the last tear of hope is shed,
 Can bid the soul return to light,
 And break the slumber of the dead ?

No human skill that heart can warm,
 Which the cold blast of nature froze ;
 Recall to life the perished form ;
 The secret of the grave disclose.

But thou, our saving God, we know,
 Canst arm the mortal hand with power
 To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
 The animating heart restore.

Thy will, ere nature's tutored hand
 Could with young life these limbs unfold ;
 Did the imprisoned brain expand,
 And all its countless fibres told.

As from the dust, thy forming breath
 Could the unconscious being raise ;
 So can the silent voice of death
 Wake at thy call in songs of praise.

Since *twice* to die is ours alone,
 And *twice* the birth of life to see ;
 O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
 Devote our *second* life to thee.

The concluding stanza was intended to be sung by persons who had been reanimated after having been drowned.

The articles in the Orrery purporting to come from "the Shop of Messrs. Colon & Spondee," were written by Royal Tyler of Guilford, Vermont, and Joseph Dennie — gentlemen much better known a few years afterwards in connection with the Farmer's Museum. Their first communication was introduced by the following advertisement: —

MESSRS. COLON & SPONDEE request their brother haberdasher, T. P. to open an account current with their *shop* at the foot of the Green

Mountain ; and as their junior partner served the concluding year of his apprenticeship in the same *warehouse* of Apollo, clipped the *tape* of rhetoric with the same *scissors*, and handled the *yardstick* of sentiment behind the same *counter*, they doubt not of his ready compliance with the *credit* they require.

These contributions were not very numerous, nor remarkable for any merit that requires republication.

A series of articles appeared in the *Orrery*, under the head of "Omnium Gatherum," which were written by the late WILLIAM BIGLOW, and are full of the quiet and gentle humor, for which that gentleman was, all his life, celebrated. In the first number, he sketches his own life and character, as follows : —

I was born in a small country village, of reputable, industrious parents, at a time when they were as poor as poverty herself. Nothing remarkable was at that time observed in me, except that I was, in the phrase of the hamlet, "a desperate cross body." This, however, must have been owing to some indisposition of body ; for I naturally possess a very peaceable temper.

At a proper age I was sent to school—five weeks, in winter, to a master, who could read ; and as long, in summer, to an old maid, who could knit. Possessing a strong attachment to books, I soon passed from my primer to my psalter, and thence in a short time to my Bible, which were the only books we used. At this early period of life, I perused all the neighboring libraries, which contained "Pilgrim's Progress," "Day of Doom," and many other compositions equally elegant and entertaining.

Among my schoolfellows, I was so peaceful and condescending, that I was generally denominated a coward. But that, which was attributed to pusillanimity, was rather the effect of good nature. However violently enraged, one smile from my adversary would instantaneously assuage my anger, and determine me to become his faithful friend.

Though this complaisance led my schoolmates to practise many impositions upon me, yet I esteemed this inconvenience sufficiently compensated, as it caused me to become a great favorite of my old grandmother. So great was her esteem for me, that she took me, at a very early age, to wait on her, and my venerable old grandfather. In this situation I passed several years ; and, as constantly as Saturday night came round, I very piously said my catechism, and supped on hasty-pudding ; and,

with equal devotion, rode to meeting on Sunday, and carried my aunt behind me on a pillion.

There began my poetical career, by composing "*a ballad, containing a true and surprising account of how the Deacon's son went a courting, lost his saddle, and found it again,*" which had a great run in the village. This circumstance added to my former fame at school; and my great aversion to every species of manual labor determined my father to give me a public education. I was accordingly sent to our parson's, where I attended closely and entirely to my studies, and, in a short time, became a member of the university.

When I came to college, I was, like most great authors, awkward and bashful; and my classmates immediately concluded that I was either a *fool* or a *genius*. My instructors, however, were decidedly of the former opinion. I was by no means an idle fellow; but I paid very little attention to the stated exercises of the college, choosing rather to follow my own inclinations, than those of my governors. I studiously avoided cultivating an acquaintance with any, except a few selected classmates, and this seclusion continued me an unpolished country fellow. At length I have found my way through, and have retired into a neat rural village, and taken a small school, resolving to hide myself from the noise, insults, and injuries of the world, behind my own insignificance. I here pass for a good soul; and, because I *cannot* be genteel, I do all in my power to make people believe that I *will not*.

Notwithstanding I have passed in the world, thus silent and unknown, I have, as far as my opportunities would permit, made very accurate observations upon men and manners. When your paper made its appearance among us, I concluded that some of my compositions might be of service to you, and determined to publish them periodically.
* * * * After this explanation, you will readily perceive what kind of fare I shall be likely to serve up; and, if you will give this a place in your literary oglio, I will do my endeavor shortly to prepare a still more palatable morsel.

CHARLES CHATTERBOX, ESQ.

The next number of "*Omnium Gatherum*" was the following, in which the "quaint airs of the laughter-loving muse" cannot fail to divert the imagination: —

A WILL:

Being the last words of CHARLES CHATTERBOX, Esq. late worthy and much lamented member of the Laughing Club of Harvard University, who departed college life, June 21, 1794, in the twenty-first year of his age.

I, CHARLEY CHATTER, sound of mind,
To making fun am much inclined;

So, having cause to apprehend
My college life is near its end,
All future quarrels to prevent,
I seal this will and testament.

My soul and body, while together,
I send the storms of life to weather;
To steer as safely as they can,
To honor GOD, and profit man.

Imprimis, then, my bed and bedding,
My only chattels, worth the sledding,
Consisting of a maple stead,
A counterpane, and coverlet,
Two cases with the pillows in,
A blanket, cord, a winch and pin,
Two sheets, a feather bed and hay-tick,
I order sledded up to *Natick*;
And that with care the sledder save them
For those kind parents, first who gave them.

Item. The Laughing Club, so blest,
Who think this life, what 'tis — a jest, —
Collect its flowers from every spray,
And laugh its goading thorns away;
From whom to-morrow I dis sever,
Take one sweet grin, and leave forever;
My chest, and all that in it is,
I give and I bequeath them, viz.:
Westminster grammar, old and poor,
Another one, compiled by MOOR;
A bunch of pamphlets pro and con,
The doctrine of salva—ti—on;
The college laws, I 'm freed from minding,
A Hebrew psalter, stripped from binding.
A Hebrew Bible, too, lies nigh it,
Unsold — because no one would buy it.

My manuscripts, in prose and verse,
They take for better and for worse;
Their minds enlighten with the best,
And pipes and candles with the rest;
Provided that from them they cull
My college exercises dull,

On threadbare theme, with mind unwilling,
 Strained out thro' fear of fine one shilling,
 To teachers paid t' avert an evil,
 Like Indian worship to the devil.
 The above-named manuscripts, I say,
 To club aforesaid I convey,
 Provided that said themes, so given,
 Full proofs that *genius won't be driven*,
 To our physicians be presented,
 As the best opiates yet invented.

Item. The government of college,
 Those liberal *helluos* of knowledge,
 Who, e'en in these degenerate days,
 Deserve the world's unceasing praise ;
 Who, friends of science and of men,
 Stand forth Gomorrah's righteous ten ;
 On them I nought, but thanks, bestow,
 For, like my cash, my credit 's low ;
 So I can give nor clothes nor wines,
 But bid them welcome to my fines.

Item. My study desk of pine,
 That workbench, sacred to the nine,
 Which oft hath groan'd beneath my metre,
 I give to pay my debts to PETER.

Item. Two penknives with white handles,
 A bunch of quills, and pound of candles,
 A lexicon compiled by COLE,
 A pewter spoon, and earthen bowl,
 A hammer, and two homespun towels,
 For which I yearn with tender bowels,
 Since I no longer can control them,
 I leave to those sly lads, who stole them.

Item. A gown much greased in Commons,
 A hat between a man's and woman's,
 A tattered coat of college blue,
 A fustian waistcoat torn in two,
 With all my rust, through college carried,
 I give to classmate O——,* who 's married.

* Jesse Olds, a classmate, afterwards a clergyman in a country town.

Item. C—— P——s* has my knife,
 During his natural college life;
 That knife, which ugliness inherits,
 And due to his superior merits,
 And when from Harvard he shall steer,
 I order him to leave it here,
 That 't may from class to class descend,
 Till time and ugliness shall end.

The said C—— P——s, humor's son,
 Who long shall stay when I am gone,
 The Muses' most successful suitor
 I constitute my executor;
 And for his trouble to requite him,
 Member of Laughing Club I write him.

Myself on life's broad sea I throw,
 Sail with its joy, or stem its wo,
 No other friend to take my part,
 Than careless head and honest heart.
 My purse is drained, my debts are paid,
 My glass is run, my will is made,
 To beauteous Cam. I bid adieu,
 And with the world begin anew.

June 20th, 1794.

While Biglow was writing these articles for the *Orrery*, he was teaching a school, and pursuing studies preparatory to the profession of a clergyman. The following poem formed a part of No. III. and was written as a response to a question, whether he had chosen the profession best adapted to his disposition and talents:—

THE CHEERFUL PARSON.

SINCE bards are all wishing, pray why may not I?
 Though but a poor rhymers, for once I will try.
 The life, that I choose, would be pleasant to scarce one,
 Yet the life, that I choose, is the life of a parson.

First on me, kind heaven, a fortune bestow,
 Too high for contempt and for envy too low,

* Charles Prentiss, a member of the junior class, when this was written; afterwards editor of the *Rural Repository*.

On which I with prudence may hope to subsist,
Should I be for my damnable doctrine dismissed.

In a rich farming village, where P——s shall plead,
And D——r feel pulses, give physic, and bleed,
Where A——t the youths and the children shall teach,
There may I be called and there settled to preach.

Not damning a man for a different opinion,
I 'd mix with the Calvinist, Baptist, Arminian,
Treat each like a man, like a Christian and brother,
Preach love to our Maker, ourselves and each other.

On a snug, little farm, I 'd provide me a seat,
With buildings all simple, substantial and neat;
Some sheep and some cattle my pastures to graze,
And a middle prized pony, to draw my new chaise.

When I find it no longer "good being alone,"
May a mild, rural nymph "become bone of my bone;"
Not fixed, like a puppet, on fashion's stiff wires,
But who *can* be genteel, when occasion requires.

Whose wealth is not money, whose beauty 's not paint;
Not an infidel romp, nor a sour-hearted saint;
Whose religion 's not heat, and her virtue not coldness,
Nor her modesty fear, nor her wit manly boldness.

Thus settled, with care I 'd apportion my time
To my sermons, my garden, my wife, and my rhyme,
'To teach the untaught, and to better the bad,
To laugh with the merry, and weep with the sad.

At the feast, where religion might be a spectator,
Where friendship presided, and mirth was a waiter,
I 'd fear not to join with the good-humored clan,
And prove that a parson may still be a man.

Thus blest, may my life be slid smoothly away,
And I still grow more grave, as my hair grows more gray;
With age may the hope of the Christian increase,
And strew life's descent with the blossoms of peace.

And when we leave this world, as leave it we must,
With rapture meet death, and sink into the dust,
With a tear in each eye may the parish all say,
"They were a kind pair, and did good in their day."

CHARLES CHATTERBOX, Esq.

The next three numbers of "Omnium Gatherum" purport to be "Extracts from the Age of Freedom; being an Investigation of good and bad government; in imitation of Mr. Pain's Age of Reason, and intended for a second part of the same tune." These are intended to expose the sophistry of the Age of Reason, by adopting a similar form of argument, in reference to well known, and well established facts, — such as the discovery of America, the Revolution, and the birth and life of George Washington, — all of which, by this mode of reasoning, are showed to be fables, and entitled to no credit. The *imitation* is well maintained. The eighth number is a good-humored touch at one of the political follies of the day : —

ELECTIONEERING.

CHARLEY, *in a hypocondriac fit, complaineth of his condition; prayeth earnestly to be delivered; displayeth a great share of vanity; and threateneth destruction and devastation.*

From school returned, with heart depressed,
With aching head, and anxious breast,
With hand, grown weak by ferule holding,
And voice as trumpet hoarse with scolding,
Of A B C and ciphering sick,
And tired of one-pound-ten per week, —
I loll me down in easy chair,
And give my humble soul to prayer.

O Public! monster many-headed,
Courtied by bards, by statesmen dreaded,
Who, with thy cords of firm contexture,
Doth Varnum raise and pull down Dexter,*
To thee, most humbly, I petition;
O pity my forlorn condition!

* Joseph B. Varnum and Samuel Dexter, rival candidates for a seat in the United States House of Representatives from the county of Middlesex, Mass. Gen. Varnum was elected for several terms in succession, and was Speaker of the House. Mr. Dexter was an eminent lawyer, and was Secretary of the Treasury during a part of the administration of the elder Adams.

To gain thy favor, long I've hunted ;
 My hostess and myself affronted ;
 With all the meekness of a kitten
 A history of my life have written,
 Which, like most other histories,
 Contains some truths and many lies ;
 My verse exposed to critic sneers,
 To pious pouts, and ribald leers,
 And, of my wit and learning vain,
 Even dared to laugh at Thomas Pain !

All this was to increase thy joy ;
 Then grant, O grant some high employ,
 In which thy humble suppliant may
 Have little labor and great pay ;
 Which will convince, when you bestow it,
 That money will enrich a poet.

The President's great chair I shun ;
 I cannot fight like Washington ;
 For when our enemies combat us,
 The careless boobies fly right at us,
 Which frights this coward soul of mine ;
 But then in Congress I could shine.

I there could take the strongest side, —
 I'm to no party yet allied,¹
 No demo- nor aristo- crat,
 Nought but a bard, and hardly that :
 Yet I can sit, and look sedate,
 Can sleep or hear a long debate,
 Can vote the wrong side, or the right ;
 And pray what more is requisite ?

But if your bar 'gainst cabin windows,
 Your would-be captain's progress hinders.
 Put me, if you will raise me fast,
 In federal ships before the mast ;
 Instead of some old wealthy dough-pate,
 Make me a scribe, or judge of probate ;
 Or, rather than be fretting here,
 Make me a counselor one year.

O Public ! on thy bard take pity
 And listen to his doleful ditty ;

Let not a flower of wit so full,
 His fragrance waste in desert's school.
 A dray-horse drone, who ploughed his way
 Through craggy wilds of algebra,
 In Euclid's ship knew every rope,
 Learned Pike by heart, while I learned Pope,
 Yet never sipped Parnassian wine,
 Would keep as good a school as mine.

O Public! let me hear thee say,
 "Charley, six dollars by the day;"
 Or but "five dollars and a half,"
 And your petitioner shall laugh.
 But, if you keep me here becloistered
 By power unknown, by wealth unfostered,
 My ink I'll spill, my paper burn,
 My table to a wash-bench turn,
 My standish for old pewter vend,
 My pen shall in a tooth-pick end,
 I'll from my jews-harp break the tongue,
 And you no more shall hear my song.

CHARLES CHATTERBOX, Esq.

Soon after this publication there appeared in the *Orrery* a column of poetry addressed to Mr. Chatterbox, giving an account of "the occupations of a Social Recluse," signed "Roger Roundelay." Judging from the style and versification one might suppose it to have been written by Mr. Biglow himself. The next paper brought out a response from Chatterbox, entitled "the Occupations of the Schoolmaster; inscribed 'to well-beloved Roger Roundelay, Esq.' " After a sketch of his employment in the morning, from sunrise till nine o'clock, he proceeds —

'Tis nine; I to the school-house go,
 Sauntering with pensive steps and slow;
 Thus pray for blessings to attend us, —

* * * * *

"*Hiatus, maxime, deflendus.*"

At length, "world without end, Amen,"
 Gives each one leave to teaze my brain ;
 Then, Jack, here, take your copy, quick —
 Tom, here 's your pen, — sit down you, Dick.
Sir, Tim has pricked me, — Tim, you lout —
Sir, my nose bleeds — may 'n 't I go out ? —
Sam, with his ruler, struck my ear ; —
 Sam, blockhead, bring your ruler here.

First class, prepare yourselves to read —
 Jack, where 's your hat ? — *'Tis on my head.*
 Quick, take it off — read, the first class ; —
After these things it came to pass,
That M, O, mo, S, E, S, ses, Moses —
Sir, John heaves paper at our noses.
 Come here to me, you booby, John —
 Mind there your writing — well — read on —
 Who laughs ? — *I, to see that hen run —*
Great A, little A, R, O, N, ron —
 Aaron it spells ; — Come hither, Abel,
 And sit you down beneath my table.
 Go — you have read enough for now —
 The second class — Tom, where 's your bow ? —

Thus vexed and mad, till noon I prate on ;
 O what a simpleton was Satan !
 Had but poor Job met my disaster,
 To be ordained a country master,
 He had, at least, obeyed his bride
 In one respect — he would have "*died.*"

* * * * *

Now back to school I stalk, and soon
 Ferule those boys that fought at noon ;
 To travelers who refused to bow ;
 Who apples stole, or stoned a cow ;
 Proceed along from class to class,
 To act again the forenoon farce,
 Till thousand dins my ears assail
 While looks, and threats, and flattering fail,
 While, nigh to go, with care and toil, hence,
 With lifted broom, I sue for silence ;
 Then not one tongue can dare deplore,
 And not one foot to scrape the floor.

When thus, from noise and riot free,
 I drop this sad soliloquy! —
 When the schoolmaster's year is done,
 What profits him beneath the sun?
 While lazy knaves their treasures hoard,
 He labors hard to pay his board:
 Cashless from Natick came I hither,
 And cashless soon return I thither.

At last, my tour of duty done,
 I finish school as I begun;
 Dismiss my scholars and ill nature,
 And hasten home, a happy creature;
 See vices grow, and long to *lather* 'em,
 So fall in haste to chopping *Gatherum*;
Gatherum, not seasoned to allure
 "The literary epicure;"
 But, in the opinion of its hasher,
 'Twill serve the temperate for a *rasher*.

During the first year of the Orrery, several well-written political communications appeared in its columns, but altogether on the side of the Federalists. An election of members of Congress, occasioned a few smart electioneering pieces. On politics, Paine, himself, wrote generally short and desultory paragraphs, and squibs, aimed at the Chronicle and the heads of its party. Most of these, being of a local and temporary character, were soon forgotten, except by the individuals, who suffered from the smart; and few of them would now be of any interest, without a tedious explanation.

The riotous proceedings, which disturbed the quiet of Boston, soon after the publication of Jay's Treaty, were noticed by the editor, and reprobated in strong language. In the Orrery of September 14, there is an article addressed to Governor Adams, personally, saying, "However harmless and amusing you may view the '*water-melon frolics*,' — as you have been pleased to term them,

they may be death to your fellow-citizens and constituents. Against your apparent connivance, let us not again remonstrate in vain. . . . The dwellings of our citizens have been attacked, and recourse for self-preservation, 'nature's first law!' has been had to a measure the most dangerous and fatal. If your supineness is not construed to an approbation of these riots, it is at least suspected to have proceeded from your enmity to the federal administration."

The same paper has the following : — "The **EDITOR OF THE ORRERY** feels the liveliest sense of gratitude for the *very great* and unexpected influx of patronage, which he has received from the most enlightened and respectable part of the community, since the publication of his last paper. So cordial a public countenance, for a single exertion in the cause of federal republicanism, he believes has been rarely experienced. To his *old* and *new* patrons he returns the sincerest thanks of a devoted heart; and assures them, that if an *inspired* attention to utility and amusement — to the support of government and *ridicule* of *mobocracy* — will entitle him to the confidence of the *real* friends of his country, or promote the interest of federal republicanism — *the sin of NEGLIGENCE shall no longer be laid at his door.*"

It does not *distinctly* appear why there was any "unexpected influx of patronage," during the week preceding this publication; but it is supposed to have been caused by the publication of "The **LYARS**, a political eclogue — altered to the meridian of Boston." It was an imaginary dialogue between "Genet, Jarvis, and Austin," — an exceedingly coarse attack upon Dr. Jarvis and Benjamin Austin, jun. which occasioned an

assault upon Paine by Samuel Jarvis, a brother of the Doctor.

The twenty-first of September, 1795, was the third anniversary of the institution of the French Republic. It was celebrated by a public procession, and a dinner in Fanueil Hall, got up by the Jacobin party. This gave to Paine an excellent opportunity to lampoon the leaders of the party, and to exercise his talent for ribaldry; — an opportunity, which he improved, by the composition of the following

SONG OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY,

Which ought to have been sung in Fanueil Hall on the 21st inst. the Birth-Day of the French Republic; and ought to be sung on the Birth-Day of all other Republics, whether male or female, that may hereafter be born.

TUNE — “Black Sloven.”

Ye sons of equality, freedom, and fun,
Come rouse at the sound of the gun — the gun;
Awake from your stupor, for feasting prepare,
With Sansculotte stomachs let every one meet,
Like bears o'er a carcase, to *fight* and to *eat* —
 Freely we 'll share
 Whate'er stands before us,
 While Freedom's the chorus — Huzza.

'Tis three years, *this moment*, since Freedom, by chance,
Was safely delivered of France — of France;
And the brat is well grown, for so tender an age;
Besure her *complexion* is hardly so good —
'Tis thought that her mother was longing for blood;
 For, when in a rage,
 She's rather uncivil,
 Cuts throats like a devil — Huzza.

But this is no matter, her votaries say,
Who *honestly* pocket her PAY — her PAY;
Republics may murder, as much as they will;
In this all the glory of freedom consists,
That each man may do whatever he lists,

Fight, ravish and kill,
 Keep aristocrats under
 By bloodshed and plunder — Huzza.

Now, bright in the east, see the morning appear,
 Its rays will EQUALITY cheer — will cheer ;
 Call out *gaunt* SEDITION from cellar and shed ;
 At the sound of the bell see the *virtuous* throng,
 Come squinting, and skulking, and sneaking along ;
 Thus the thief from his bed,
 When the bailiff approaches,
 Most manfully poaches — Huzza.

From the statehouse* in order the Sansculottes move,
 Like cattle, or swine, in a drove — a drove ;
 Composed of all colors, and figures, and shapes ;
 Two and two, as the patriarch NOAH of old,
 Drove into the Ark, the *unclean* of the fold,
 Skunks, woodchucks and apes,
 Toads, adders, and lizards,
 And vultures and buzzards — Huzza.

Behold in the vanguard, three standards on high,
 In majesty wave through the sky — the sky :
 A charming collection of brotherly souls —
 In union, *French, Dutch and American* drawn !
 Like the *wolf* and the *cub* shaking hands with the FAWN ;
 Sing liberty poles,
 With tag, rag, and bobtail,
 Proceed on by wholesale — Huzza.

Now mixed with the rabble, six gem'men are seen,
 Of various sizes, and mien — and mien ;
 Ashamed of their fellows, they seem to *be shy* —
 There 's *Crafty* and *Crooked*, and *Little* and *Great*,
 A genuine mixture of Sansculotte state ;
 While by-standers cry —
 " Behold our Selectmen !
 A parcel of picked men " — Huzza.

There moves an old *Baboon*,‡ in shape of a man,
 The friend of fat beef, and the *Can* — the *Can* !

* The procession was formed on the lower floor of the Old State House, in State-street, and marched through Merchants-Row to Faneuil Hall.

‡ William Cooper, more than fifty years, the Town Clerk of Boston.

Determined to eat, e'en if liberty bleeds ;
 While just in his rear, bent by age like a bow,
 A bedridden printer* enriches the show—

Sing Baboon and EDES !

A promising couple

The jug to unstopple, — Huzza.

There marches, *great* SHUBAEL, † thy Jacobin whelp,
 Whose business is only to *yelp* — to *yelp* ;
 And paragraphs write for the Boston Gazette ;
 While wriggling and scratching, like *Sawney M'Bear*
 Strut those truth-loving partners, the *Chronicle PAIR*. ‡

Poor freedom will sweat,

While *Sammy* 's a barking

With *Adams* and *Larkin*, — Huzza.

There moves great *Honestus*'s § three corner'd hat,
 A shelter for *wisdom* and *fat* — and *fat* ;
 In search of the DOCTOR, || his guardian and guide :
 Alas, for the doctor he searches in vain,
 Ashamed of the club, he is *tortured with pain* —

Let blackguards deride,

At HONEE for hunting,

And DOCTOR for grunting — Huzza.

Now striving amain for a fortunate chance
 To *taste* of the Freedom of France — of France ;
 Stealing softly through alleys, and winding through lanes
 Our mob-loving g——r ¶ marches in haste,
 His *eyes* up to *Heaven* — *his heart with the feast* ;
 In anarchy's strains,

* Benjamin Edes, the printer and proprietor of the Boston Gazette.

† Shubael Hewes, who kept a shop in Washington (then Marlboro') street, opposite the westerly door of the Old South meeting-house. His son, Samuel Hews, to whom the offensive allusion is made in the song, was an ardent supporter of the principles of the French revolutionists, and an active member of the Jacobin Club. He was also a writer for the Chronicle.

‡ "The Chronicle Pair" — Adams and Larkin, printers and editors of that paper.

§ Benjamin Austin, jun., a distinguished political writer in the Chronicle, under the signature of *Honestus*.

|| Doctor Charles Jarvis, a celebrated orator at public meetings. He was one of the leading politicians of his day, and one of the best of extempore speakers. Many persons still living have a vivid recollection of his power in a popular assembly.

¶ Samuel Adams, then Governor of Massachusetts, and one of the distinguished patriots of the Revolution. He had identified himself with the anti-federal party,

Psalm-singing, and praying,
He smiles at man-slaying — Huzza.

Lo, down in yon corner — *afraid to be seen*,
PEREZ * pokes out the end of his chin — his chin;
All ready to join — *when the corner they turn*;
O Perez, *thy case* might a hero abash,
Thou fearest thy neighbors — thou *lovest French cash* —
Sansculottes, with scorn,
Behold thy dissembling,
Thy blustering, and trembling — Huzza.

Now seated in order the table around,
Their toasts, and their tushes rebound — rebound;
Good eating and drinking make Sansculottes roar;
For Poverty first bid them take up their trade,
Her dictates more patriots, than Freedom's, have made.
Then freedom adore,
Who saves you from starving,
And sets you all laughing — Huzza.

Now citizen governor toasts a long prayer,
And Honee says all that he dare — he dare;
But citizen GOOSE † durst not give out his name,
While Mr. JUTAU ‡ brings the sick doctor up;
And remembers the CHIEF in the Jacobin cup —
Sing, O fie, for shame!
GOOSE, MALLET, and HONEE,
And BABOON the bony — Huzza.

Farewell, ye Sansculottes — I leave ye to dine,
With your hoofs in your dishes, like swine — like swine,

at the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and very naturally fell in with the views and feelings of those who sympathized most closely with the French revolutionists. He was a member of the Old South Church, and a participator in the prayer-meetings of the Calvinists.

* Perez Morton, a lawyer of good standing. He did not join the procession at the place whence it started, but awaited its arrival at the store of one of his political associates, near Faneuil Hall. He represented the town of Dorchester in the General Court; was several times Speaker of the House of Representatives; and held the office of Attorney-General for a number of years from 1809.

† John Kuhn, a respectable citizen, a tailor by profession. He was brother to Jacob Kuhn, whom every body recollects as the Sergeant-at-Arms in the Legislature.

‡ John Jutau, a French emigrant, and an auctioneer.

For once stuff your stomachs, as long as they 'll hold;
 The Doctor will help you to purge it away,
 And PEREZ and HONEE *attend you for pay*;
 While SAMUEL the old,
 On stool of repentance,
 Will whine out a sentence — To HEAVEN.

Sometime in March, 1796, an original comedy, called "The Traveler Returned," was brought out at the Boston theatre, of which Mr. Paine said — "As an American production, it met with a very favorable reception. The author, we think, possesses a dramatic talent, which is capable of improvement. But experience is necessary to theatrical effect; and, in producing it, art is equally as essential as genius. The *tedium* of uninteresting solemnity constitutes the principal defect in the *Traveler Returned*. That it has many good scenes cannot be denied. * * * But the author seems not to be aware, that novelty of incident, picturesque situation, and brilliancy of dialogue are cardinal requisites in genteel comedy. We hope that the public have not condemned him for substituting *broad humor* for *wit*, and *dullness* for *pathos*. Long and frequent soliloquies are, in comedy, highly unnatural; and on the social interviews of polished life, pedantry should never intrude." He then gives a sketch of the fable of the piece; and concludes his criticism as follows: — "Should the comedy be again represented, for the author's benefit, a prudent use of the pruning knife would be of service to some of the soliloquies and many of the national ebullitions. Patriotic sentiments are congenial to the best feelings of an American audience; but the palate of the public is too delicate to bear a *surfeit* of even the most sumptuous entertainment."

This criticism would hardly be deemed severe, except by a very sensitive author. The next Orrery contained a Card, of which the following is all that is necessary, to understand the complaint against the criticism:—

☞ The Author of the “Traveler Returned” presents her compliments to Mr. Paine; she feelingly regrets that she has not met with his approbation. [Some slight mistakes in the sketch of the plot of the comedy are then corrected.] These matters may be characterized as mere *bagatelle*—but a gentleman, *so critical* as Mr. Paine, will be at no loss to decipher their essentiality. With what propriety the accusation of “*pedantry, uninteresting solemnity, dullness, &c. &c.* are preferred against the *Traveler Returned*,” the public will judge; and if they also join to condemn, the author has only to lament an ineffectual attempt to please.

To this, Mr. Paine affixed the following note:—

“*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*” is an ancient maxim of philosophic humanity; and the Editor hopes he shall not flagrantly offend against the Latin idiom, should he translate it—Damn not a play, which has gone to “that bourne whence no TRAVELER RETURNS!!!”

The sting in this brief note was not, by any means adapted to soothe the agonies of irritated authorship. The Centinel, a day or two afterwards, contained a replication, the character of which may be inferred from Mr. Paine’s rejoinder, a part of which follows:—

Why should calamity be full of words,
Windy attorneys to their client’s woes,
Airy invaders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries?
Let them have scope.

The Editor of the Orrery feels no disposition to enter into a controversy with the *reverend* scribbler in Saturday’s Centinel. He considers it cruel in the extreme to deny a disappointed author the liberty of railing at an unfeeling and stupid public, who had neither the sense to discern, nor the gratitude to reward, his unrivaled genius. Complaint is the prerogative of misfortune; and it certainly would be exacting too strict a compliance with the laws of *bienseance*, to refuse a poor benighted

pilgrim, who had "*slumped neck and heels in a quagmire,*" the privilege of saying he had *muddied his stockings!*

Parson Flummery is therefore allowed the highest latitude of newspaperial abuse; and as he has the most "*profound sensibility*" for the welfare of the "*Traveler Returned,*" it is presumed that no one will ever dispute his right to the unlimited *patent* of "*dullness*" and buffoonery!

The Editor's first critique was generally acknowledged to be too lenient in its strictures. The public universally condemned the comedy *in toto*. The editor, at the sacrifice of his taste, endeavored to diminish the odium. Some of its defects he found indefensible; and had the author been of any order of animals above an incorrigible blockhead, he never would have provoked a public reprehension. * * * The substitution of *dullness* for *pathos* is not conceded by the advocate of the play. The tame interest of its serious scenes is attributed to the "*profundity*" of the editor's feelings! The only vindictory plea, which the editor can make, is, that the charge, if true, was equally incurred by the whole auditory:

Who every scene, with aching eye-string wept;
Then *loll'd*, and most PATHETICALLY SLEPT!

The vindicator of our dramatist next endeavors to obviate the charge of pedantry. * * * The accusation of pedantry was founded on the general complexion of the author's style. From her dialogue she has carefully excluded every species of colloquial ease; and, from beginning to end of her comedy we continually meet with turgid phrases, stale Hibernianisms, filched ribaldry, and forced conceits, without one single solitary SPARK of wit, to cheer, with a momentary TWINKLE, the immense vacuum of Dullness.

The next thrust in this memorable controversy, and the last on the part of Mr. Paine, was the following, which appeared in the Orrery of March 24:—

TO THE REVEREND JOHN MURRAY.

SIR,

The lenity, which marked the first critique of the editor of the Orrery on your comedy, "*The Traveler Returned,*" evidently militated with the public judgement, and his own impartiality. His ingenuous comments and candid strictures would have been thankfully received by any man of more *understanding*, or less VANITY, than yourself. But the commerce of disgusting adulation, which you have been long accustomed to hold with mankind, has banished from your intellect the

small degree of purity, it naturally possessed. Perhaps, too, your ridiculous affectation might have led you to anticipate, that the various classes of citizens, whom you have indiscriminately DOGGED and BUF-FOONED with your "SMOOTH CONFECTIONARY STYLE," would gorge the glutton maw of your ambition, by returning the same fulsome praise.

Under the shock of so severe a disappointment, you resorted to other means to gratify your ungovernable appetite of dramatic fame. The editor of the Orrery had not, agreeably to your preposterous wishes, extended your eulogium to the utmost limits of panegyric, "ON THIS SIDE OF ADORATION." His judgement must, therefore, be combated; and, if in your power, demolished. The "Card," which appeared in his paper of Thursday last, was delivered by yourself. You requested its publication in your own person. He had a right, therefore, to believe you the author of it. When the editor gave it a place in his paper, from a motive of humanity, he declined the severity of retort. He believed that your comedy was DECEASED, and that it had died of a NATURAL DEATH. But as it had not given up the ghost in the CHRISTIAN FAITH, there was no hopes of its glorious RESURRECTION. He therefore felt no pleasure in being a PALL-BEARER at its interment, nor in dancing over the grave of the poor unfortunate! With respect to the benefit night, which you expected from it, he wished you all imaginable success. But, as the "TRAVELER RETURNED," while he lived, was not one of the favorites of fortune, a "POST OBIT," he thought, might not be of the greatest possible value.

It has been repeatedly said, Sir, in the Mercury and Centinel, that you were not the author of the paragraphs, addressed to the editor of the Orrery, in those papers. I neither know that you dictated or transcribed them. But where is the public difference between the REAL and the OSTENSIBLE author? If it can be proved that you carried those articles to the press;—if it never has been said that you lodged the name of any other person with the printer;—and if it is well known that you acknowledged and read the last Saturday's publication in the Centinel-Office before strangers and apprentices, with all that antic grimace, for which, it is reported, you were so famous, as a strolling player in Ireland;—if all these contingencies can be substantiated, is it not indubitable, that you have not only "SEEN DOUBLE," but have SPOKEN so; and that "——— When we have said —— as false,

"As air, as water, or as sandy earth;

"As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;

“Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son ;
 “Then might we say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 “AS FALSE AS”—MURRAY!

Paine's connection with the Orrery terminated on the 18th of April, 1796, when he addressed the following

TO THE PUBLIC. The subscriber, having sold the Proprietary right of the Federal Orrery to Mr. Benjamin Sweetser, takes this opportunity of returning his sincerest thanks to his friends and the Public, for the liberality, which they have been ever pleased to extend him ; and hopes, in retiring from the publication of a paper, whose existence has immediately emanated from their benignity, that he may safely bequeathe to his successor a continuance and extension of their patronage and favor.

The public's most obedient servant,

THOMAS PAINE.

The sale of the Orrery was fatal to its existence. Scarcely an original paragraph can be found in its columns after it passed from the possession of Paine. It was made up, in a great measure, of extracts from the Farmer's Museum and other popular gazettes. Sweetser, its new proprietor, in company with William Burdick, had published a paper in Boston, called the Courier, the office of which was destroyed by fire just before his purchase of the Orrery. In November following, he changed the title of his publication to “The Courier and General Advertiser,” by which change the Orrery became extinct in name, as it was before in essence.

Thomas Paine was born at Taunton in the county of Bristol, Ms. December 9, 1773. He was the second son of Robert Treat Paine, “an eminent lawyer ; well known as one of the patriots of the American Revolution ; one of the delegates in Congress from Massachusetts, his native state, who signed the Declaration of Independence ; for many years the attorney-general, and afterwards one of the judges of the supreme judicial court of

the commonwealth." When Thomas was about seven years old, the family removed to Boston. He was prepared for college at the Public Latin School; entered the University at Cambridge in 1788; and graduated in 1792. Soon after leaving college, he entered the counting-house of a merchant in Boston, intending to pursue a mercantile profession. This purpose was soon abandoned; and he commenced the publication of the Orrery, with a degree of encouragement from the merchants and professional gentlemen in Boston and the vicinity, which had not then, nor has it since, had any parallel in the history of Boston newspapers. After disposing of the Orrery Mr. Paine studied law in the office of Theophilus Parsons, who was afterwards chief justice of the supreme court. In due time he was admitted to the bar, opened an office in Boston, and obtained a reasonable share of business. His passion for dramatic literature interfered with the practice of his profession, his clients were neglected, and his business diminished, till about the year 1809, when he gave up his office and removed his name from the door. He died on the 13th of November, 1811.

In 1812, Mr. Paine's works, in prose and verse, were published by J. Belcher, Boston, in an octavo volume of near five hundred pages. To the volume is prefixed "Sketches of his Life, Character, and Writings." These sketches are brief, but beautifully written. The criticisms might have been extended, with pleasure and profit to the reader, and with justice to the character of Mr. Paine as a scholar, a poet, and a writer of prose. For some unaccountable reason, some of his productions, worthy of the most conspicuous place in the collection of American

poetry, have been treated with undeserved neglect. His Poems, entitled "The Invention of Letters" and "The Ruling Passion" are far superior to many poems, that, of late years, have courted the public favor in silk binding and gilt edges, and been illustrated with costly engravings. Some of his lyrical compositions enjoyed great popularity. "Adams and Liberty" was in favor with the public for many years, and was sung at almost every festive occasion, where politics could find admission. The Ode, written for the festival of the Faustus Association, was deservedly popular with the printers, and ought to be adopted by all typographical societies as peculiarly *their* household song.

As a theatrical critic, Mr. Paine's opinions were received as judicial decisions, that were not to be disputed. After he disposed of the Orrery, he wrote criticisms on plays and players for several other papers, but his articles of this description, after Russell & Cutler's Boston Gazette was established as a literary and miscellaneous journal, were generally published in that paper. Some of these articles were republished in the volume of his works before referred to.

Mr. Paine married the daughter of an actor by the name of Baker,—a young lady of fine accomplishments, amiable manners, and unblemished reputation. But such was the prejudice then existing against plays, theatres, and actors, that this marriage caused an alienation of parental affection, and, for many years, it is believed, he was excluded from the paternal roof,—although the lady never appeared on the stage after her marriage, but always sustained the character of a wife and mother with dignified propriety.

About the time that President Jefferson invited the noted Thomas Pain, the author of the *Age of Reason*, to revisit this country, *our* Thomas Paine petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts for a change of name, assigning as a reason, that he was desirous of being known by a *Christian* name. His petition was granted. He took the name of his father, Robert Treat, and was ever, afterward, known by the name of Robert Treat Paine, jun.

THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

ON Monday, September 5, 1795, J. & J. N. RUSSELL commenced the publication of "The Boston Price Current and Marine Intelligencer, Commercial and Mercantile." It was a small quarto of four pages, published at the price of three dollars a year. Its contents strictly corresponded with its title. It was published in this form till March 7, 1796, when it was enlarged to a crown folio. At the end of June following, the partnership was dissolved. The publication was continued by JOHN RUSSELL; the paper was issued twice a week, on Monday and Thursday; and the price was raised to four dollars a year. Without any material variation in the character of its contents, except occasionally an official document concerning trade or navigation, and, now and then a paragraph sufficient to identify the editor's politics with those of the leading Federalists, it was continued in this form and size, till June 7, 1798. It was then enlarged to the size of the Centinel, Chronicle, and Mercury, and took the name of "Russell's Gazette; Commercial and Political."

In his address to the public, on introducing this change, Russell said, — "The portentous aspect of our political horizon, connected with the important events, which are daily passing on the great theatre of the European world,

designate the present period as one, which *loudly calls* for the virtuous energies of all good citizens ; and ought to inspire, in the breast of every man, a solicitude to contribute his efforts in support of the cause of virtue, freedom, and independence. Under this persuasion, and influenced by the advice of many valuable friends, the editor, in the humble hope of being able to extend the sphere of its utility, has deviated so far from the plan which he adopted in originating the Commercial Gazette, as to enlarge its dimensions, thereby to afford an opportunity of rendering it an important and useful vehicle of *political* information, as it is admitted to be of *commercial* and *maritime* intelligence. He confesses to have been stimulated to this alteration by the ambition he feels to take a share (he hopes it may be a conspicuous one) in the dissemination of those important political truths and opinions, which the fertile genius and talents of our countrymen, urged by the critical state of the times, daily produce in such rich exuberance. To the friends and supporters of the constitution, and those who administer it, he declares his paper exclusively devoted. To the *enemies* of either he avows himself an *enemy*. These are his sentiments ; and, on these terms does he solicit the patronage of the public ; for, on no other, does he think himself deserving it, or could he expect it to be permanent.”

At the beginning of the year 1800, in consequence of ill health, Russell resigned the printing and publishing department into the hands of JAMES CUTLER, a young man, who had been in the office from the commencement of the paper. The next October, Russell and Cutler formed a partnership, published the paper and

carried on job work on an extensive scale as joint and equal partners. The paper was thenceforth called simply the **BOSTON GAZETTE**.

From the day when the Gazette was enlarged and assumed the character of a political paper, it adhered, with religious firmness, to the federal party. It defended in the most able manner, the administration of John Adams against the attacks of the Chronicle, and all the republican papers of New-York and Philadelphia. Russell was, himself, a good writer of *paragraphs*, and he had the aid of able and educated correspondents. For fifteen years no paper in the country was more prompt and decided, as a watchman on the bulwarks of Federalism. It presented itself, twice a week, charged to the muzzle, with argument, invective, and ridicule, against the French Directory, Napoleon, Jefferson, Madison, the Chronicle, the Aurora, and all the host of Jacobins, Democrats, Republicans, or by whatever name the adversaries of Federalism chose to be called. Occasionally Russell allowed his opposition to French politics to betray him to the use of exceedingly offensive language. This was resented by citizen Mozard, then the French consul in Boston, and consequently, the whole artillery of vituperation was poured upon him through the columns of the Gazette. The contest was so warm that the selectmen and the school-committee of Boston were harshly censured by Russell for inviting Mozard to attend the examination of the public schools. Mozard defended himself and his native country, — or was defended by some other person, — in the Chronicle. Russell expected a personal assault, and gave notice in his paper, that, if the consul should

appear at his office, he should be saluted with a shower from the *professional tub*.* But I believe no *rencontre* ever took place.

Russell was much attached to theatrical performances, as means of innocent and elegant entertainment; and the Gazette was, for many years, a kind of official link of connection between managers and the public. The play-bills were printed at the office of the Gazette, and it generally furnished its readers with a programme of forth-coming exhibitions. It not only supplied the public with the "puff preliminary," but was the organ of the critics, who were paid for their criticism by free admission, as well as for those, who had no such temptation to influence their judgement. Thomas (afterwards Robert Treat) Paine wrote, for the Gazette, many of his most elaborate dramatic criticisms and reviews; and several other of the play-going writers made it the receptacle of their critical decisions. Russell himself was a man of taste in such matters, and could write a rebuke or a compliment as occasion might require; but he was too good-natured to be severe, and never allowed a remark to escape from his pen, that could excite the anger of the boisterous, or grieve the sensibility of the timid. Whenever his correspondents were harsh in their language towards performers, — especially those of an inferior rank, — Russell was ready with his sympathy to soothe their feelings by some kind word, as an offset to the severity of his correspondents.

Russell was a great admirer of the British essayists,

* Every Printer of the old school, knows that this was once an indispensable article in a printing-office. Modern improvements have rendered it unnecessary, and, of course, it is *out of use*.

novelists, and poets. For many years he was in the habit of placing at the head of each column of advertisements, on the last page of the *Gazette*, a short extract from some of those writers, embracing a sentiment, an anecdote, or some pithy remark. How large a part of these were of his own selection is not known. His friend, Mr. Samuel Gilbert, assisted him in the selection of those articles, which added much interest to the paper, and attracted the attention of a considerable number of readers.

The Embargo and the War of 1812 were topics of constant remark in the *Gazette*. During the war, several young men engaged in writing for it, and some of the political articles are written with great power and elegance. The *Gazette* had a large circulation in Maine, and was eminently influential in sustaining the federal party in that district, then a part of the state of Massachusetts. The interest its conductors took in politics did not, however, diminish its value as a vehicle of commercial and marine intelligence. This department was under the superintendence of Cutler, and was managed with proverbial talent and industry. About the close of the war, or soon after, SIMON GARDNER, a young man of extraordinary activity, was taken into the business as a partner, and the whole was conducted in the name of Russell, Cutler & Co. Cutler died, after a short illness, on the eighteenth of April, 1818. The firm being thus dissolved, the business was continued by Russell & Gardner, till the end of the year 1823, when Mr. Russell withdrew from it, and took leave of the public, as an editor, in the following valedictory address : —

More than forty years have passed away, since the undersigned commenced the duties and labors of editor and publisher of a periodical paper. It has been an eventful period of the world. As a nation we have gained our Independence, and established those great political institutions, which, we trust, will support our freedom, and give it perpetuity. Our government was an experiment in political history, on which admiring nations gazed, and for whose result, the lovers of liberty, and advocates of the rights of man, hoped and trembled. The timid, the ambitious, and the wicked, were against the trial; and when they saw it waking, broke out in the voice of prophecy, on the left; but it did not dishearten us; and full success has attended the endeavor. Persevering honesty has been amply rewarded. The glory may be given to a few, but, in truth, the effort was made by many.

Scarcely had we breathed from our own revolutionary struggles, before we were again excited by the convulsions of France:—This people, suddenly broke from the thralldom of unlimited power, and delirious with the thoughts of liberty, waged war against morals and man. This to us was indeed a trying time; they had taken the spark from off our altar, but the flame became unhallowed in their hands; they offered it in impurity to the genius of liberty, and the incense was rejected as strange fire. Those who have come up since, and have taken a part on the stage, can partially realize what we feared, and suffered. We felt many evils and forboded more. Party rancor sprang up among us, and separated kindred and friends. The household gods were profaned by angry discussions; around the family fire-side, where nothing, even in the darkest day of our revolutionary contests, had before been heard but the accents of domestic harmony, or prayers to avert evils, or praise for blessings and protection, discord made her entry, with her usual train of miseries—fathers were arrayed against sons, and sons against fathers. These calamities, if not destroyed, were at least softened, by the persevering efforts of those patriots, who labored from love of country, and the good of mankind. At this portentous period, our columns, were fearlessly opened to, and filled with the productions of great spirits, engaged in a great cause; many of whom are remembered with tears of joy. They strengthened our hands, and encouraged our hearts. Many of them are still living, and do not wish to hear of their victories; but it will not be deemed invidious to mention one who has gone to reap the rewards of the patriot-martyr:—FISHER AMES, will ever be remembered, by the lovers of their country, of all times, and all political creeds. His soul was full of the cause of his country, and he manfully poured out the light

of his mind, to dissipate the mists of political fanaticism, and to purify the world from that dreariness of thought and feeling, which grew from infidel philosophy. The cool and wary, we know have often said that his zeal was too ardent, and his fears unfounded; this may have been true, in some degree; but his sincerity was never doubted, and it is delightful now to recollect, that we were often guided by a mind so noble, in a cause so glorious.

When we look back and contemplate the events which have transpired in our short period of activity and bustle; short, we mean, when the growth of a nation is considered, it seems as it were a dream—a people increased from four millions to ten millions, and those, contrary to what has generally been the fate of nations, grown wiser and better as their number advanced. Thirteen chartered colonies, but little known to each other, have been supplanted by twenty-four independent republics, bound in an indissoluble union, possessing the power, energy, and celerity of action, of one great people,—and the knowledge, necessary to wield this great political machine, become familiar to all her citizens. We have not reached the ordinary length of a single reign of an European monarch, yet the gristle has become bone, the youthful muscle gained strength and hardihood, and the whole colossal body adorned with manly grace and comeliness—and politics and philosophy have been brought down to the common business of life.

Modesty allows him, who putteth off the armor, to speak of himself—yea, even to boast; but we wish not to boast, nor even to say much of ourselves, or the establishment in which we have long been senior; but the most fastidious and unfriendly, will permit us to say, and believe the assertion, that our end and intentions have been honest, and the means used, to bring them about, candid and fair—that we have never sacrificed our independence by time-serving, nor jeopardized our integrity by avarice. To name the events which have succeeded each other, or to mention the institutions, which have grown up, and flourished in our day, were to fill a volume. We wish not to do it; but they have been to us like so many mile-stones on the high-way of life—they shorten, or seem to shorten, the road we travel, and assist us, in calling to mind, what we have suffered, and what we have enjoyed.

It is hard for a politician, and especially an editor of a newspaper, to have pursued a long course, without offending some, and wounding others; but he only should be condemned, who continues in error, when he knows what is right, and persists in telling falsehoods, when he has discovered the truth.

We leave our duties as an editor, in peace with every one, feeling a conscious pride that we have never made the Gazette a vehicle of mal-

ice, or a chronicle of pitiful slanders. In truth, we ask no praise, but this, which no one, we think, will deny us, *our enmities were easily appeased, and our friendship seldom forgotten.*

In taking leave of the public, as the founder and conductor of the Boston Gazette, whose arduous, laborious, and responsible duties, are found to be incompatible with that degree of rest, and ease, which age, and long-tried services, require, he begs leave to express the warm gratitude, which still glows in his heart, for the repeated instances of kindness, friendship, and assistance, he has received from the hands of his political and personal friends. He would say more on this subject, but the paper, on which he writes, is too moist to receive the impression of his pen.

* * * * *

In surrendering the Gazette to my junior partner, the public may confidently expect that his wonted zeal and activity, will be fully exercised, in rendering it a continued vehicle of the earliest intelligence, both commercial and political, and that, in every instance, where its services are required, to aid a good cause, no selfish considerations will debar him from the prosecution of a public duty.

In taking farewell of the public, I cannot but express my acknowledgements to JAMES L. HOMER, a young gentleman, who has been long engaged in this establishment, and for several years, last past, the assiduous collector of the marine department; and in every instance, where my editorial labors, from sickness, depression of spirits, or unusual accumulation of labor, required it, has proved himself not only capable of, but most generously lent his aid in, performing those duties, expected by a reading and intelligent public.

JOHN RUSSELL.

Boston, Dec. 29, 1823.

Soon after this, Mr. Russell removed to the state of Maine, and resided there with his relatives till his death, the precise time of which I am not able to record.

Mr. Gardner had been connected with this establishment from early boyhood, and had served in the capacity of errand-boy, carrier, apprentice, and clerk. Being now the sole proprietor of the Gazette, he engaged, as editor, SAMUEL L. KNAPP, a member of the Suffolk Bar, a gentleman of acknowledged literary taste, and a fine

writer. By the union of the talents of Mr. Gardner as supervisor general of the whole concern,—of Mr. Knapp as the literary director,—of Mr. Homer as news collector, and Mr. William Beals as accountant and treasurer, it was expected that the Gazette would have a long day of prosperity, sufficient to satisfy the reasonable hopes of its proprietor. But an unlooked-for event was at hand, and the brilliant prospect was overshadowed with a misfortune, fatal to at least one of the partners. Mr. Gardner died on the nineteenth of April following. The following obituary notice, written by Mr. Knapp, contains no exaggerated representation of his character:—

Died on Thursday last, Mr. SIMON GARDNER, publisher and proprietor of the Commercial Gazette, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, sincerely lamented by all who knew him; for he had properties of mind and heart, worthy the fondest recollection. He was a dutiful son, a kind husband, a warm-hearted, generous friend. From childhood he was distinguished for industry, enterprise and integrity—he feared no labor, nor spared any pains in the discharge of his professional duties. He had an extraordinary tact for business; but even in his zeal to do much, he never assumed to know and to do what he did not understand, but looked at what he was engaged in, with a good share of that common sense, which leads to correct conclusions and successful results. He was desirous of accumulating wealth, and dwelt upon his plans with enthusiasm; but in every dream of opulency, he united some delightful scheme of benevolence and friendship. When perplexed, as he sometimes was, by stepping forward to serve an acquaintance, who afterwards failed to make good his promises, he felt grieved, and was chafed for a moment, but instantly set about framing apologies for his creditor, and would not believe that want of gratitude or honesty was the cause of disappointment. The death of such a man is a public loss—there is much taken from the stock of industrious exertion when he dies. Mr. GARDNER had just purchased out the share of his former partner, and had the control of a large printing establishment, and was conducting it successfully, when he was called to leave it, and finish his earthly labors. He was happily united to an excellent woman, whose prudence

and good sense, assisted him in carrying into effect every judicious arrangement. The ways of Providence are mysterious, for often the useless are continued, while the active, industrious and generous, who bring their talents to produce many fold for the good of the community are taken suddenly away. But it is wise, brave and pious, to meet these afflicting events with resignation, knowing that infinite wisdom directs all things for the best.

The business was conducted by Messrs. Knapp, Beals, and Homer, for and on account of the widow of Mr. Gardner, till July, 1826. The two gentlemen last named, then purchased the whole establishment. Mr. Knapp resigned the chair editorial to ALDEN BRADFORD, Esq. and bade farewell to the customers and friends of the Gazette, as follows: —

TO THE PUBLIC.

My labors as editor of this paper ceased on the transfer of the property in it from Mrs. Gardner to Messrs. Beals and Homer. I commenced my duties in assisting in conducting the Boston Commercial Gazette, January, 1824, pursuant to an engagement made with the late Mr. Simon Gardner, the proprietor and publisher of it. His lamented decease happened in a few weeks afterwards, and his widow became sole owner of the establishment; and being advised by her friends to continue it, temporary arrangements were made for that purpose. The same agents her husband had employed were continued by her to the present time.

It will hardly be necessary to add, that a property so situated, required the utmost care and circumspection to increase its value, or, in fact, to prevent a deterioration of it. This statement is made to excuse the agent, if, at any time, the patrons of the paper thought there was a want of decision and independence in the course pursued. To him who, in any measure, assists in influencing public opinion, many things of a doubtful result will present themselves, from which, supported by pure motives, and a true moral courage, he will not flinch when his own reputation or interests only are concerned, but which he ought, and must evade, when the happiness and security of another, having no participation in the responsibility, may be involved. I make these remarks not from a wish to be excused from sins of *commission* — these I have ever been ready to answer for — but in apology for sins of *omission*, in often shunning, in the best manner I could, subjects which an editor,

differently placed, should have met and discussed in an open and fearless manner. If a licentious press is a curse, a timid time-serving one is a greater. The duties of an editor are full of responsibility, both political and moral. Nothing should escape his attention, from the movements of associated nations to the petty neglects of a town corporation. He should take upon himself to watch the manners and morals of the community, and comment fearlessly, in the spirit of justice. If in the political world, he, like the prophet, deems it his duty, at the altar of freedom, to call down the fire of heaven upon the sons of Belial to consume them, it is equally his duty to return to scenes of humble life, and to bless, as far as he is able, the cruise of oil to preserve the orphan from bondage. It is much easier, I know, to tell what should be done than to do a tenth part of it; but one is certainly allowed to offer a reason for not attempting to do what might seem to have been his duty, and the public are the judges of its sufficiency. The present editor will be relieved from all such embarrassments by a union of interests and duties with the proprietors, with the intervention of other individual interests. The industry and business talents of the proprietors are well known to the public, and these are at all times the best earnest of success, for which success they have my most hearty wishes. I relinquish my duties, in conducting the journal, to my successor with great cheerfulness; and could any observation from me extend his influence, it should not be withheld—but it might savor of vanity to suppose, for a moment, that one so well known by his long public services and numerous literary productions as Mr. Bradford, could possibly be aided by any remark of one so much his junior.

SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

This was followed by a short advertisement from Messrs. Beals & Homer, giving notice that they had become the proprietors of the establishment, and assurances of their entire devotion to the service of the public, and their intention to preserve the well-established character of the Gazette. To this succeeded the salutatory of Mr. Bradford, giving an exposition of the principles, which would guide him in the discharge of the duties he had undertaken; and it runs thus:—

In addition to the remarks of the proprietors and publishers of the Gazette, the editor has only to observe, that its political character will

remain unchanged. This, since its establishment, or revival in 1798, has been FEDERAL REPUBLICAN. And by this we mean *distinctly*, that it has been the advocate of the policy of the first administration of the national government under GEORGE WASHINGTON and his associates. If it has ever been a *party* paper, it will be so no longer. We do not admit it ever was such, only in so far as it supported the measures of WASHINGTON and of his political friends. If it has pursued a straight-forward course, and that originally a correct one, the error, if there be any, is with those who have *changed*. But we are not tenacious of names; principles only are important. And these, however particular measures may vary with the varying condition of the nation or of the world, never change. The great doctrines by adhering to which, our glorious revolution was effected, our state constitution was formed and adopted, a rebellion suppressed in the heart of the Commonwealth, the Federal Compact established, and the national government administered by WASHINGTON, (and *generally* by his successors) — these doctrines must still guide and direct us as a people, in order to insure our welfare and prosperity. The first and the most essential of these truths are, that the people are the source of all political power; and that civil government is formed and supported for their sole benefit. That rulers are their agents or servants, and not their masters; and that the provisions of the Constitution, adopted by the people, are to guide and control their representatives in all their public conduct.

In these principles, we all agree, at least theoretically. And while it is alike the duty and interest of the people to support their agents in the exercise of all legitimate authority, it is the dictate of wisdom and prudence to examine their conduct, lest abuses creep in and usurpations take place, and precedents are established unfavorable to the rights and liberties of the citizens. That there is danger of such evils and abuses, the history of all other times and people abundantly proves. We have no security against them, but in the intelligence, the virtue, and the wakeful, independent inquiry of the great body of the people themselves. *A predetermined opposition to any administration is dishonorable and unjust; and can only bring disgrace on those who are engaged in it. A blind, time-serving submission to men in office is equally dishonorable, and tends to strengthen the power of the government to the injury of the governed.* In seasons of election of rulers, the most perfect freedom of inquiry, of discussion and of opinion, is justifiable, if truth and candor be observed. The voice of the majority and the provisions of the Constitution are to be respected and obeyed. But the conduct and policy of rulers are still the proper subjects of attention and examination. Nor is the cry of "opposition" to fetter the spirit of inquiry or stifle the voice of cen-

sure, either of the past or the present, if there are reasons for disapprobation. With the truly patriotic, however, this will always be done with decency and in good temper; not by personal reproaches or misrepresentations. If those *who are in power are to be supposed corrupt*, and those *who are out of power to be selfish*, in all cases, there will be no end to criminations; and, instead of uniting for the welfare and improvement of our common country, we shall but degrade and dishonor it.

Our motto will be, "principles rather than men." Constitutional maxims should be followed by all classes of citizens; and though party distinctions may not be wholly done away, they may be less strongly marked than in former times and greater union of sentiment prevail. In a free government, there will be some diversity of opinion respecting men and measures. But if a spirit of patriotism be paramount to all other considerations, we need not despair of the common weal. Rulers must be judged by their opinions and their measures; and when the people become dissatisfied with them, they must retire to private life, and those who are more patriotic or more *popular* will take their places.

We are aware that the present is an age of inquiry and improvement in philosophy, in science and in the mechanic arts. We shall endeavor to collect all the useful intelligence furnished by foreign papers, as well as those published in this country, and present it to our readers in the most concise manner. But we mean not to be too liberal in our promises. We will only give assurances of attention and industry. The character and worth of our paper will be best learnt from the matter contained in its columns from time to time. And when we can find a space not necessarily devoted to political intelligence and the passing news of the day, we shall gladly occupy it with an article on morals, theology or literature.

The present editor feels his responsibilities increased in the labors he has undertaken, by the consideration of succeeding a gentleman of talents and general information, who was able to furnish matter for the columns of the Gazette, at once interesting and amusing. If he cannot expect to equal the former editor in a flowing style and in sporting classical allusions, he will endeavor to imitate him in the candor and magnanimity of his sentiments.

Beals & Homer continued the publication of the Gazette a few years, when a new arrangement of proprietors took place. Mr. Beals sold out his interest to Joseph Palmer, and formed a partnership with Charles

G. Greene, editor and proprietor of the *Morning Post*; — a partnership, that still exists, — profitable, no doubt, to all parties concerned; for Mr. Greene is *one* of the best of editors, and Mr. Beals is *the* best financier, that has ever been connected with a newspaper.

Homer & Palmer, after carrying on the *Gazette* for a year or two, disposed of it to Adams & Hudson, who were already proprietors of the *Palladium* and the *Centinel*. In process of time, — not a long one, — the whole united stock was purchased by Nathan Hale, and thus four semi-weekly papers,* which had, for an average of more than forty years, been important, popular, and well-established organs of intelligence, — political, commercial, social, and literary, — were merged in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and became extinct.

Soon after the enlargement of the *Gazette* in 1798, it assumed quite a literary character. John Russell attracted around him a number of young men, who were ready with their pens to assist him with comments on politics, literature, the drama, &c. Of these, R. T. Paine, jun. after he relinquished the *Federal Orrery*, was one of the most constant. John Lathrop, jun. a son of the venerable pastor of the second church in Boston, and a graduate of Harvard College; — Thomas O. Selfridge, another graduate of the same institution, a man of talent, a lawyer with increasing patronage, and who gave early promise of eminence in his profession, but who was, afterwards, unhappily involved in troubles arising from an incident that clouded the brightness of his early career and infused bitterness into the ingredi-

* The *Independent Chronicle* had been previously sold to Mr. Hale, *after* its union with the *Boston Patriot*. See vol. i. p. 266.

ents of his anticipated cup of satisfaction ; — David Everett, well-known for a number of years after, as a political writer, and first editor of the *Boston Patriot* ; — these, and some others not so well known, were constant contributors, and did much to render the *Gazette* an agreeable miscellany of literature as well as political discussion.

SAMUEL L. KNAPP, who had charge of the *Gazette* while it was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, was a native of Sanbornton, N. H. and a graduate of Dartmouth college. He practised law some time in Newburyport, and represented that town in the Legislature of the commonwealth, in 1814. After the war he removed to Boston, and continued to practise in his profession. He assisted, for about a year, in the editorial department of the *New-England Galaxy*. He was a fluent and popular writer, and published several books, among which were *Biographical Sketches of eminent Lawyers*, and a *Life of Daniel Webster*. When he left the *Boston Gazette* he lived a while in New-York, and removed thence to Washington, where he continued his professional pursuits, and wrote letters for various newspapers. Declining health induced him to return to New-England. But the hand of death had laid hold of him, and soon placed him among the unnumbered millions of the departed.

ALDEN BRADFORD, who succeeded Mr. Knapp, was more devoted to politics than literature. He was a native of the "Old Colony," and graduated at Harvard college in 1786, in the class with the late Judge Parker and Mr. Timothy Bigelow. Mr. Bradford was educated for the office of a clergyman, and was ordained pastor of

a church in Maine. I have not been informed of his reasons for leaving the profession ; but, after quitting it, he was in the office of clerk of the courts in one of the counties in that part of the state. About the year 1809, he removed to Boston, and was connected with a publishing and bookselling house, till he was chosen secretary of state, an office which he filled for several years, while there was a majority of Federalists in the Legislature. Under his control the Gazette was a respectable and dignified advocate of the political doctrines which had been the creed of the federal party, before "the Era of Good Feelings," — or, in other words before the union of parties to elect Mr. Munroe to the Presidency. Mr. Bradford received, by the appointment of the Governor, the office of notary public, and held it till his death, which occurred in 1843. He had published several valuable works, of which the *Life of Rev. Dr. Mayhew*, a *History of Massachusetts*, and a *History of the Federal Administration* are the principal. He also collected, and published in an octavo volume with notes, the essays of *Novanglus* and *Massachusettsensis*, (John Adams and Jonathan Sewall) originally published in Edes & Gill's Boston Gazette, — for which his name is entitled to grateful recollection.

JOHN and JOSEPH N. RUSSELL were printers, by profession. I believe that neither ever served any regular apprenticeship, but were employed by Benjamin Russell, — who was their brother, — in the office of the Centinel, some years previous to the commencement of the Boston Price-Current and Marine Intelligencer, from which originated the fourth newspaper in Boston, with the title of the Boston Gazette.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

IN the autumn of 1795, CHARLES PRENTISS commenced the publication of the RURAL REPOSITORY, at Leominster, Mass. The first number was issued on Thursday, October 22, and was published weekly, on *crown* paper, at one dollar and fifty cents a year. In his prospectus Mr. Prentiss says, — “ It has long been a general and just complaint that too large a proportion of most of our papers has been devoted to uninteresting intelligence and political altercations — or advertisements, useful perhaps to the man of business, but no dainty to the literary epicure. In the proposed paper, from the locality of its publication, advertisements will be, in a considerable degree, avoided. Most of its pages will be filled with *original* essays, moral and humorous, biographical anecdotes, criticisms, &c. together with selected pieces, calculated to improve and embellish the mind. The multiplicity of periodical papers, and the editor’s own ‘*mediocritas ingenii*’ considered, nothing would have induced him to the trial, but a safe dependence on a number of literary friends, and his conviction that most would be willing to patronize and encourage so laudable an attempt. But if his utmost exertions are unable to preserve it from the *Syrtes* of DULLNESS and the *rocks* of DISAPPROBATION,

he requires nothing more than what they will readily grant, namely, a discontinuance of their favors."

This is rather cool and philosophical. Whether Mr. Prentiss's philosophy reconciled him to the early death of his Repository, or not, is not known to the writer; but the paper was short-lived. One cannot avoid smiling at the simplicity of a youth, fresh from college, with no experience of the many nameless expenses, that, in a printing-office, swallow up an income, promising himself success in the publication of a merely literary paper in a small country village, and seemingly resolved to exclude advertisements, — the best and surest source of profit, — even if they should be offered. But Mr. Prentiss stands not alone in the catalogue of those, who have indulged in this pleasing but fatal illusion.

In one of the earliest numbers of the Repository, Mr. Prentiss, following the example of his friend Biglow, published his will. Paine immediately transferred it to the Orrery, with an introductory note, saying — "Having, in the second number of 'Omnium Gatherum' presented to our readers the last will and testament of Charles Chatterbox, Esq. of witty memory, wherein the said Charles, now deceased, did lawfully bequeath to Ch——s Pr——s, the celebrated 'Ugly Knife,' to be by him transmitted, at his college demise, to the next succeeding candidate; * * * * and whereas the said Ch——s Pr——s, on the 21st of June last, departed his aforesaid college life, thereby leaving to the inheritance of his successor the valuable legacy, which his illustrious friend had bequeathed, as an *entailed estate*, to the poets of the university — we have thought proper to insert a full, true, and attested copy of the will of the

last deceased heir, in order that the world may be furnished with a correct genealogy of this renowned *Jack-knife*, whose pedigree will become as illustrious in after time as the family of the ‘*ROLLES*,’ and which will be celebrated by future wits as the most formidable *weapon* of modern genius.”

For reasons, which will probably be obvious to the reader, a few lines are omitted in the following copy of the article.

A WILL:

Being the last words of Ch——s Pr——s, late worthy and much lamented member of the Laughing Club of Harvard University, who departed College life on the 21st of June, 1795.

I, Pr——s Ch——s, of judgement sound,
 In soul, in limb and wind, now found;
 I, since my head is full of wit,
 And must be emptied, or must split,
 In name of *president* APOLLO,
 And other gentle folks, that follow:
 Such as URANIA and CLIO,
 To whom my fame poetic I owe;
 With the whole drove of rhyming sisters,
 For whom my heart with rapture blisters;
 Who swim in HELICON uncertain
 Whether a petticoat or shirt on,
 From vulgar ken their charms to cover,
 From every eye but *Muses' lover*;
 In name of every ugly GOD;
 Whose beauty scarce outshines a toad;
 In name of PROSERPINE and PLUTO,
 Who board in hell's sublimest grotto;
 In name of CERBERUS and FURIES,
 Those damned *aristocrats* and *tories*;
 In presence of two witnesses,
 Who are as homely as you please,
 Who are in truth, I'd not belie 'em,
 Ten times as ugly, faith, as I am;
 But being as most people tell us,

A pair of jolly, clever fellows,
 And classmates likewise, at this time,
 They shan't be honored in my rhyme.
 I—I say I, now make this will;
 Let those, whom I assign, fulfil.
 I give, grant, render and convey,
 My goods and chattels thus away;
 That *honor of a college life*,
 That celebrated UGLY KNIFE,
 Which predecessor SAWNEY* orders,
 Descending to time's utmost borders,
 To *noblest-bard of homeliest phiz*,
 To have and hold and use, as his;
 I now present C——s P——y S——r, †
 To keep with his poetic lumber,
 To scrape his quid, and make a split,
 To point his pen for sharpening wit;
 And order that he ne'er abuse
 Said ugly knife, in dirtier use,
 And let said CHARLES, that best of writers,
 In prose satiric, skilled to bite us,
 And equally in verse delight us,
 Take special care to keep it clean
 From unpoetic hands—I ween.
 And when those walls, the muses' seat,
 Said S——r is obliged to quit,
 Let some one of APOLLO's firing,
 To such heroic joys aspiring,
 Who long has borne a poet's name,
 With said knife cut his way to fame.

I give to those, that fish for parts,
 Long sleepless nights, and aching hearts,
 A little soul, a fawning spirit,
 With half a grain of plodding merit,
 Which is, as heaven I hope will say,
 Giving what's not my own away.

* William Biglow, known in college by the name of Sawney—and by which he was frequently addressed by his familiar friends in after life.

† Charles Pinckney Sumner,—afterwards a lawyer in Boston, and for many years sheriff of the county of Suffolk.

Those *oven baked* or *goose egg folded*
 Who, tho' so often I have told it,
 With all my documents to show it,
 Will scarce believe that I'm a poet,
 I give of criticism the lens
 With half an ounce of common sense.

And 'twould a breach be of humanity,
 Not to bequeath D——n* my vanity;
 For 'tis a rule direct from Heaven,
To him that hath more shall be given.

Item. Tom. M——n, † COLLEGE LION,
 Who'd ne'er spend cash enough to buy one,
 The BOANERGES of a pun,
 A man of science and of fun,
 That quite uncommon witty elf,
 Who darts his bolts and shoots himself,
 Who oft had bled beneath my jokes,
 I give my old *tobacco box*.

My *Centinels* for some years past,
 So neatly bound with thread and paste,
 Exposing Jacobinic tricks,
 I give my chum *for politics*.

My neckcloth, dirty, old, yet *strong*,
 That round my neck has lasted long,
 I give BIG BOY, for deed of pith,
 Namely, to hang himself therewith.

And ere it quite has gone to rot,
 I. B—— give my blue great coat,
 With all its rags, and dirt and tallow,
 Because he's such a dirty fellow.

Now for my books; first *Bunyan's Pilgrim*,
 (As he with thankful pleasure will grin)
 Tho' dogleaved, torn, in bad type set in,
 'Twill do quite well for classmate B——

* Theodore Dehon, afterward a clergyman of the Episcopal church, and Bishop of the diocese of South-Carolina.

† Thomas Mason, a member of the class after Prentiss, — said to be the greatest *wrestler* that was ever in College. He was settled as a clergyman, at Northfield, Mass.; resigned his office some years after, and several times represented that town in the Legislature of Massachusetts.

And thus, with complaisance to treat her,
'Twill answer for another Detur.

To him that occupies my study,
I give for use of making toddy,
A bottle full of *white face* STINGO
Another, handy, called a *mingo*.
My wit, as I've enough to spare,
And many much in want there are,
I ne'er intend to keep at *home*,
But give to those that handiest come,
Having due caution, *where* and *when*,
Never to spatter *gentlemen*.
The world's loud call I can't refuse,
The fine productions of my muse;
If *impudence* to *fame* shall waft her,
I'll give the public all, hereafter.
My love songs, sorrowful complaining,
(The recollection puts me pain in.)
The last sad groans of deep despair,
That once could all my entrails tear;
My farewell sermon to the ladies;
My satire on a woman's head dress;
My epigram so full of glee,
Pointed as epigrams should be;
My sonnets soft, and sweet as 'lasses,
My GEOGRAPHY of MOUNT PARNASSUS;
With all the bards that round it gather,
And variations of the weather;
Containing more true humorous satire,
Than 's oft the lot of human nature;
("Oh dear what can the matter be,"
I've given away my *vanity*;
The vessel can't so much contain,
It runs o'er and comes back again.)
My blank verse, poems so majestic,
My rhymes heroic, tales, agrestic:
The whole, I say, I'll overhaul 'em
Collect and publish in a volume.

My heart, which, thousand ladies crave,
That I intend my wife shall have.
I'd give my foibles to the wind,

And leave my vices all behind;
 But much I fear they 'll to me stick,
 Where'er I go thro' thin and thick.
 On WISDOM'S *horse*, oh, might I ride,
 Whose steps let PRUDENCE' bridle guide.
 Thy loudest voice, O REASON, lend,
 And thou PHILOSOPHY befriend.
 May candor all my actions guide,
 And o'er my every thought preside,
 And in thy ear O FORTUNE, one word,
 Let thy swelled canvas bear me onward,
 Thy favors let me ever see
 And I'll be much obliged to thee;
 And come with blooming visage meek,
 Come, HEALTH and ever flush my cheek;
 O, bid me in the morning rise,
 When tinges Sol the eastern skies;
 At breakfast, supper-time, or dinner,
 Let me against thee be no sinner.

And when the glass of life is run
 And I behold my setting sun,
 May conscience sound be my protection,
 And no ungrateful recollection,
 No gnawing cares nor tumbling woes
 Disturb the quiet of life's close.
 And when Death's gentle feet shall come
 To bear me to my endless home,
 Oh! may my soul, should heaven but save it,
 Safely return to GOD who gave it.

CHARLES PRENTISS was born in Reading, in the county of Middlesex, Mass., in October, 1774. He was the son of the Rev. Caleb Prentiss, the minister of that parish in Reading, which has since been incorporated as a separate town by the name of South-Reading. X He graduated at Harvard College in 1795, commenced the publication of the *Rural Repository*, in October (as before stated) and married in November of the same year. The publication of the *Repository* was

continued but a short time — I think not more than two years. Afterward, in company with a relative, John Prentiss, he published a paper in the same town, called “The Political Focus,” but this had also a brief existence. In 1798 or ’99, he went to Georgetown, in the district of Columbia, and, in partnership with A. Rind, published the “Washington Federalist.” Afterwards he published, in Baltimore, a political paper, called the “Anti-Democrat,” and edited another in the same city, called the “Child of Pallas.” This was exclusively a literary paper. In 1804, he visited England, — for what particular purpose, I have not been informed. In 1809, we find Mr. Prentiss again in Boston, and about this time he published a few numbers of a paper entitled “The Thistle,” which, if I remember aright, was devoted exclusively to dramatic criticism and reviews of theatrical performances. He was at sundry times a correspondent of John Russell’s and Russell & Cutler’s Boston Gazette. For two or three years succeeding 1810, he lived in Washington during the sessions of Congress, and reported the proceedings of that body for several newspapers, — edited a paper, called “The Independent American,” — and wrote Letters for Relf’s Philadelphia Gazette. In 1813, he wrote the Life of General Eaton, — a work, which, from the popularity of the subject, had considerable notoriety, but which is now rarely to be found in a bookseller’s shop. In 1817, and 1818, he was the editor of the Virginia Patriot, published in Richmond. At the same time he also contributed a number of articles, — critical reviews of the publications of the day, — for a Magazine, which was published in New-York by Horatio

Bigelow and Orville L. Holley. He died in Brimfield, in the county of Hampden, Mass., October 20, 1820.

This barren sketch of dates and "local habitations" exhibits a melancholy picture of the precarious emolument derived from an attempt *to live by literature alone*. Mr. Prentiss was a scholar, a good writer, a judicious critic ; he studied no profession, and relied entirely on the exercise of his pen for support — a reliance, which many, to their sorrow, have found unsafe, delusive, and ineffectual. Had Prentiss lived half a century later, he might have seen his literary offspring dressed in scarlet and gold, and died, leaving the copy-right to his heirs.

THE VILLAGE MESSENGER.

THIS paper was published at Amherst, N. H. by Biglow & Cushing, and the publication began with the year 1796. It was very neatly printed on a new type ; its general appearance being much more attractive than most of the country newspapers at that period. Its motto was, — “ Whatsoever things are pure — whatsoever things are honest.” And no sentiment could have been selected more truly indicative of the moral character of William Biglow, who was the principal, if not the sole editor, and to whose taste and talent it may be concluded the paper was indebted for its popularity ; for after he left it, it became a meagre record of the passing events of the day.

Mr. Biglow was born in Natick, in the county of Middlesex, Mass. on the twenty-second day of September, 1773. The rudiments of his education were obtained at the common school in that town. He was fitted for college by “ Old Parson Brown ” of Sherburne, in the same county, — entered Harvard College in 1790, and graduated in 1794. While in college, he was distinguished for his wit, and a peculiar talent for writing poetry of a playful and innocent character. He graduated as the second scholar in his class, though he and most of his classmates thought he should have been

placed first. After he left college, he taught a school in Lancaster, and commenced a course of study with the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer of that town,—intending to follow the profession of a clergyman. While here, he wrote “*Omnium Gatherum*,” for the Federal Orrery. To add to his “slender means” of support, while pursuing his preparatory study, he engaged in the management of the Village Messenger, and subsequently wrote for the Massachusetts Magazine, published in Boston.

I have not been able to ascertain the precise time when Mr. Biglow began to preach ; it must have been in 1799, or 1800. About this time he settled in Salem as a teacher, and had a private classical school of great celebrity, — preaching occasionally, as circumstances favored his disposition for that employment. He was frequently called upon to preach at the church in Brattle-square, Boston. He removed from Salem to Boston to take charge of the Public Latin School. This place he held several years, and a part of that time supplied the pulpit of the meeting-house in Hollis-street, after the death of the Rev. Dr. West, and previous to the settlement of the Rev. Horace Holley. Several of his pupils at the Boston Latin School are living to testify to his worth. Among these are the Hon. Edward Everett, Rev. N. L. Frothingham, Charles P. Curtis, Esq. and Dr. Edward Reynolds. A propensity to convivial indulgences, — first acquired, no doubt, at college, — brought on infirm health, which compelled him to leave the school, and retire to his native village. He passed some time in Maine, keeping school and writing for newspapers, but Natick was his home, and there he always found a refuge when pursued by poverty and sickness. He was accus-

tomed to walk to Boston — sometimes to ride with people who followed the marketing business, — and spend a day or two in the newspaper printing-offices, write poetry for his friends the editors, and then return to his rural retreat. The latter part of his life he passed chiefly at Cambridge, where he was employed as a proof-reader at the University printing-office. This was an employment suited to his age and his taste. He was often heard to say, — “I have tried hard to correct my own errors, but not always so successfully as I can correct the errors of others.”

While he was engaged in school-keeping, Mr. Biglow published several books for the use of pupils preparing for a collegiate education, which were approved and much used. In 1830, he published a History of Natick, and afterwards a History of Sherburne. But it is by his poetical pieces of wit and humor that he will be most delightfully remembered. In 1844, he was engaged in proof-reading at a printing establishment in Boston, which had then just been removed from Cambridge. On the morning of January 10, he was seized with an apoplexy, and lingered until the evening of the 12th, when he died. His remains were interred at Natick.

Whatever were the errors of Mr. Biglow's early years, they involved no dereliction from honesty and truth. Social indulgence in youth grew into a habit, which was the bane of life in subsequent years ; — a habit, which it was hard to conquer, but which he did conquer, though at a period when physical vigor was prostrated, and mental energy enfeebled, and the “genial current of the soul” not frozen, but humbled under a painful sense of errors, which no regret could relieve, and the conse-

quences of short-comings in duty, which no repentance could fully repair. A friend, who, I believe was once his pupil, wrote the following character of Mr. Biglow, — to the truth of which I give my personal testimony, — which was published in the *Boston Courier* a few days after his death : —

. . . . He was in the first place a scholar, “and a ripe and good one,” possessed of a mind, which mastered much with apparently but small effort, imbued deeply with the fine elegance of classical literature, and possessed beside of an attic wit, which was the perpetual delight of his friends — a wit “that loved to play not wound.” Had his mind been disciplined or enured to any thing more than desultory or occasional effort, he might have done much more. As it was, every thing that he wrote, and at various times published showed great power. His sermons were serious and devout, and distinguished by strong sense. He compiled several reading books for children, which gained him high reputation, and an excellent Latin Reader. He was, however, most known for his poetry — full of good humor, knowledge of character, a ready and original style of wit, and occasional pathos, which came over the soul with a stronger influence, because it came from a heart rich with all the sympathies of a most kind and generous spirit.

After all that can be said in praise of his mental attainments, or the strength which gave them birth, it is still on the qualities of the heart which his friends must now dwell with the most delight. He carried through life that true test of real talent, simplicity and buoyancy of feeling, which did not dread degradation from the company of children — which loved to lay itself open to their often acute examination ; a heart favorable to all the influences of nature and of truth. My first remembrance of him is as a sort of commander of a military corps, composed of his scholars in Salem, which he called the *Trojan Band* ; and the untiring assiduity and kindness with which he marched and counter-marched this miniature company, first made me love him. From this time, for forty years I scarcely saw him. In the retirement of Natick, it was my fortune once again to meet him during the last summer, his health evidently somewhat impaired by time, but his spirits still elastic and playful, almost as in the days of infancy. Playful indeed ; but still, ever and anon through its play would glance the influence of a spirit somewhat saddened by misfortune and time, but still open to all good influences, with no shade of misanthropy or discontent

to sully its purity, which still proved its communion with heaven, by loving all that was worthy of its love on earth. I have spoken of his intemperance, because he himself would not have wished it corrected. He was, indeed, very far from boasting of his recovery from it, and still farther from calling public attention to it, or making it a source of profit by lectures. He knew, indeed, that those who knew him must have felt the evils of intemperance, with a force stronger than any words could utter. He was loved by all; with a strong mind, and perhaps somewhat proud by nature, distinguished by his attainments, known but not feared for his wit. What such a being might have been, had his mind been tasked to it, all could see. The comparative obscurity of his later days, must have pained him; but if so, the pain did not make him harsh or unkind, and the consequences of his improper indulgence, though so nobly redeemed, would "still make themselves felt with utterance."

He was, indeed, a true-hearted and most kind man. It was delightful to meet with him during the last summer, relieved for a few weeks from the drudgery of his daily avocation, surrounded by his friends, and to recall with him the traditions of such a place as Natick; to stand with him under the oak from which the Apostolic Eliot called the wild Indian to repentance and to Christ; to wander forth through the deep shades, and the still pastures, tracing the dwelling places of those sons of the forest, or kneeling over the grey stones which marked their last resting places on earth. Here, too, he recalled to me the memories of the loved and lost, whom we had known in early life; and here, too, he spoke of one whose soul was even then stretching her wings for immortal flight.

Of Biglow's poetical performances while in college, that, which gave him the greatest notoriety, was an imitation of the old English Song, — "Heathen Mythology," — written for a convivial meeting of his class. He was surprized, a few months after, to see it with some variations, in the *Columbian Centinel*, introduced by the following note to the editor: —

MR. RUSSELL, — The votaries of the Semelian god have been generally celebrated rather for the Epicurean conviviality, than the Horatian acumen of their festive carols. The following, we think, is an honorable exception; still, it is unfortunate for the poet, that the nature of the subject involves him in a degree of obscurity, which renders him

less pleasing to those, who are removed from the sphere of locality and anecdote. But, thus much may with propriety be observed, that the phiz-hitting pencil of Hogarth could not portray the features of this academical group with a more striking justness of coloring than this Bacchanalian muse has described them.

The publication of this piece caused an attack upon its author, which was published in the *Mercury*, and this produced a retort from Biglow, which may be found in the *Centinel*, under the title of "Assology, inscribed to the well beloved 'Squire Laureat Tobey." Biglow had been familiarly called by his class "Sawney," and in this retort on his antagonist, he adopted the signature, "'Squire Sawney." 'Squire Tobey came out in the next *Centinel* with a rejoinder, the bitterness of which was paralleled only by its vulgarity. Biglow rather laughed at the ill-nature of his opponent, and took no further notice of his spiteful ebullitions, than to publish the following : —

'SQUIRE SAWNEY TO 'SQUIRE TOBEY.

The scurrilous dirt you have kicked up at me,
To the public demonstrates you are nettled to see

A figure so true in "Assology glass ;"

"Where a coat fits," the say is, "there let it be worn ;"

Where the ass's skin suits, by the same be it borne ;

So farewell to squibbing — bray on, Mr. Ass.

This "imitation" was frequently reprinted, under the title of "Junior-Classology." In 1843, the author himself had it printed for distribution among his college friends. This edition of it, with his introductory notice, is here given : —

The following Anacreontic was written in Harvard University, in the Autumn of A. D. 1793, for the amusement of the class whose names it bears, and of their cotemporaries. It soon found its way into a newspaper, and extended the amusement beyond the walls of college. It is

now reprinted at the particular solicitation of many—some of whom are mentioned by name in the production. The last stanza in this edition was added by the author, A. D. 1842.

CLASSOLOGY.

Songs of scholars in reveling roundelays,
Belched out with hickups at bacchanal go,
Bellowed, till heaven's high concave rebound the lays,
Are all for college carousals too low.
Of dullness quite tired, with merriment fired,
And fully inspired with amity's glow,
With hate-drowning wine, boys, and punch all divine, boys,
The Juniors combine, boys, in friendly HIGH GO.

ABBOTT, contemplative, never refusèd
From silence to rise and with humor be blest,
And AINSWORTH awhile from his books was amusèd,
And both in good spirits conjoined with the rest.
Then modest TIM ALDEN came eager, when called in,
Without being hauled in by Arabic's foe,
Witty GEORGE APPLETON, high-blooded ATHERTON,
Rigadoon ATKINSON joined the HIGH GO.

Then *little high* Sawney, called BIGLOW, appeared in view,
Mid the full chorus distending his lungs,
And BOWERS, sage president, whom Jove continue
With pleasure ecstastic to rant at our BUNGS.
Here too I might tell how TOM BOWMAN, hale fellow,
Did blubber and bellow, but won't stoop so low,
While BRAMAN *split-razor* the Plutus of pleasure,
Exhausted his treasure to enrich the HIGH GO.

With long pipe well filled Master BROOKS was here seated,
And looked, like himself, a true good-natured soul;
But the charge of all charges to BROWN was committed,
To mix with discretion the nectareous bowl.
Then jovial CHANNING, fired merriment fanning,
Was never for ganging, while liquor should flow,
And CROSBY, the blood, would be doomed if he would
Sneak away, if he could, and not join the HIGH GO.

Buck CUSHING, who ne'er to high fellow knocked under,
Full widely awake now engaged with the throng,
And all-eating, omnimouthed, all-smiling DUNBAR
Deep base loudly thundered to mirth-sounding song.

Nor did EMERSON lag, of his beauty to brag,
 But with calm *Coggy* FLAGG, boys, himself he did show;
 Fat FLINT was scarce able to clear the sixth table,
 Ere with the pleased rabble he met in HIGH GO.

Next GEYER, eldest author, though youngest in years, came,
 And blew the high flame of high jollity higher,
 And HOWE, loudly welcomed with three sounding cheers, came,
 And JACKSON, the orator, joined the glad choir.
 Then KENDALL from high metaphysical sky
 Condescended to fly on a visit below;
 From Pike's learned page came McKEAN in glad rage
 The full vessels to gauge and to bless the HIGH GO.

Grave OLDS next the steady *puellarum magister*,
 And placid PEABODY commixed with the rest,
 And PERKINS, of mirth and good cheer brave assister,
 With his doctorship's presence the rapture increased,
 And STEARNS, the new-comer, left Euclid and Homer
 And joined with the former, while TRASK, the new beau,
 Drest out alamode, with uneasiness glowed,
 Till himself he had showed in the midst of HIGH GO.

HALL TUFTS the *Monsieur* came, with burlesque French phrases,
Bon sketer, ji nesse pa, en verité;
 Young poet WHIPPLE, high mounted on Pegasus,
 Galloped full speed to the loud "Hark away."
 Then wine, sweetest treasure, and punch without measure,
 Blythe parent of pleasure, the waiters bestow,
 Wherewith infused and, faith, almost booized,
 This song I producèd in praise of HIGH GO.

Come on, merry lads, toss the bumper and bowl round,
 Throw follies and quarrels of schoolboys away;
 Let malice no longer becloud the glad soul round,
 But friendship enlighten with heavenly ray.
 With hearty compliance we'll form an alliance,
 And bid bold defiance to sorrow and woe;
 We'll ne'er be afraid, boys, though tutors parade, boys,
 Here's health to the blade, boys, who loves a HIGH GO.

In the midst of the row Senior PIERCE was invited
 In mirth and in song with the Juniors to join;
 He gladly complied — but was awfully frightened
 At sight, on the tables, of punch and of wine.

“ O murder and slaughter ! ” he cried out in torture,
 “ Bring, bring me cold water, and I ’ ll not be slow ;
 Place water the nighest, — I ’ ll drink with the driest,
 And soon be the highest in all the HIGH GO.”

The senior, mentioned in the last stanza, was the late Rev. John Pierce, of Brookline, an advocate of temperance from his earliest years. His whole life was a practical evidence of the sincerity and utility of his principles.

The following Anacreontic was written the next year, 1793, and was handed down from year to year, and from class to class, and sung at festive entertainments, for a long succession of years. Probably the “ temperance reform ” has banished it from the college rooms, and substituted something more congenial to the fashion of the age : —

THE BUMPER OF WINE.

A New Song, calculated for the meridian of North Entry, [Famous for “ High Fellows,”] Hollis Hall, in Harvard University; but will serve without any sensible error for our Colleges throughout the United States.

Ye lovers of liquor, of friendship, and joy,
 Let Greek and let Latin no longer annoy ;
 Dull epics of Homer and Virgil resign ;
 Our song is in praise of *a bumper of wine.*

The deep metaphysics serve only to show
 How little their studious votaries know ;
 We ask not if matter and spirit can join, —
 We find them unite in *a bumper of wine.*

For Pike and for Euclid not one of us cares ;
 Farewell to their angles, lines, circles and squares ;
 Plain nature will teach us to form a curve line,
 Or a circle of friends, round *a bumper of wine.*

Let Enfield investigate physical laws, —
 For every phenomenon guess at the cause ;
 Suffice it for us, that the fruit of the vine,
 When pressed, will produce us *a bumper of wine.*

Physicians may swear to secure us in health,
 They care for no more than a gripe at our wealth;
 Emetics and opiates they may enjoin,
 But these are contained in *a bumper of wine*.

Our good-natured revels no contention shall draw
 Around the drear mazes of labyrinth law;
 On quarrels let lawyers and judges refine,
 But we'll drown all ours in *a bumper of wine*.

May bards ne'er be wanting to furnish a song,
 To make life draw easy and smoothly along;
 Yet these need no longer invoke the coy Nine,
 For Helicon's fount is *a bumper of wine*.

Here's a bumper to ours and plain honesty's friend,
 May health and contentment for ever attend,
 And let him be lawyer, physician, divine,
 May he ne'er want a friend, nor *a bumper of wine!*

While he was editor of the Village Messenger, Biglow wrote a number of articles, — much in the style, which Noah Webster had rendered popular by his essays, called The Prompter, — taking for a motto or text, some passage of scripture, of which the following is a sample: —

“Ye blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.”

There are many of these blind guides, even in these days of wisdom and refinement — many more than will either own or believe themselves of this description.

I know one Dick Instability, who is ever crying down novels, when in company with the ladies, as though it wounded his conscience to have such vile productions perused; and yet I have seen this same Dick at the loo table as late as twelve at night, with as much brandy in his head as he could carry, and more than he ought to carry. The truth is he *strains at a gnat and swallows a camel*.

There is old Moses Moneycatcher would sooner have the plague brought into his house, than a pack of cards, even for his children to take a sober game of whist. Yet it is not a week since I found him exulting in his good luck at a shooting-match, where he had gained three turkeys for a quarter of a dollar. The man is certainly *a blind guide, who strains at a gnat and swallows a camel*.

When a young lady hides her face behind her fan at a double *entendre*, even where none was meant, and afterwards sits up all night to read Tom Jones or Tristram Shandy, she most assuredly *strains at a gnat and swallows a camel*.

Our good country people, who most conscientiously avoid an oath; but will *sniggers*, *swampit*, and *fags*, and give the devil a thousand nicknames, and affirm *by the living jingo*, by *George*, &c. do not consider that these are substituted for the most awful oaths, and that, in addition to the wickedness of them, they are most abominably silly. Persons of this description *strain at a gnat and swallow a camel*.

After he left the Messenger, Biglow sent a number of articles to his friend Dennie, for publication in the Farmer's Museum, which, as they were "composed of a farrago of materials, intended to effectuate the destruction of those enemies of mankind, spleen, immorality, and irreligion," he proposed to call "*OLIO*." The following is the first number: —

EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

In ballads first I spent my boyish time;
At college, next, I soared in doggerel rhyme;
Then of a school the master and adorer,
I scribbled verses for a Poet's Corner.
But when, ere while, I strove, with *slender means*,
Newspapers to edit, and Magazines;
The public frowned, and warned me, at my peril,
To drop the pen, and reassume the *ferule*.

.
And now, enchanting poetry, adieu!
Thy syren charms no longer I pursue.
Past are those days of indolence and joy,
When tender parents nursed their darling boy,
In Harvard's walls maintained me many a year,
Nor let one dun discordant grate my ear.
For love of thee I quitted love of gold,
My Pike neglected and my Euclid sold;
On fancy's wings from Poverty upborne,
Saw not my coat was patched, my stockings torn;
With childish creep approached Pieria's springs,
Nor, when a man, could *put off childish things*.

Still by some *ignis fatuus* led astray,
 I've wandered on through many a dismal way :
 Have seen my golden prospects eud in dross ;
 Fought for a myrtle crown, and gained a cross.
 Too proud to court the little or the great,
 Thy votaries never rise in church nor state ;
 Not all thy power from bailiffs can secure,
 Nor coax our wary fair to "marry poor."
 Farewell ! On others inspiration flash,
 Give them eternal fame — but give me cash.

Adieu, thou busy world ! I quit thy cares ;
 Thy luring smiles I've viewed, and found them snares ;
 Thy towering hopes pursued, and found them vain ;
 Thy pleasures tasted, and have found them pain ;
 Far other objects, now, my heart shall bind
 With sacred truths to store my youthful mind,
 The lessons learn, by godlike reason given,
 And trace religion's path, which leads to heaven.

CHARLES CHATTERBOX.

The following was probably written while he was engaged for the *Massachusetts Magazine* : —

RECEIPT TO MAKE A MAGAZINE.

A plate, of art and meaning void,
 To explain it a whole page employed :
 Two tales prolonged of maids deluded ;
 Two more begun, and one concluded ;
 Life of a fool to fortune risen ;
 The death of a starved bard in prison ;
 On woman, beauty-spot of nature,
 A panegyric and a satire ;
 Cook's voyages, in continuation ;
 On taste a tasteless dissertation ;
 Description of two fowls aquatic :
 A list of ladies, enigmatic ;
 A story *true* from French translated,
 Which, with a *lie*, might well be mated ;

A mangled slice of English history ;
 Essays on miracles and mystery ;
 An unknown character attacked,
 In story founded upon fact :
 Advice to jilts, coquets, and prudes :
 And thus the pompous Prose concludes.

For Poetry — a birth-day ode ;
 A fable of the mouse and toad ;
 A modest wish for a kind wife,
 And all the other joys of life ;
 A song, descriptive of the season ;
 A poem, free from rhyme and reason :
 A drunken song, to banish care ;
 A simple sonnet to despair ;
 Some stanzas on a bridal bed ;
 An epitaph on Shock, just dead ;
 A pointless epigram on censure ;
 An imitation of old Spenser ;
 A dull acrostic and a rebus ;
 A blustering monody to Phœbus ;
 The country 'gainst the town defended ;
 And thus the Poetry is ended.

Next, from the public prints, display
 The news and lyings of the day ;
 Paint bloody Mars & Co. surrounded
 By thousands slain, ten thousand wounded :
 Steer your sly politics between
 The Aristocrat and Jacobin ;
 Then end the whole, both prose and rhyme, in
 The ravages of Death and Hymen.

I will add but one more specimen of Mr. Biglow's off-hand poetical productions. It is a New Year's Address, written for the Carriers of the New-England Galaxy, January 1, 1826. As will be perceived, it is written after the manner (it cannot be called a parody, nor an imitation) of an old English song, called "The Prophets." This form I recommended to him, and the poem was finished the day after it was ordered : —

FEAST OF THE EDITORS.

Nil ego protulerim jucundo sanus amico. — Hor. Sat.

Last night, 'tis reported, our Editors met
In the Hall of the News-room, their whistles to wet,
Determined like friends of good *metal* and cheer,
To drink out the old and drink in the new year.

The meeting to *form*, they at once all agreed,
And then to their business in order proceed;
But first it was voted, their glee to prolong,
Each should tell a good story, or sing a new song.

Mr. Senator RUSSELL was called to the Chair,
And he soon dispensed mirth and maccoboy there;
The meeting he thanked for his lofty promotion,
And chanted his song with heart-felt devotion.

TUNE. — *Miss Bailey.*

I am an older editor, than any on the stand, sirs;
Legitimacy I'll maintain in this, and every land, sirs;
Our rulers here we always choose, all by the people's voice, sirs;
If others like another mode, pray let them take their choice, sirs.
Legitimate Adams! Fortunate Adams!

He is our lawful President, then wherefore make a noise, sirs.

The *Centinel*, for many years, upon the watch has stood, sirs;
And still shall stand firm at its post, to guard the public good, sirs;
And while for faction's wounds it aims to find effectual healings,
It shall proclaim the Union's laws, to regulate your dealings!

O the Centinel! The watchful Centinel,
Long as *it* lasts, shall celebrate the era of good feelings.

Brother KNAPP then arose, mid the good-humored set,
To do what he could for the widow's *Gazette* ;*
But he thought that he best might succeed in a story,
Since he ne'er in his skill, as a singer, could glory.

But 'twas voted, *nem. con.* that they all would excuse
The defects of his wind and his music and muse:
He confessed that his stories were apt to be long,
Yet he looked rather *black*, as he chanted his song.

TUNE. — *We'll aprons put on.*

The *Commercial Gazette* shall never forget
The duties we owe to the nation;
And though we may *nap*, we will dream in the trap
Of no faction to suffer starvation.

* See Knapp's Valedictory, p. 260.

When Adams was named for the office he claimed
 By the greedy for loaves and for fishes,
 'Tis true, we began by abusing the *Man*, —
 But the *President* has our best wishes.

The song was scarce finished when GREENE,* in a rage
 For himself and his partner, was prompt to engage;
 And he threw a stout look of defiance among
 All the brothers and bottles around, as he sung.

TUNE. — *Battle of the kegs.*

Oh! ye may grin and laugh who win,
 And at your triumph chuckle;
 The *Statesman* will be saucy still,
 And ne'er to Adams knuckle.

Ay, lowly bow in worship now
 Before the rising sun, sirs;
 Let come what may, ye ne'er shall say
 We strike at the first gun, sirs.

Now by the powers! this land of ours
 Its name for freedom loses,
 When such a man as Adams can
 Pluck all our beards and noses!

Crawford, we're told, was begged to hold
 The purse-strings of the nation;
 But * * * * *

Much more had he sung, but the chairman seemed vext
 And told YOUNG and MINNS 'twas their turn to sing next;
 They winked at each other, and fashioned their strain
 To promote, in the meeting, good humor again.

TUNE. — *Jolly Millers.*

In titbit paragraphs we tell the news of every sort;
 And, like Procrustes with his bed, we dock long tales to short:
 For sects and parties 'tis our aim to make but little fuss;
 And if we care not for the world, — the world cares not for us.

The chairman then nodded to classical HALE,
 Who regretted the dignified *Daily* should fail;
 But to make his apology took him so long,
 'Twas voted a story, and saved him his song!

Next, FESSENDEN rose, with 'a round face and body,'
 Declaring, although it might seem very odd, he

* Nathaniel Greene, editor of the *Statesman*.

Could not, for the life of him, give them a song,
Unless he should make it as he went along.

TUNE. — *O dear ! what can the matter be ?*

Since I have turned *Farmer*, if one of the muses
I woo to my service, the coy jade refuses,
And old friend Apollo my corn-field abuses !

“Non sum qualis eram.”

O dear ! what can the matter be ?

Since dairies began to succor and spatter me,
The nymphs of Parnassus are deaf to my flattery, —
So fine me a *hot-toddy* dram.

His finger the chairman then pointed ☞ to CLAPP,
Who snored o'er the *Evening Gazette*, in a nap ;
He said he ne'er sung, but in notes most sonorous
He *hummed* a brisk tune, and all joined in the chorus.

TUNE. — *Saturday night still comes.*

The next, that came forward, were BALLARD and WRIGHT,
Both cleaning their throttles and bowing polite ;
But they feared they should ‘buy no opinions of gold,’
As one seldom sung, t'other had a bad cold.

TUNE. — *Yankee Doodle.*

The *Chronicle* from able hands,
Ye know to us came down, sirs ;
And still its credit firmly stands,
In country and in town, sirs.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up —
We stick to the old-school, sirs ;
So here's for liberty ! a cup,
And may the people rule, sirs.

The only learning freemen need
Is democratic knowledge,
And while they can the *Patriot* read
A fig for Harvard College !
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, &c.

In vain for power the tories try,
And all their virtues mention ;
We stop their mouths, whene'er we cry
The watchword of *Convention* !
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, &c.

The chairman then called upon HALLOCK and WILLIS,
Whose *Recorder* has long been a *warning*, and still is !
And this is the Hymn, they with emphasis thundered,
By a few others joined, to the tune of Old Hundred.

HYMN.

Great Calvin ! with humility
 We dedicate our Press to thee ;
 Oh ! may it bid thy doctrines roll
 From sea to sea, from pole to pole.

By " awful warning " we would keep
 Within the fold thy straying sheep !
 And we would guard the orthodox
 From anti-christian wiles and knocks !

Then BADGER and PORTER,* all *booted* and *spurred*,
 Like Castor and Pollux, sprung forth at a word ;
 Though *jaded* with *speed* and *high-pressure*, they swore
 They would *whistle* an air, but could do nothing more.

TUNE. — *Wayworn Traveller.*

With an air then arose great Brother Ballou, †
 As much as to say, ' Sirs, who but I, who ? '
 And he thought that his doctrines were so *Universal-*
Ly known, that they hardly required a rehearsal.

TUNE. — *Peas upon a trencher.*

My lads it is all folly
 To yield to melancholy ;
 For there 's no hell,
 But where we dwell,
 Then wherefore not be jolly ?
 Mankind are all mistaken,
 Who think the vile forsaken ;
 For though we stray
 From Virtue's way,
 We still shall save our bacon !

The chairman next called upon good Dr. COTTON, ‡
 Whose *Medical* paper could not be forgotten ;
 He preluded his dirge in a bumper of water,
 And beat his own time with a pestle and mortar.

TUNE. — *Pleyel's Hymn.*

The life of man 's a life of wo !
 We live to die, — to die we grow ;
 To-day we laugh, to-day we cry,
 To-morrow take a cold and die !

Whate'er the doctors say or think,
 There 's death in all we eat and drink,

* Editors of the American Traveller.

† Rev. H. Ballou, editor of a Universalist paper.

‡ John Cotton, publisher of the Medical and Surgical Journal.

Death, in each pill-box they have got,
Death, even in this pewter pot !

Oh ! when will quacks their arts throw by,
And men, *secundum artem*, die ?
How long must we be dosed with jugs
And gallipots of Conway's drugs ?

Should I while singing, not avoid
To trill with "process condyloid"
At edge of "glenoid cavity,"
My jaws would break thus — eh ! — eh ! — eh !

When a story or song was demanded from REED,*
He modestly doubted how he might succeed ;
But still he was willing to sing with his brothers,
And hoped for that candor, which he showed to others.

TUNE. — *St. Helen's.*

On others' faith we'll not intrude,
Nor with their practice be too rude,
Whate'er their creeds, or ours, may be ;
While in our hearts we feel the flame
Of love and charity, a name
Can never make us disagree.

Then BUCKINGHAM stood half-erect in his place,
With a reprobate leer on his sanctified face ;
He said not a word, but his looks seemed to say,
I will sing my own ditty, and in my own way.

TUNE. — *Adams and Liberty.*

The rights of the Press let us firmly maintain,
Though foes should deride and friends should forsake us ;
Neither favor nor fear shall our freedom restrain,
For if patrons will pay, the banks cannot break us.

Let Noah ne'er hint,
With a villanous squint,
That a Yankee dares think what he dares not to print ;
Though libels *are* libels because they are true,
We care not, and, ———, there's no danger for you.

The chairman here bolted a deep pinch of snuff,
And cried, "By Apollo ! we've heard songs enough !
For the clocks to *strike small ones* already begin,
So the Old Year is out, and the New Year is in."

Then all having pledged, "Long life and success
To the friends of a free and a liberal Press" —
Three bumpers ! — three cheers ! — in good humor they parted,
And each for his dwelling, well-satisfied, started.

* David Reed, publisher of the *Christian Register*.



AND

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

THE publication of a daily paper with this title was begun in Boston, October 6, 1796. The imprint stated that it was printed by ALEXANDER MARTIN for the proprietors, but no proprietors' names are mentioned. The editor was JOHN BURK, a fugitive from Ireland, where he had exposed himself to the vindictive power of the government, by his connection with James, Napper Tandy, and others of the band, called United Irishmen. The first few numbers were on a crown sheet. It was then enlarged, and printed on demy; and, in about six weeks, appeared on a sheet of royal size. This, I believe, was the first attempt to establish a daily paper in Boston. The editor's opening address,—and, in fact, all his editorials,—indicate that he was master of a fervid style, and wrote with feelings intensely opposed to every thing that was hostile to the liberty of speech

and the press. After expressing his gratitude for the patronage his paper had received in advance, and desecanting on the advantages of a daily paper, he proceeded to say : —

This, *Fellow-Citizens!* is a proof of the advantages arising from a daily publication. I call you FELLOW-CITIZENS! for I too am a citizen of these states. From the moment a stranger puts his foot on the soil of America, his fetters are rent in pieces, and the scales of servitude, which he had contracted under European tyrannies, fall off; he becomes a FREE MAN; and though civil regulations may refuse him the immediate exercise of his rights, he is *virtually* a citizen. He sees a moral, intrepid, and enlightened community ranged under the banners of equality and justice; and, by the natural sympathy, that subsists between the mind and every thing that is amiable, he finds his affections irresistibly attracted; he resigns his prejudices on the threshold of the temple of liberty; they are melted down in the great crucible of public opinion. This I take to be the way in which all strangers are affected when they enter these states; that I am so, will be little doubted, when it is known how much I am indebted to their munificence and liberality. I shall give better proofs of it than words — there is nothing that I would not resign for your service, but what there is little fear I shall be ever called on to surrender, — my GRATITUDE and LOVE of LIBERTY.

The election of a successor to President Washington was a subject of great interest at that time. With more modesty than was exhibited by some foreigners, who had the control of presses in New-York and Philadelphia, Burk refrained from the use of vulgar epithets and personalities. In his second paper he said : —

Of the election of President we shall say nothing. We have promised impartiality — we will keep our word. From an attachment to public liberty, we hope the future President may be as good a republican as Washington. Never has that venerable patriot been known to utter a sentiment favorable to royalty. The simile of the sublime Longinus may be applied to his resignation; he appears like the sun in his evening declination; though it loses its splendor, it retains its magnitude, and pleases more though it shines less.

People of America! with this great example of genius and patriotism before your eyes, you will be without excuse if you err. Let the man of your choice be a man of talent, information, integrity, and republican modesty; a lover not only of your constitution but of liberty in general. He ought to be a friend of the revolutions of Holland and of France; he ought to be a hater of monarchy, not only on account of the danger, but the absurdity of it; he ought not to be willing to divide the people by any distinctions. Americans should have but one denomination, — **THE PEOPLE.**

Burk's feelings were naturally strong against the British government, and perhaps almost as naturally in favor of France. "**FRANCE** (he said) goes on in the uninterrupted career of victory. On one side she is employed in regenerating the degenerate sons of the old Romans. In Germany she trails the Austrian eagle in the dust, while the eye of the Directory, like that of Alexander, is thrown with anxiety for worlds to conquer. **ENGLAND**, under the iron sway of a profligate administration, exhibits the melancholy example to nations of the dangers resulting from the too great security in the people. She fights like a desperate gamester, doubling stakes as she loses. The game is almost run. The people are generous, brave, honest, and unsuspecting; when they open their eyes, the delusion vanishes."

Burk's impartiality, — at least so far as foreign politics were involved in controversy, — is fairly illustrated by what follows : —

The republic of America was scarcely ever placed in so critical a political situation as at this moment — her commerce on one side invaded by a Machiavelian government, which in defiance of the most solemn treaties, continues to take their vessels and impress their seamen; — on the other side, menaced by a people, who, from the nature of their government, ought to be, and we hope still are, the friends of America, but who conceive themselves injured and insulted by the treaty with England; we hope and believe that the men, who voted for and against this treaty, are alike friendly to the constitution of Amer-

ica and the liberties of mankind; and we abhor that gloomy and monastic system of politics, which condemns to the Inquisition and Bastille those, who happen to differ in opinion. The Polar Star, like a stern and impartial tribunal of criticism, shall be open to the *reasoning* on both sides; but it will hear only REASONING. It will curb the spirit of faction; silence the clamors of revenge; and heal the wounds of the unfortunate, who have been, or shall be, under the delusion of error.

In the paper succeeding that, in which the preceding extract appeared, after half a column of prudent and judicious remarks, upon the neutrality and impartiality of the Star, he says, "Two compositions were sent to the office for insertion: the one 'A FEDERALIST,' the other a 'PATRIOT OF '76.' Both were party pieces. Both were violent. We excluded both." He states that the authors took umbrage at the neglect, and sent impudent letters, one calling him a *royalist* and the other a *Jacobin*. He says, — "*Both lie*. One threatens to attack the editor in the Chronicle: the other means he shall be banded about in the Centinel. . . . We probably have done them a service by refusing them a place in our paper, as they were grossly and shamefully deficient in *orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody*. Their behavior appears to us the surest proof of the Star's impartiality."

In some of the early numbers of the Star, Burk published an account of his trial and defence before the Board of the University of Dublin, on a charge of Deism and Republicanism. The writings, which were the cause of this charge, were published in the Dublin Evening Post, a paper of great reputation, which strongly advocated the cause of the People against the Crown. The agents of the government discovered that he was the author of the pieces, and used their influence with

the Board to remove him from the university, and he was, consequently, expelled.

The Polar Star and its editor were not treated with any superfluous degree of courtesy by their Boston cotemporaries. Whether this was owing to jealousy of its engrossing the public favor, or dislike to the intrusion of a foreigner into the pale of American editorship, — or from some other cause, is not known. From some of its editorials, it appears that it was attacked by the Chronicle, Centinel, and Mercury. In the course of a few weeks the editor published several articles, addressed “To the editors of the several newspapers in Boston,” concerning “the vices that existed in newspaper establishments.” He said “the period of election is ushered in by bickerings, by personalities, by squabbles and scurrilities, by feuds, by heart-burnings and heart-scaldings, by animosity, by contentions and quarrels, which reflect a disgrace on the amiable character of Liberty, and are unworthy the literary advocates of a free people.” Perhaps his neighbors did not relish this rebuke (doubtless a very wholesome one) from one, who had just left his native country to escape the consequences of too much freedom of speech. There is nothing, however, in the editorial columns of the Star, which merits a similar rebuke.

Like many other editors, — some not unknown at the present day, — the publishers of the Star boasted, frequently, of the great amount of public patronage bestowed on their labors. This may, some times, be a successful finesse to procure support, but it is rather a dangerous, and hardly an honorable, experiment. The Star of October 25 said, — “The Polar Star has gained

by its impartiality, in fourteen days, two hundred and thirteen new subscribers. It has lost two, because it supported the federal constitution, and did not *rave* in favor of the ridiculous and absurd establishments of royalty and aristocracy; and it has lost one, because, to use the *philosopher's* own elegant language, it is a *milk-and-water* paper, wants tone, and does not flatter one party more than the other. Majority for the *Star* two hundred and ten." In another paragraph it is said, — "A great *philosopher*, who inherits the science of Newton, the humanity of Rousseau, and the reasoning powers of Locke, was asked by a gentleman to subscribe for the *Star*, and refused, *because the editor was an Irishman.*"

Burk was evidently chagrined at the silence of the Boston press in regard to him and his paper. Two months after its first appearance, he said, — "Whenever a new paper makes its appearance in Europe, the established papers make honorable mention of their infant brother. They have at least the liberality to say, *Such a paper made its appearance on such a day, of such a month, of such a year.* But the sublime sages and politicians who compile the Boston papers, scorn to imitate such vulgar liberality; they preserve the most profound and edifying silence on such occasions. If the parents of the *Star* had not been careful to register its birth regularly, and according to the rules of the church, in the Temple of Liberty, before its godfathers and mothers, the people, it might have died, and its existence been forgotten, before these statesmen would have deigned to notice the *existence* of such a *reptile.*"

Encouraged by prospects of success, and, probably, by promises of assistance, the proprietors of the *Star*

proposed to publish a semi-weekly paper, in connection with their daily publication, to be entitled "The Columbian Citizen; a Gazette for the Continent," but the project was never executed. Notwithstanding all their self-congratulations, and assurances to the public of gratitude for unprecedented favor, they were obliged to call upon their subscribers for a fulfillment of the conditions of subscription, in order to enable them to keep the *Star above the horizon*. But all was ineffectual. I cannot tell the exact date of its *setting*; but the date of the last I have seen is February 2, 1797. If this was not the last number, the publication was discontinued in a short time after, and Martin, the printer of it, was engaged in the printing of another newspaper in Philadelphia.

While in Boston, Burk wrote a tragedy, called "The Battle of Bunker-Hill, or the Death of General Warren," which was performed a number of times at the Haymarket theatre. For many years the managers of the Boston theatre used to bring it forward on special occasions, to gratify the patriotism of the pit and gallery. The tragedy had not a particle of merit, except its brevity. It was written in *blank verse*, if a composition having no attribute of poetry could be so called. It was as destitute of plot and distinctness of character as it was of all claim to poetry. Burk, afterward, was the editor of a political paper, in New-York, called "The Time-Piece," and was arrested on a charge of publishing a libel, contrary to the provisions of the "Sedition Law" of 1798. The issue of the affair I never knew. About the year 1800, it was reported that he was killed in a duel in one of the southern states.

FEDERAL GAZETTE

AND

DAILY ADVERTISER.

ON the first day of January, 1798, Caleb P. Wayne issued the first number of a daily paper, in Boston. In his opening address to the public he referred to the title as announcing the character of his politics — “**FEDERAL**, by which he meant highly favorable to our present excellent constitution, and to its administration.” His sentiments were more definitely described in another paragraph: —

As the editor is an American, he shall avoid as much as possible all partiality towards any foreign nation; and shall speak favorably or unfavorably of each, in proportion to the injuries of which it may be guilty, or the good faith it may observe, towards his own country. No private scandal or defamation will ever find a place in his paper; but public men and public measures, he conceives, are fair subjects of public animadversion. Jacobinical principles he detests, and shall omit no opportunity of exposing their dangerous tendency, though he shall not soil his page with illiberal censure on the individuals who propagate them, as long as they keep within the bounds of decorum and personal respect; but he will not pledge himself always to treat with tenderness the notorious revilers of our government and its officers. This is the only impartiality which the editor professes, and these are the only sentiments he thinks a real American should entertain.

In the second number of the paper is a note expressing the editor's pleasure, that the decisive and candid

manner, in which he had announced his principles, had met with general approbation ; and that but *one* subscriber had deemed his address *as unpardonably offensive*, and withdrawn his name as a subscriber. He adds, "If to express a detestation of Jacobinism, and a sincere love and admiration of our country, its constitution and administration thereof, be considered as 'unpardonably offensive,' we shall with pleasure erase the name of those who may wish to 'go to the Chronicle,' and there obtain as much of Jacobinism and subterfuge as they may wish for."

The editorials of this paper were not written in a much more scholarly style than those of the other Boston papers. They were generally short, but spicy and ill-natured. In following out to their utmost length the principles announced in his opening address, the editor was not sparing of reproof to any of his own party, if he found one in the slightest degree timid or wavering. He availed himself of an occasion to abuse Mr. Russell of the Centinel (whose attachment to the Federal Administration was undisputed) in the following style : —

☞ Having read the remarks in yesterday's Centinel, respecting our Ministers, France, &c. we declare them such as should make the Editor of that paper (allowing him to be a true American) blush with shame. The language of imbecility in a mealy-mouthed tone, is not such as at this period should issue from a Federal press. Firmness alone will repress audacity. The Editor of the Centinel says — "IF the French Directory has forgot the dignity which is attached to a sovereign and independent State," &c. "IF!" a good one, truly! Why does the Editor of the Centinel query, with his "IFS" and "ands!" Is he turning into a Jacobin, forgot he was a Federalist, or was he . . . crazy? He knows, and for certain, or he certainly ought to know, that the French "Powers that be" HAVE forgot the respect due to the United States, as a sovereign and independent nation: The insult offered the United States through our Ministers only is sufficient to do away all

"*Ifs & ands*" in the opinion of every one but the Jacobins. But the editor of the Centinel "is a delicate fellow, says Tom Bolin," and like the Jacobins always glosses over insult offered the United States with an "IF," &c. Real Federalists will never use such milk-and-water queries as does the Editor of the Centinel; — when their nation or government IS insulted, true Americans will never sneak-in-the-corner, nor be afraid to proclaim that justice demands reparation for the insult in other places than "up the chimney" — any thing the IF Editor of the Centinel says to the contrary notwithstanding. — The comparison drawn by the Editor of the Centinel, between the treaties negotiated by France with Spain, and between the United States and Great-Britain, is rank Chronicle Jacobinism — as he plainly insinuates much against our treaty with Great-Britain as it affects France — and says, "*If*" the Directory of France will break their treaty with Spain, *it is not to be doubted* that their *example* would go further than their precept! Intimating as *if* France will break her most solemn and sacred obligation with Spain, that the United States *will* follow their *example* and break with England! An insinuation more degrading to the spirit of true Americans, more encouraging to the French faction, than all the doltisms and falsehoods that as yet have issued from the French presses, the Chronicle, the Aurora, the Argus, &c.

Having given a specimen of the manner in which the Editor of the Gazette behaved towards his cotemporaries of the federal school, when they did not rise to his standard in the political thermometer, let us see how he treated his opponents: —

Newspaper War !

THE FEDERAL GAZETTE.

vs.

Bache's AURORA, *Carey's* RECORDER, *Holt's* BEE, *Pierce's* ORACLE, &c.

The Editor asks pardon of his readers for devoting a part of the Federal Gazette to the *business of warfare* — he loves *peace* as sincerely as they do — yet when repeatedly attacked by the *papers of sedition* it might be a crime to let them always pass unnoticed. He expected that the candid politics of the Federal Gazette would arouse the minions of sedition, from North to South; and make them desperate in their endeavors to crush it — he is not surprized at the many attempts of the Jacobins, to injure the circulation of a paper tending to expose their party to merited contempt; but it is astonishing that printers, profess-

ing themselves federal, should unite with a certain vehicle of sedition in this town to prevent it being universally read—he shall make no comments on such conduct—but proceed—

Among the first of his opponents, ranks the notorious Jacobin

BACHE,

Editor of the *Aurora*, Printer to the French Directory, Distributor General of the principles of insurrection, anarchy, and confusion—the greatest fool, and most stubborn Sans Culotte in the United States. He attacks the Federal Gazette's *elegance of diction*, a thing that he knows as much about as *Lyon* does of common decency, and which his paper is as destitute of as the Boston Chronicle is of truth. No sooner had this Chief of Anarchy given the signal for attack, by a discharge from his feathered cannon, than to work went all his understrappers in the different parts of the United States.

Next appears the insipid and detestable Editor of the *Recorder*,

O'CAREY,

who so generously supplies all the pastry-cooks in Philadelphia with his paper *gratis*, for their various uses; a general pedler in French arguments; and who, after having been four or five times sent to oblivion, has lately been permitted by the Devil to come forth again and wage war with virtue and order. His attacks, however, are but second editions of Bache's—with this exception, that they are, if possible, still more pitiful. *O'Carey* is at a loss to know, what can be meant by the term, "milk of human kindness." So destitute is his soul of sensibility and virtue! After the above, follows one

HOLT,

of New-London, Editor of a little vehicle of sedition, called the BEE—for which he will accept "*pay in any thing*." This fellow's words are—"Peter Skunk has gained an ally, and Federalism another prop, in the Federal Gazette published at Boston by one *Wayne*:" and then asserts that *Cobbet* has no friends left except *Fenno*, the aforesaid *Wayne*, and *Dennie*, the erudite Walpole Fire-brand." Mark, reader—First he asserts that *Peter* has gained an ally and Federalism a prop, and in the same breath says, *Peter*, and consequently, Federalism, has no friends left, but *Fenno*, *Dennie*, and *Wayne*—this is equal to the Irish General who told his men they advanced one step backward! Notwithstanding he "*takes pay in any thing*" he cannot obtain even the praise of one Jacobin, nor the subscription of the "*meanest hostler*"—an incontrovertible truth this, that Connecticut is not the democratic state represented by *M. Lyon*, any thing he or *Holt* says to the contrary. He called his paper the Bee, very properly, but he ought to have told what kind of a bee, as it is evidently one of those called *Drones*, that are as

devoid of any sting as *Holt* is of common sense, and who live on the sweets of society, without adding to the common stock, and are always kicked out of the hive for *stupidity*; which fate he richly deserves. He concludes with advising *Mr. Bowen* to get the skin of the Editor together with *Peter Porcupine*, and have them stuffed, and placed in the museum, and no doubt this would be as gratifying to this Sans Culotte as the sight of the guillotine reeking with blood is to the sanguinary French populace. If this *Holt* was placed in a niche of some public corner, he would immediately become the reservoir for all kinds of ejection, and would then be in a very appropriate *honey-hive*.

Next, with majestic stride, appears a member of the new order of Jacobin Chivalry, arrayed with the Wooden Sword and other insignia,

CHARLES PIERCE,

the irredoubtable Editor of the *Portsmouth Oracle*. The readers of the *Federal Gazette* will recollect that some time ago this *Pierce* was mentioned as having refused to publish *Scipio* — Instead of justifying himself, he has prated chiefly about the term *we*, which the Editor uses instead of the singular *I*; a practice almost universally adopted by Editors of newspapers, and which he himself uses. *Pierce* the Sans Culotte being now *compelled* to publish the numbers of "*FEDERAL SCIP-IO*," has (to keep back the real truth from being known) asserted that he has published them to evince his *impartiality*! What his Jacobin friends will think of his inconsistency, of his deviation from their party, is, probably, that he is a mere dish-water-fop, unworthy the confidence of *any* party.

Mr. *Pierce* tells his readers that he is ignorant of the *meaning* of the word Jacobin. Poor man! why did he not consult the "*Book of Knowledge*" he printed some time ago? he has, to exculpate himself from the charge of *Jacobinism* asserted, (or a *writer* has asserted for him) that "the tenor of his life has been neither base, wicked, nor nefarious," and that "he keeps his stone steps free from ice! consequently, he cannot be a Jacobin." Well said, most grave Sir *Charles*! But all this whining will not convince your readers of your impartiality — no, no, Mr. *Pierce*, while whole columns are inserted from the *Aurora*, *Argus*, and *Chronicle*, together with the piece signed VERITAS, (an infamous Jacobin as ever lived, and whom I strongly suspect to have written the card for you, addressed to me) are admitted with alacrity — and pieces in justification of our government are placed in the back ground as your friend *Monroe* wished to place the United States with respect to foreign countries, not one of your patrons (unless they are as destitute of candor as you are of sense) will believe you.

But *Charley* seems to have been seized with the *horrors*, the natural consequence of a guilty mind, as he begs to be excused from my “*shaving hand*,” dreading a “*federal cut throat*” no less than a “*Sans Culotte guillotinish*”!! Leave off this whining, supplicating cant; gird on your wooden sword and other insignia of your order, *Pierce*—call VERITAS and all your Sans Culotte friends to your assistance; for be assured that all your begging will have no effect. You shall not be freed from the lash of Truth and Federalism, until you prove by your actions that you are a virtuous man and no Jacobin. If you have one grain of candor within you, an idea of justice, or the most trivial pretensions to what you profess, give this a place in your paper; if you do not, every man will despise you no less than I do your infamous political tenets.

Such was the style of the political *war documents* of 1798.

The articles here alluded to, signed “*Scipio*,” were first published at Philadelphia, in the *United States Gazette*. They were entitled “*Reflections on Mr. Monroe’s View of the conduct of the Executive on the foreign affairs of the United States, connected with the mission of the French Republic, during the years 1794, 5, 6.*” They extended to ten or more numbers, and were republished in the *Federal Gazette*.

At the end of three months from the commencement of his paper, Wayne found himself under the necessity of abandoning the experiment of a *daily* publication, “for want of sufficient encouragement.” Unwilling, as he says, “to desert a cause in which he felt himself warmly interested,” he continued to publish, twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, for one month longer, when the publication was discontinued.

The failure of this enterprize could hardly have been avoided. The income from advertising customers was small, and could not have been worth naming, in comparison with the necessary cost of a daily publication.

The original communications were not numerous, and what few there were, were chiefly on the politics of the day, — subjects on which the editor himself exhausted all his powers. Most of his paragraphs are similar in style and temper to the specimens already given. The paper was apparently conducted with industry ; but industry without judgement is not all, that is required to render a daily paper worthy of extensive support.

Wayne came to Boston from Philadelphia, and returned to that city soon after the discontinuance of the *Federal Gazette*.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL TELEGRAPHE.

THE first number of this paper was published in Boston, October 2, 1799, by SAMUEL S. PARKER. Common rumor said that the editor was instigated to the enterprize by a belief that the Chronicle did not quite satisfy the wishes and expectations of some of the most ultra of the republican party. The editor himself, in his salutatory, gave some reason to suppose that such a cause might have existed. He said, — “ Exclusive of the common motive, by which every effort of industry is stimulated, the editor is induced to believe that a new paper, in this town, would be cheerfully received and zealously patronized by those federal Republicans, who constitute the great mass of real American citizens, men attached to no faction, who prefer the interests of their own to those of any other country ; who comprehend and revere the principles of civil liberty, as recorded and established in the Declaration of Independence, and in the constitutions of the states and federal government ; who will support these illustrious monuments of the American revolution with their fortunes and their lives ; who, to a just sense of their obligations to maintain these institutions and the laws of the land, made in pursuance of them, unite a belief that “ the liberty of the press is essential to the security of freedom in a state ; ” &c.

It was a semi-weekly paper, published on Wednesday and Saturday.

The editor was aided by several writers, but none of surpassing excellence. "Democritus" wrote a series of essays, — one on the duties of a republican editor, in which there seems to be a sly hit at some of those of its own party: and others on "American Aristocracy." This writer had been a correspondent of the Chronicle, but had been silent for a time. His reappearance was greeted with great enthusiasm by other writers, in the Telegraphe. Another series of communications were entitled "Standing Army," by "A friend to the President."

The editor appears to have been indebted mainly to correspondents for original matter. The paper contains nothing of his composition, but short summaries of news, with an occasional attack upon some cotemporary federal paper. The Aurora, the Chronicle, and other leading republican papers, are liberally drawn upon for political discussion. Both editor and correspondents opposed, with all their power, the election of Caleb Strong to the chief magistracy of the commonwealth in the spring of 1800. Their whole artillery of satire and abuse was discharged at Alexander Hamilton, — who visited Boston in June, 1800, — and those, who showed him any marks of respect.

Parker was a physician in the county of Worcester, and, I believe, resided there most of the time while the Telegraphe was published in his name. That name disappeared from the imprint on the tenth of July, 1800. Previously no printer's name had been attached to it. The paper of that day purports to be printed "by JON-

ATHAN S. COPP, for the proprietor, at his printing-office, south side State-street." The typography and mechanical execution were miserable specimens of mechanic art. While the *Telegraphe* appeared with Copp's name as publisher, there was much more of what may be called editorial matter, than at first ; from which it may be inferred that he filled the office of editor as well as printer. He was a native of New-London, and though he served his apprenticeship with a decided federal printer, he was a bitter reviler of every thing that had the odor of federalism.

At the end of the first volume, September 27, 1800, Parker gave notice that he had "sold out his proprietorship" to JOHN S. LILLIE, "who had agreed to carry it on in support of the republican *interest*, for which it was sincerely instituted." He added,—"When the proposal for printing the *Telegraphe* was offered to the public, the proprietor conceived there was not a republican paper printed in this commonwealth ; which was one principal occasion of his coming forward, to endeavor to advocate and defend the constituted RIGHTS of his fellow-citizens, which was ever dear and precious to him ; but finding his domestic circumstances and avocations such, that he could not pay that personal attention to the office, which the nature of the business required, he thought best to sell out to some person, that would pay more particular attention to it than was practical for him to do."

The following are specimens of Doctor Parker's paragraph writing : —

The Centinel of Wednesday last says, that in two hundred papers published in the United States, only twenty are Jacobin: (but mark,

Americans! Jacobin and republican are synonymous terms with the federal Tories.) That only twenty republican newspapers are published in the Union, is "a shameless and insolent lie;" the fact is, more than that number have been established in the short period of the last six months, and at least fifty decidedly republican papers since the GAG bill, &c. have been in force, any thing which Ben Russell may say to the contrary notwithstanding. That falsehood and deception have long been conspicuous traits in the character of the *knowing* editor of the Centinel, we will not at present spend time to demonstrate.

December 21, 1799.

Ben Russell's remarks on that independent and republican member of Congress, Mr. Randolph, are so smutty and *black*, as to be even below contempt; issuing from a polluted fountain, which is continually casting up mire and dirt, they would, of course, have been unworthy our attention, did we not conceive it a duty, sometimes, to expose to the view of our republican fellow-citizens, this paragon of Billingsgate, this pretended advocate of "Washington federalism." Instead of coming forward and endeavoring to confute the arguments of Mr. Randolph against the standing army, this cowardly assassin contemptuously calls him a "smock-faced youth," "master Randolph," and describes him as certainly "black." This is argument! This is the dernier resort of aristocratic federalism, of our pretended friends of good order and energetic government. This is conclusive reasoning; it is emphatically federal logic.

February 8, 1800.

It is suspected that the Charlestown Granny had two projects in view when he undertook his late journey to Philadelphia. The ostensible and *public* object was said [to be] to use his influence to have the Dock Yard established at Charlestown. The other object is said to be the appointment of *himself* by Bushrod Washington to be the writer of George Washington's Life. Joe Dennie, who is paid for writing in Fenno's Gazette, has let the "Pig out of the bag." He says that the Doctor applied to Bushrod Washington for the papers and the job, but was refused both. The remarks by Dennie are rather severe, particularly as the Doctor has declared himself of the same politics and sentiments as Joe. . . . The Doctor is a most extraordinary man; his wisdom is a *compound sublimation* of illuminati plots, Ocean plots, Tub plots, Taylor plots, Pig's feet, ears, and tail plots; in short, he is like the word *Hannah*, for you may spell him at each end, and find him out on all sides; he ought to obtain complete success, for his arduous efforts for the public good; it is infinitely more laudable than speculations in Georgia Lands.

April 5, 1800.

Let these suffice.

The *Telegraphe* was seldom, if ever, noticed in the other Boston papers — a fact, which, it is evident, greatly annoyed the editor, and he referred to it, in rather querulous terms, more than once; but his complaints produced no response from his cotemporaries.

Mr. Lillie began his editorial career with a pledge to conduct the *Telegraphe* on the principles adopted by his predecessor, and a promise that nothing should be admitted, in opposition to the equal rights of man. The political paragraphs were more numerous, and more severe in their tone, and as the presidential election soon after terminated in favor of Mr. Jefferson, the writers in the *Telegraphe* assumed a more triumphant and defiant style towards their political opponents.

In the *Telegraphe* of February 18, 1801, the editor informed his readers that, “being unprepared to meet the *common law of England*, in its full extent and rigor, prefers to remain for a short time *incog*. Conscious of his own integrity of heart, he will not, (when prepared) shrink from a fair and impartial trial by a jury of his own countrymen.” How long he kept himself secreted, is not now recollected. His paper of March 31, 1802, contains a circumstantial account of his trial and the cause of it, of which the following is an abstract, — chiefly in his own language: —

The editor of the *Telegraphe*, to satisfy his numerous correspondents and the public, communicates the following statement of facts, as it respects his fine and imprisonment, for a libel on the “Lord Chief Justice of the Common Law of England.” At the opening of the Supreme Judicial Court in this town in February 1801, His Honor Judge Dana, after giving a charge to the grand jury, in his usual manner, observed to them, that “he had in his hand a paper, called the *Constitutional Telegraph*, in which was contained the following piece, under the head of communications: —

"A dirty piece appeared in the chaste Palladium of Tuesday, 27th ult. dated at Washington, but undoubtedly fabricated here, either by the illuminati Doctor, one of the pious editors, or the Lord Chief Justice of the common law of England. The author of the paragraph endeavors to blacken the character of that great and benevolent man, Thomas Jefferson, Esq. whom the people delight to honor. It likewise attempts to degrade Governor M'Kean and Judge Brackenridge. Now know ye, that Gov. M'Kean, when chief justice of the supreme court in Pennsylvania, nor Judge Brackenridge, now chief justice of that state, never set aside the verdict, of a jury of twelve honest men, upon a promise of receiving one thousand acres of land in the province of Maine—and endeavored to obtain an impeachment of an attorney-general, for disclosing such corrupt conduct. Know ye, therefore, that the very lengthy piece on the first page of said immaculate paper, containing as much matter as a common law judge's charge to a grand jury on libels, is artfully designed to reconcile the minds of the citizens to that execrable engine of tyrants, the common law of England, in criminal prosecutions; and that they may rest easy under it, and embrace it as their birth-right. But, know ye, that whenever a republican Senate and House of Representatives convene, purged from those locusts to society, aristocratic lawyers; then this ten-headed monster will be slain, and its remains sunk in the unfathomable gulf of everlasting forgetfulness, and tyrant party judges will weep and wail, and gnash their teeth, because their reign of terror is at an end—such tyrants exclaim '*hoc me mali habit.*'"

Here his Honor, it is said, exclaimed, very *emphatically*, (at the same time pointing to himself) "That means ME, gentlemen." . . . This libel, as it was called, was handed to the grand jury, who, after a long and arduous struggle, found a bill, which, when the editor had notice of, he absented himself, not knowing who the author was, and being unprepared at that time to answer to its responsibility, and meet the vengeance of the judiciary, it being in the height of the reign of terror. . . . At the opening of the supreme court last August, the editor was summoned to appear, and was arraigned before the bar, to answer to an indictment for the above libel, as it is called. He applied to George Blake, Esq. as his counsel, who plead in his behalf, guilty of *publishing*, and consequently threw himself upon the lenity of the court. . . . His Honor Judge Bradbury, after making his remarks on the heinousness of the crime, observed that the court would indulge me till next term, in order that I might have an opportunity to discover the author. In the mean time, the original manuscript was handed round to different persons, who said they could recognize it as the hand-writing of John Vinal, Esq. Accordingly, at a meeting of the grand jury, a complaint was entered against him, as the author of the supposed libel. The grand jury, after a comparison of hands, were fully satisfied of Mr. Vinal being the author, and were unanimous in finding a bill against him. This gentleman was therefore arraigned,

and plead not guilty ; he was tried, — and from a comparison of hands not being legal evidence, was acquitted. The editor and his friends then expected that the honor as well as justice of the court would be satisfied with a severe reprimand, for his inadvertency, particularly at the present period, when false, malicious and scandalous libels are continually issuing from the federal presses against the President and government of the United States — instead of which, a fine of one hundred dollars, and three months imprisonment, was the award of the court. The above, to the editor's best recollection, is a true and faithful statement of the facts which he cheerfully submits for the consideration of his friends and the public. JOHN S. LILLIE.

Boston Gaol, March 30, — 19th day of Imprisonment.

This article was followed by another, acknowledging his obligations to friends and customers, and calling on delinquents to settle their accounts. Presuming that the person to whom he had entrusted the care of the *Telegraphe*, would conduct it on the principles he had himself practised, he “relinquished the arduous duties which had heretofore devolved upon him.”

The *Telegraphe* of April 14, came out in the name of J. M. DUNHAM, as printer and editor. No essential change took place in the character or appearance of the paper, except, that, a few weeks after, the title was changed to *Republican Gazetteer*, and was decorated with a cut, representing Hope leaning on an anchor, holding in her right hand a staff with the cap of liberty, and in her left, a scroll, bearing the word *constitution*. Underneath was the motto, —

O Liberty ! expand thy vital ray ;
O'er the dark globe diffuse celestial day ;
Thy spirit breathe, wide as creation's space ;
Exalt, illumine, inspire the human race.

John S. Lillie, after passing through the usual course of education in the common schools of Boston, was apprenticed to Benjamin Sweetser, an extensive and

respectable dealer in English goods. For a while he kept an English or dry goods store in Union street. Mr. Sweetser, who, I believe, was a relative, aided him in the purchase of the *Telegraphe*. After the term of his imprisonment expired, he held the office of a clerk in the United States Loan-Office, and subsequently in the United States Branch bank. He died in 1842. He was an invincible disciple of the Jeffersonian school of politics, and endured the reproaches of his federal contemporaries with a firmness and perseverance, which his most inveterate opponents could not but admire.

John Moseley Dunham, who succeeded Mr. Lillie as the publisher of the *Telegraphe*, was a printer by trade. He published the *Republican Gazetteer* some two or three years, and afterward established a manufactory of Printing Ink at Cambridge, from which he supplied most of the Printers in New-England. He went to Ohio, after the war of 1812. His subsequent history is to me unknown.

The editorials of the *Telegraphe*, under its several conductors were chiefly short paragraphs, indicating that the writers had a familiar acquaintance with the vocabulary of vituperation and a readiness to use it on all occasions. Many of them are mere *squibs* aimed at the federal papers and their editors, variegated with fulsome epithets applied to the leaders of the republican party. Mr. Jefferson was seldom referred to but in terms little less than idolatrous, and every incident that occurred, in the remotest degree tending to show the devotion of his partisans to him or his administration, was eagerly sought and published. The history of a singular tribute of affection to him is now but little known. It appeared

in the *Telegraphe* in the summer of 1801, — and thus it runs : —

REPUBLICANISM:

Or, a tribute of Respect from the Ladies of Cheshire, Mass. to the President of the United States.

In the town of Cheshire, state of Massachusetts, the Ladies of the Rev. Mr. Leland's church and society agreed to make a cheese* to present to His Excellency Thomas Jefferson, as a mark of the exalted esteem they had of him, as a man of virtue, benevolence, and a real, sincere friend to all Christian denominations, and their full confidence in his being placed in the executive chair of the American nation, and their full assurance of his wielding the government at much less expense than his predecessor, and as well, and it is hoped much better. Accordingly they requested Mr. Leland to procure a cheese vat, at their expense, six feet diameter, and twenty-one inches thick, to press the cheese in; and, on a certain day, they were to assemble at Mr. David Brown's with the curd. The vat held fourteen hundred weight of curd, and they had three hundred weight left. This cheese was made from the milk of nine hundred cows at one milking. When our informant left Cheshire, the cheese had not been turned, but would be in a few days, as the machinery for that purpose was nearly completed. . . . This cheese is to be sent, in the spring of 1802, to the seat of government, under the care of Mr. Leland, who was formerly a neighbor to Mr. Jefferson fifteen years in the state of Virginia. The motto on this cheese is, — "*Rebellion to Tyrants is obedience to GOD.*"

From J. M. Dunham, the *Republican Gazetteer* passed into the possession of Benjamin True, and Benjamin Parks, who gave it another new name, — *The Democrat*. These gentlemen employed as editor, an Englishman, by the name of John Williams, — an author by profession, better known by his assumed signature, Anthony Pasquin, — a name, on which William Gifford conferred immortality, in his celebrated poem, *The Baviad*. In the first edition of that poem, Gifford had applied the lash of satire to the productions of Williams

* See page 167.

with an unsparing hand. In the second edition he thus refers to him : —

It has been represented to me that I should do well to avoid all mention of this man; from a consideration that one so lost to every sense of decency and shame, was a fitter object for the beadle than the muse. This has induced me to lay aside a second castigation, which I had prepared for him, though I do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written.

Here, on the rack of Satire, let him lie, —
Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.

I am told that there are men, so weak as to deprecate this miserable object's abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his praise. For *such* I have nothing but pity; but should there be a man, or a woman, however high in rank, base enough to purchase the venal pen of this miscreant, for the sake of traducing innocence and virtue, then — I was about to threaten, but it is not necessary; the profligate cowards, who employ Anthony, can know no severer punishment than the support of a man, whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch is poison."

For this satire, Williams prosecuted the publisher of Gifford's Poems; but, on the exhibition of his own writings, by the defendant, — who set up no other defence than the truth of the libel, — Williams was nonsuited. Williams, at one time, was employed as a writer for the Chronicle, — but whether before, or after, his connection with the Democrat, is not recollected.

The Democrat was discontinued in 1808.

THE GREENFIELD GAZETTE.

IN January, 1792, a paper was first published at Greenfield, in the county of Hampshire, (now the shire town of Franklin county) by Thomas Dickman, entitled the Greenfield Gazette, or Massachusetts and Vermont Telegraphe. Its editor, Thomas Dickman, was a native of Boston, and served a regular apprenticeship with Benjamin Edes, — for whom he always entertained a high respect. He was a good printer, — a much better one, mechanically, than ever his master was, — but never undertook to write for his paper any article of greater length than the statement of an ordinary occurrence. In politics, he was a republican, and held to the sentiments he had imbibed in the office of Edes's Gazette; but he never obtruded his views, offensively, on his subscribers, a majority of whom were disciples of the federal school. He was a man of sound judgement and good taste, and if there was not much in the editorial department of his paper to excite either applause or dissatisfaction, there was nothing that could reasonably give offence.

In 1798, the second title of the paper was struck out, and in place of it was put "An Impartial Register of the Times."

William Coleman, afterwards the originator and editor of the New-York Evening Post, came to reside in Greenfield about the year 1794, and occasionally wrote for the Gazette an article concerning the political affairs of the day. He intended to make Greenfield his permanent residence, and laid out plans for improvement, which, if they had not been defeated by the want of means to effect them, would have added much to the attractions of that pleasant village. The mansion-house, which he erected, and nearly completed, was one of the most magnificent, in the style of its architecture, which then existed in that part of Massachusetts. Mr. Coleman was celebrated for his skill in the amusement of skating; and, it was said that he had *skated* on Connecticut river, from near Greenfield to Northampton, — twenty miles, — in an evening; but of this fact I have no knowledge. He represented the town two years in the Legislature. He gave up his residence there in the latter part of 1797.

James Elliot, then a clerk in a variety store in Guilford, Vermont, frequently contributed both prose and poetry. This gentleman, in 1793, enlisted as a non-commissioned officer in the army, under General Wayne, and was with it two or three years. He returned in 1796, and published a volume of his “works,” in poetry and prose. This volume was printed at the Greenfield press. Mr. Elliot studied law at Brattleboro’, and afterwards was elected a representative to Congress. He resided a short time in Philadelphia, and edited a paper called the Freeman’s Journal. He returned to Brattleboro’, where he established himself in the practice of the law, and held several important offices under the state government. He has been dead a number of years.

Of Elliot's poetry the following piece is probably as fair a specimen as any that was published in the Greenfield Gazette. It was written at Greenville, in the Territory N. W. of the river Ohio, November, 1795. He was then, probably about nineteen years of age.

INVOCATION TO MEMORY.

Descend, fair Nymph, from thy aerial throne,
Aid me to string the long neglected lyre ;
Dispel my griefs, make all thy joys my own,
And kindle fancy's recollective fire.

Emerged from realms obscured by Lethean glooms,
The Muse, inspired by thee, renews her lays ;
Beneath thy fostering hand fair Science blooms,
And Art to thee its humble homage pays.

Come, gentle Genius of the sacred scene
Of arts and wisdom — authoress of fame ;
Come with sweet aspect and celestial mien,
Assist the bard, and animate his flame.

Lead me to the retreats of early youth,
The seats of pleasure and the bowers of ease —
Where, clothed with native innocence and truth,
Beneath the shelter of umbrageous trees, —

I listened to the sound of the soft gale,
That wafted odors o'er the verdant plain ;
Or sighed responsive to the red-breast's tale,
And Philomela's sweetly plaintive strain —

Recall, sweet Nymph, those scenes of silent peace,
And social joy, which graced my earlier hours ;
When, in colloquial charms, the mind sought ease,
Or roved through Contemplation's awful bowers, —

Or when I dared on Truth's bright wings to soar,
By Rollin guided, by thy spirit fired,
Traversed the regions of historic lore,
And Fame's immortal monuments admired.

Yes, I have, oft, when evening's silent reign
Hushed the gay world to sleep, explored the page ;

Viewed the bright list of chiefs (a godlike train,)
 Who graced the Grecian and the Roman age :
 Conversed with virtuous Socrates, — admired
 The classic, eloquent, and generous flame,
 Which Tully's pure and patriot bosom fired,
 And followed Pompey o'er the plains of fame, —
 Beheld, with rapture, the Athenian youth,
 Cimon, illustrious on the embattled heath,
 And Phocion, ardent in the cause of truth,
 And glorious in the trying scene of death, —
 Wept o'er the fallen liberty and laws
 Of Rome, with Cato, — joined the dauntless band
 That armed with Brutus to revenge her cause,
 And slew the tyrant of his native land.
 Since such the brilliant harvest Memory yields,
 Of mental joys, surpassing sensual charms,
 Why should I longer till those sterile fields,
 Fruitful alone in ominous alarms ?
 Why seek seclusion's uninviting shade
 And give my heart a prey to causeless fears ?
 Why roam, forlorn, the solitary glade,
 And drown my sorrows in a sea of tears ?
 Memory, with thee I'll pass the vacant hour,
 An humble votary at thy sacred seat ;
 Thy charms surpass luxurious pomp and power —
 E'EN THE REMEMBRANCE OF PAST PAINS IS SWEET.

Mr. Elliot was, in the true sense of the phrase, a SELF-TAUGHT MAN. Of humble but respectable origin, he had no advantages of what is called a liberal education. I have understood that his father died when he was quite young, and that he was early placed in a situation, where some compensation could be obtained for his services. The store, in which he was a clerk before he enlisted into the army, like all country stores in thinly settled towns, (and Guilford was then hardly a village) was not a very favorable situation for acquiring

a knowledge of literature or science ; yet young Elliot so improved his leisure hours, as to make an acquaintance with the best English classics, and to lay a foundation for the attainment of a distinguished position in society. While preparing himself for admission to the bar, he wrote for other newspapers than the Greenfield Gazette. In January, 1797, a paper called the Federal Galaxy, was started at Brattleboro', by Thomas Dickman and Benjamin Smead, (a young man, who had been one of Dickman's apprentices,) to which he contributed a number of articles. When the Farmer's Museum was enjoying its brightest day of fame, Elliot was a constant correspondent, and one whose contributions were highly valued by Dennie. Such men are worthy of remembrance. In honoring them the country honors itself.*

Another correspondent, whose writings gave some celebrity to the Greenfield Gazette, was the Rev. John Taylor, the minister of the church in Deerfield. He furnished a long series of papers, entitled "The Proverbialist," an imitation, — and by no means a bad one, — of Franklin's "Poor Richard."

The late judge of probate in Franklin county, Richard E. Newcomb, frequently aided the editor with his advice and some times with his pen. But the files of the Gazette exhibit no extraordinary effort to acquire a literary character. It was a respectable record of intelli-

* This Mr. Elliot had a brother, (Samuel) some years younger, who succeeded him, in the store at Guilford — a youth of similar disposition and taste, and who also became somewhat distinguished as a writer in the newspapers. He wrote for the Federal Galaxy, a series of numbers under the title of the Rural Moralist. He also studied law, and was for many years, in successful practice in Brattleboro'. He also held some public offices, the duties of which he discharged with fidelity ; and HE, too, has been dead some years.

gence, and an entertaining and useful repository of matters interesting to the population of the rural districts in Massachusetts and Vermont, to which its circulation was chiefly confined.

In June, 1798, Dickman sold his printing apparatus, bookstore, and subscription books for the *Gazette*, to Francis Barker, — a young man, who had served a short apprenticeship at book-printing, in the office of Messrs. Thomas & Andrews, Boston. He knew nothing about conducting a paper, and had not patience to learn. Having inherited some property, he had visited Europe and South-America, and had just enough of his patrimony left to enable him to purchase the establishment. He enlarged the paper; — expunged from the head the second title of it, and inserted, in its place, “*A Register of Genuine Federalism.*” Though he had no experience as a printer of a newspaper, he had some very just notions of the responsibility of an editor. In his address, at the opening of his new career, he said, — “The office of a conductor of a political print, in its operation on the public mind, is, perhaps, of more importance to the political opinions of a nation, than the occupation of any other individual in the community. By promulgating *error*, he becomes a *noon-day pestilence* to society; but, by diffusing *truth*, he is, in effect, a powerful instrument of general utility and happiness. Fully impressed with these sentiments, the present editor does not shrink from a public avowal of his firm determination to publish, at all times, and on all occasions, a *truly genuine American Gazette*, exclusively devoted to the propagation of *federal principles* and the vindication of his country’s honor; in opposition to all the clandes-

tine artifices of *party*, the insidious cant of Gallic *fraternity*, and the open menaces of unblushing *sedition*. The editor believes that the constitution of United America combines the greatest portion of *liberty* with the best security of *law*, that any nation ever experienced since the first institution of civil government among mankind; he therefore does not hesitate to declare, that he, who is unwilling to support this form of government, with all his physical and moral energies, commits a *sacrilege on his nature*, by rejecting the greatest possible *human* good, that regenerated man has ever enjoyed since the introduction of the Christian Religion."

With all this patriotic resolution, Barker never wrote a political paragraph of ten lines, during the ten months which he held possession of the Gazette. He made two or three visits to Boston, in the mean time, of several weeks each, and left the whole charge of the paper, and the post-office also, (he having obtained the appointment of postmaster,) to his oldest apprentice. Sick of his bargain, in May, or the beginning of June, 1799, he made an arrangement with Dickman, to take back the paper, printing-office, bookstore, post-office, and all. He then applied for a commission in the army which was raised by a law of Congress, in consequence of the difficulties with the French Republic. He obtained the commission of a lieutenant, and was stationed at Oxford, in the county of Worcester, till the army was disbanded.

Dickman carried on the business again for some years, when he relinquished it in favor of John Denio, — an excellent, good-hearted fellow, who had been his apprentice. This gentleman, after several unsuccessful ex-

periments in business, at sundry places, is now — or was, quite recently, — the publisher of a paper at Albion, Orleans county, N. Y., and in the enjoyment of a public office, which, I sincerely hope may afford, for the remainder of his life, a quiet and happy independence.

The Gazette has since passed through the hands of several proprietors, and is still published under the title of “Gazette and Courier” — a paper called the Courier, began at a much later period, having been united with it.

Mr. Dickman removed to Springfield, where he published a paper some years, and then changed the business of printer and editor for that of a retailer of dry goods, groceries, &c. Relinquishing that employment, he opened a reading-room, which, for a while, was a favorite resort for his fellow-citizens and neighbors, but was never a source of much income. He has been dead some years. It may be said of him, as of many other printers, that he was industrious and intelligent — honest and faithful — worked hard and died poor.

THE POLITICAL GAZETTE.

IN April, 1795, the first number of the Political Gazette appeared, published in Newburyport, by William Barrett. It was very neatly executed, and contained many excellent original articles, though none of them seemed to be the production of the editor; whose labors appeared to extend no further than to the selection of news and to recording the deaths and marriages that happened within the circle of his townsmen and their neighbors. Some of the poetical compositions of "Peter Quince," (Isaac Story,) were written for this paper, before that writer had been laid under contribution by Dennie, of the Farmer's Museum. One of Peter's Odes, published in the Political Gazette, was dedicated to the Green Dragon Tavern, — a well-known public house in Boston, and famous as the scene of caucuses of the republican party. Thus the ode commences: —

Hail, place of refuge — kind resort — all hail!

Like Rome's fair consecrated mount,

Called Sacer:

That is, a holy and becoming jail,

Where each sad *state-menacer*

Fled, when the laws were calling to account, —

Whither resorted every sinner's son,

Where any mischief vile the rogues had done,

So Livy says, and he's a man of parts,

A man who tells a crooked story straight;
 Who gives to every little sentence weight,
 And wins with pleasing style his reader's hearts.

Yes, *thou* art such a place — but of an humbler kind;
 That is, thou art of lower, meeker nature;
 Being for meaner purposes designed,
 Though the snug nest-hole of each factious creature.
 In thee Rebellion, with her turtle feet,
 And fell Contention, groveling, growling, meet.

Thou art no Dragon, like those mentioned by
 The holy patriarch, in a holy place,
 Nor wouldst thou show so fierce, so grim a face,
 Or issue flame from thy meek, modest eye.

No, lovely Dragon, well I know thou 'dst not;
 'Tis not thy nature — nor wouldst thou affright
 From his dull sleep one Jacobinic sot,
 Who courts thy bowels by the rays of night,
 Thinking, when safe within thy liquored tomb,
 The eye of Reason cannot pierce the gloom.

.
 Hail, thou, whose color putrefaction suits :

.
 No flaring tail waves round thy scaly form,
 No paw terrific — or red darting tongue : —
 No — thou art yet in thy sad train but young,
 Knowing but just the name of stately-storm.

Hadst thou a flaming tail, or griping claw,
 You 'd never use it 'gainst our steady Law;
 No, you 'd not do so — nor would you admit
 A man of merit, or a man of praise,
 A worthy fellow, or an honest cit,
 Within thy maw his frowning head to raise.

Thou knowest better, ay, art wiser,
 Hast, too, a good adviser,
 Yclept the cut-throat, cramp-eyed *Faction*,
 Who recommends, with lengthened face,
 To thy important useful place
 The vile projectors of each traitorous action.

.

Long may you stand, the sign-post of state-evil,
And keep poor feeble patriots from the devil:

Long may you — — is good Peter's wish.
Peter's thy friend; thou knew'st it, long ago,
He serves thee in the clouded day of wo,
And offers to thy palate this small dish.

.

The Gazette contained a series of papers, chiefly on moral subjects, under the title of *The Camelion*; another called the *Literary Syphon*; and still another, under the head of *Dishes from the Table of Momus*. Among the "dishes" served up by this writer were "*The character of a mighty good sort of a Woman*," and "*The character of a mighty good sort of a Man*," — articles well seasoned with wit and sarcasm. I am not quite satisfied that these two articles were originally written for the *Political Gazette*; but of the originality of the following, "*From the Desk of Beri Hesdin*,"* there can be no doubt: —

"THE GOOD MAN IS NOT AT HOME."

So *Beri Hesdin* thought, or Deacon Graves would surely have let in the maimed soldier, who, in the last beating storm, stood knocking at his door. The wind whistled through his tattered raiment, and hunger pinched him within; but, the door opened not. "And why?" says the mild form of Pity, "why did not the deacon make haste to let him in?" I will tell thee, thou inhabitant of some brighter world: he was sitting by his fire-side — not studying "the whole duty of man," or "the Christian's guide;" but calculating by compound interest; how rapidly he was rising to estate, from the purchase of that poor petitioner's notes, at the low rate of two shillings on the pound; and now the brave veteran has no insignia of having served his country, but wounds and poverty — *the good man is not at home*; he hath gone a long journey, even to the land of hard-heartedness, having taken *a bag of money* with him.

* This writer became, afterward, a regular correspondent of the *Farmer's Museum*.

When in our smaller courts of *judgement*, we behold the man, who hath sworn to do justly, and act according to law and evidence, taking the length and weight of the parties' purses, instead of listening to the voice of reason and justice, — If instead of rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, he is balancing the rich man's fee against the poor man's right, — we may exclaim, with the son of David, *the good man is not at home*.

Dick Dashaway and Peter Rednose, never would have drank a dozen of Madeira at Sir Simon's house, and played with spotted pieces of paper till the crowing of the cock — *had the good man been at home*. Madam's chairs would not have been broken, nor the fine wrought fringe of her best bed been trodden under feet. The porter would not have pocketed his half joe for conveying Dick on his shoulders, nor surgeon Cancer a bill of sixty pounds for drawing broken glass from Peter's shin.

* * * * *

Beri Hesdin fears that long indeed is the journey of the good man; for as he passed by the doors of his temple, he beheld, and lo! in the midst thereof were those, who robbed the widow of her dower, and eat up the portion of the fatherless — sitting — veiled with the form of Christianity, and in a tone of godliness making long prayers. There also was he, who taketh from the way-faring man his purse, and from the pilgrim his socks; who letteth not the beggar pass in peace, but blasphemeth him because he is poor.

Ye that are slipping off the leading-strings of life, and entering the stage of action, where bustle and confusion wear the form of business; and dissipation and idleness draw aside him that hath his bag of money with him — be careful that virtue is your companion and prudence your guide; or at the close of life you will find clouds and darkness round about you; your feet stumbling on the dark mountains of despair, and when you knock at the door of mercy, will hear the voice of Peter exclaiming, "*the good man is not at home*."

BERI HESDIN.

The Political Gazette, was discontinued, as an independent publication, in October, 1797. A paper, called the Impartial Herald, had been published, some years, in Newburyport, by Angier March. The proprietors of the two papers, wisely agreed to unite their labors and expenses on one, which they issued semi-weekly, on Tuesday and Friday, and called it the

NEWBURYPORT HERALD AND COUNTRY GAZETTE.

Mr. Barrett withdrew from the concern about the first of January, 1798, and left the whole in the hands of Mr. March; who, apparently, conducted the paper with as much fairness and impartiality, as could be expected or desired by reasonable men. He was, however, annoyed by grumblers, (what editor is not?) as appears by the following article in the Herald of June 22, 1798: —

Some men who honor my paper with a perusal very seldom, frequently complain that it is a party paper, that I publish only on one side, &c. &c. I would beg leave to ask what those gentlemen want? A person this moment has the impertinence to look over my shoulder and reply to my query, *Why, the loaves and the fishes which they suppose those in office receive.* And in fact I believe it of many. But in the name of liberty, what two sides can there now be in this country — but those of America's friends and foes. Is not the government of our own formation and adoption, and has not experience proved it the best on the globe? Are not the administrators of it men of our own choice, from among ourselves, and removable at the will of the people? And is not that man a traitor to his country who vilifies and abuses so free and valuable, so independent and judicious a government, and so honest and virtuous an administration of it? Every American, every Man who has the least spark of integrity and patriotism will answer these questions in the affirmative. It is well known that the present government of France is straining every nerve to fraternize this country in the same manner that they have Holland, Venice, the states of Italy, Germany and Switzerland — and to accomplish its *virtuous* intentions, have made use of foreign agents in this country, bribery, corruption, and finally threatens, that unless we submit to their domination, to ravage our coasts and destroy our Commerce.

And yet there are found men base and mean enough to say publicly, that they are justifiable in their demands, and that the Editors of Newspapers who refuse to publish, and republish, their base and traitorous scurrility, "*publish only on one side!!!*" If this is publishing on one side, they may rest assured that on that side only shall I publish — on the side of my country. And neither French nor English bribes or threats shall ever induce me to swerve from patriotic rectitude.

Conscious that I have discharged my duty to my subscribers and country with assiduity and attention—I shall not regret the loss of a subscriber who dislikes the principles or disdains the abilities of the
EDITOR.

There were some well-written political communications in the Herald, on the exciting topics of the day. But the reader has probably already seen extracts enough of this character, and I pass them over to present a specimen of the writing of one, who, fifty years ago, was quite notorious as a *writer* for the newspapers, and who published a pamphlet, containing a number of his newspaper articles, and near the end of the book, ushered in two or three other articles, with a note to the reader, saying that they were not of his writing, but “very drole.” This gentleman’s name was Timothy Dexter. His mansion in Newburyport, and the fences that inclosed it, were decorated with the images of all the Presidents of the United States, and with those of other individuals, and objects. The article, that follows, is an exact transcript from the original:—

Mister Printer,

WHAT is the Noys About the Lyon got down to our Congress there making A grat Noys got the art of Spiting and telling of grat things what he was Eabel to Love to turne the Corent as he was the man Capebel of so Daring and wanted to be more than A man else & & so on Now is the grat worey ounited Stats to be Shouk in the wind A 2 Leged Lion A Anemel and wee tillers of the Leand felow mortels to Swet and tile to pay five thousan dolors to pay our worthy Congres men for this beast Lion and Likewise but two Leged halfe way basterd Life if this be put up with Corn under frace and be Shone boys and Louse all you felow mortels have won and be Com Doup but Now A wake Rouse turne out A bad man with out Cost beat the Roags march put sum fetters on them or him to transport them but Dont Let it Cost the Labering men so much to trye such Anemel it is Now good

wisdom but hurst the Cose and the han Cuffs will frett the Rists some
then tafe Care my felow mortels of Dubel minded men

A freethinker

This is a fair specimen of much that Timothy Dexter published, to *enlighten* his fellow-citizens. According to the doctrine of Jaques in "As you like it," he might truly be called a fool, for "heaven sent him fortune." But why heaven showers wealth so bountifully where it has denied brains, is a problem, that philosophy has not yet solved.

The Newburyport Herald, has had several proprietors. It has maintained a respectable rank among its cotemporaries, and is now a daily publication, conducted with much ability, and meriting, as I presume it receives, a good share of public support.

THE SALEM REGISTER.

ON Monday, May 12, 1800, William Carleton issued a paper in Salem, under the title of the **IMPARTIAL REGISTER**, which was continued semi-weekly on Monday and Thursday. Its motto was, —

All parties here may plead an honest, favorite cause :
Whoever reasons best on Nature's, Wisdom's laws,
Proclaims eternal Truth — gains Heaven's and Man's applause.

A few months after its first appearance, it took the title of the **SALEM IMPARTIAL REGISTER**. Subsequently the title was changed to the **SALEM REGISTER**; then to **ESSEX REGISTER**; and again to **SALEM REGISTER**, under which title it is now published.

The Impartial Register began its career as an advocate for the election of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency. With all the ability of its editor and his friends, — among whom were the Rev. William Bentley and some of the wealthiest families in Salem, — it opposed the doctrines and the measures of the federal party. The political warfare between the Register and the Salem Gazette was carried on with great vigor and bitterness. In the autumn of 1802, Timothy Pickering, — Mr. Adams's ex-secretary of State, — was nominated by the Federalists of that district, as a candidate for representative to Congress. The Democratic candidate was Jacob

Crowninshield. Perhaps no electioneering contest was ever fought with more determined resolution to live or die with the result. Crowninshield was elected, and, to console themselves for their defeat, the Federalists prosecuted the editor of the Register for a libel on Pickering. A few days after the election, Carleton was indicted by the grand jury of the county of Essex, then sitting in Salem. The article, on which the indictment was founded, was in the following words : —

Robert Liston, the British Ambassador, distributed five hundred thousand dollars amongst the partisans of the English nation in America. Generous Tars, and honest Landsmen, do you think it likely that Jacob Crowninshield partook of these secret largesses ? But can you entirely banish from your breasts the idea that our Ex-Secretary might receive from his dear friend and intimate companion some little token, some small gratuity, for all his zealous efforts against liberty and her sons, for all his attachment to the interests of England, for all his endeavors in all his transactions, to prostrate neutral rights at the mercy of every commander under the British, from his honor Admiral Harvey to the mild Matson, and from him down to the pirates of New-Providence, for all these good and loyal services ? Is it at all unlikely that Squire Timothy did not receive some small trifling remembrance of the favor of his most sacred majesty of Britain — not to mention the affair of Senator Blount, Maitland, and the Black Emperor ?

Carleton announced the fact, in his paper of November 18, as follows : —

SQUALLY APPEARANCES. The editor of this paper was yesterday called into Court to answer to an indictment for a supposed libel upon the ex-candidate and ex-secretary, Timothy Pickering. He forbears to make any remarks upon this transaction. He leaves it to the juries of a Republican Country to determine his crime and his punishment. His Judges, however Federal, will, he trusts, be impartial in their charges, and he shall cheerfully abide the verdict of twelve virtuous yeomen. He knows well who are the characters to whom he owes this prosecution ; and the *mildness* and *modesty* of the complainants have long exemplified their *hatred* of PERSECUTION.

The trial came on in the following April, before the Supreme Court at Ipswich. Carleton was convicted, and, on the 25th, was sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, and the costs of prosecution; to be imprisoned in the county gaol two months; and to give bonds with two sureties in four hundred dollars each, to keep the peace for two years. The comments of the Register on the trial and its result were unexpectedly mild and respectful:—

The result of the late prosecution is well known. The printer is taken from his family and is confined in gaol. His scanty means are to be taken away in fines, and he is to be treated as if he were the only offender. No indulgence is to be granted from that provocation, which the law considers in a quarrel. No consideration that he acted in his own defence, that the government of his country, which he revered, was insulted in the person of its first magistrate, and that all the candidates he could propose for public honors were abused and traduced. Allow that he cannot prove all his assertions. Can they who gave the provocation prove their assertions? Have any attempts been made to know whether they can? Is it not cowardly to insult a man, and then to sue him for insult, after he has been provoked? Much honor may this prosecution do the dismissed secretary, or to any of his friends.

Carleton died on the 25th of May, 1805, aged about thirty-four years. The Register states that he had endured great debility in consequence of a fever, under which he labored during his imprisonment;—that on the Monday preceding his death, he was occupied with his usual vigor till late in the evening:—and that, on Tuesday morning, a violent fever, with derangement, came on, which terminated his life in twenty-four hours. “He was born in Salem, and descended from two of the ancient families of the country. He always possessed great cheerfulness of temper and great benevolence of mind. He was distinguished by his perseverance, ac-

tivity, and uprightness. To his generous zeal the public are indebted for the early information, which the Register gave of the most interesting occurrences. The friends of his youth enjoyed the warmth of his gratitude. His professions and friendships were sincere. He was an able editor, a friend to our happy administration, and an honest man."

After Carleton's death, the Register was "Printed for Elizabeth Carleton," his widow, till August 25th, when she also died, just thirty-two days after her husband. From that time, it was "published for the Proprietors;" but no name of either proprietor or printer appeared in the imprint, until it was placed in the possession of Haven Pool and Warwick Palfray, — two young men, who had been apprentices in the office, and to whom the management of the printing had been entrusted, after the death of Carleton. Mr. Bentley was the man, who contributed more than any other to keep the paper alive; but others assisted. Joseph Story, — the late Judge Story, then a practising lawyer in Salem, — wrote frequently for the Register, and his paragraphs are placed under the editorial head, undistinguished by any mark to identify them; but I am greatly deceived if the following were not from his pen: —

Who can stand before envy? The happy establishment of Mr. Jefferson in the seat of the chief magistrate of our Union, must, for several years exclude many, who expected offices under a different administration, from any hopes of promotion. In this delay of their honors, they have no other way to gratify their restless ambition, than by degrading those, who have reached the honors they could not obtain. And when we consider their number, their desperate purposes, and the power of disappointment upon ambition, what can be thought a sufficient restraint upon inflamed passions and malignant fury? The world has seen, often, the violence, which envy can purpose, and produce.

And where a comparison is made between present and past times, it may be said, we suffer little in our own times, from the worst cause of public discontents and distraction. We may well enough be prepared for the worst things, but we should remember that the fear of the public contempt can alone prevent the perpetration of them. At present, in our country, the public virtue is too active to admit the full triumph of envious prosecutors of good fame. The best rule, in the present state of things, is to suffer Time to be the interpreter of the actions of men: not to approve or condemn, till calm inquiry has done all its office, and then we may find the true value of our national benefactors. *April 29, 1805.*

The great pains taken to increase all prejudices against the French, when they had little power over the abuses which their subjects commit, while every indulgence was given to the English, too plainly discovered prejudices, which ought most seriously to be reprehended. Far should any American be from any disposition to excite needless prejudices against any nation. Far should he be from justifying an injury from one that had not the same favor from another. To preserve our Independence, we must deal justly, and be circumspect with all. If no political evils could arise, we might be indifferent on this subject. But to the French we have no attachments which interest cannot create. Of the British, we have all the partiality which can belong to customs and laws. We should cultivate favor with all, but upon the great principles which all will justify. But are we strangers to the artifices by which an undue foreign influence can be obtained? Have we never suffered from them? Is there a generous Englishman who cannot distinguish between justice to his nation, and a submission to his unreasonable claims? Is there one who does not wish to feel the distinction? Let it not then be supposed, that a love of our own nation, above any other, is a hatred of any nation. We wish the firmest affection between the two nations established upon honor and justice. But when they violate the laws of nations, when they commit depredations upon the unprotected commerce of individuals, and seize without notice upon the innocent as their prey — we must be forgiven if we say, we abhor commerce with such a nation, and withdraw from every alliance with oppression. *Sept. 19, 1805.*

It is among the last attempts to degrade the immortal President of the United States, to insinuate that his friends feared to display to the whole world the full history of Washington. Justice to the history of our country would spread a glory round our national benefactor, and discover to the nation new causes of their sincere gratitude. To the

historian, no objection should be made by which he might be discouraged in his utmost investigations. We leave him not only every occurrence, but all the colors by which he could emblazon it. We hope he will not withhold a single circumstance, provided he is not disposed to leave it naked and unexplained. Let him tell the whole truth, and it will raise a monument of glory to the President of the United States. We may venture to predict all these advantages from the past success of his enemies. He is more known, more esteemed, more illustrious, by every attempt to injure his reputation. When political character is confounded with domestic anecdote which cannot be explained, scandal is confounded, and envy speechless. *Nov. 4, 1805.*

In August, 1806, an advertisement appeared in the Register, stating that "The Salem Register having been supported in its editorial department by the voluntary assistance of its friends since the decease of the late editor, Mr. Carleton, the proprietors are desirous of obtaining an editor to conduct the same in future." No new arrangement appears to have been made, however, till July, 1807, when Warwick Palfray, jun. who had been an apprentice with Carleton, formed a partnership with Haven Pool, and purchased the entire establishment. Pool & Palfray conducted the business, as partners till the decease of Pool, in July, 1811. From that time to January, 1835, Palfray was the sole editor and proprietor, when he received, as a partner, John Chapman, who had served an apprenticeship in the office. This connection was not of long continuance. Mr. Palfrey died on the 23d of August, 1838, at the age of fifty-one years.

WARWICK PALFRAY, jun. was a native of Salem, and a descendant of Peter Palfray, the first settler in that place, — he having taken up his abode there some years before the arrival of Governor Endicott. With but slight advantages of education, from an unaided appren-

tice in a printing-office, he became the editor and proprietor of an important and influential newspaper. At the time of his decease, he was a member of the common council of the city of Salem, — an office, which he had held from the organization of the city government. He had represented his native town several years, in the House of Representatives of the state, where he was an active and useful member.

Mr. Palfray began his apprenticeship with Carleton in 1801. After the death of Carleton, while the Register was held as the property of Carleton's heirs, and for two years after, while it was owned by a company of gentlemen, he was one of the principal conductors. When, in connection with Pool, in 1807, he became proprietor of the establishment, he was still a minor; but such was his intelligence, integrity, and stability of character, that he possessed the entire confidence of the friends of the Register and the party of which it was the organ; and the event showed that their confidence was not misplaced.

An obituary notice in the Register, from which some of the preceding facts have been derived, — written, undoubtedly by a friendly hand, but, I believe, from personal knowledge, without exaggeration — furnishes the following paragraphs: —

Under the editorial care of Mr. Palfray, the Register has had a popularity and influence probably equal to any semi-weekly paper in the state. It was under his charge during the whole period of the Embargo and War, and all the excitement incident to that period of embittered political feeling and almost deadly party hostility; — yet, notwithstanding all the excitement of those periods, he gave as little just cause of offence as any man living could. Possessed of the most generous and honorable feelings, he never willingly gave just cause of

offence to a political opponent. Personal allusions were always painful to him; and at those periods of deadly feud, when he was placed at the editorial desk, it was his greatest pleasure to take from the papers handed him for publication, the poisoned arrows; and when he could not, consistently with political duty, wholly remove personal allusions, to soften them to the utmost limit. Little, at those periods, did his political opponents, who were censuring the bitterness of the communications, know how much he had attenuated their violence, and how he had to struggle with his correspondents to restrain the madness of party.

Mr. Palfray was a firm, unwavering, and consistent politician. Success never made him assume an ungenerous attitude towards his political opponents, and defeat never discouraged from perseverance to gain the ascendancy for what he deemed correct principles and measures. He never truckled to power nor sought personal advantages for himself. All the offices he held were unsought; for he was uncommonly modest and diffident of his own powers and claims. Though for years the uncompromising combatant of the old federal party, no man was more gratified than himself at that epocha of good feeling, when it was considered proper for those, who had been so long estranged from each other, by mistaken views of each other's opinions and principles, to act in concert, and no man felt less of the leaven of old party than himself.

In the private relations of life, Mr. Palfray was incapable of giving offence amounting to an insult. His heart was the abode of pure thoughts—his life the exemplar of good principles. The tongue of calumny, in the times of bitterest political animosity, never breathed a syllable against the spotless purity of his life and character.

After the death of Mr. Palfray, the Register was continued, for a year or two by John Chapman, the surviving partner. A son of Mr. Palfray, (Charles W.) then became associated with Mr. Chapman, and the paper is now published by them. Its appearance indicates that the concern is prosperous, and that those, who conduct it, intend it shall lose none of its well-founded claims to support.

The Salem Register, from its commencement, has been the favored channel, through which many good

and able writers have chosen to diffuse their political opinions. Whatever offence it may have given to political opponents, it cannot be denied that its sentiments have been promulgated with great ability. In its early stages, the late Judge Story (before his appointment to the bench of the supreme court) was a liberal contributor. Andrew Dunlap, a lawyer of promising talents, was one of the writers, previous to 1825; and Joseph E. Sprague (the present sheriff of Essex county) frequently enriched its columns with political disquisitions. But it is generally believed that the writer on whom the conductors mainly relied for aid, was the Rev. William Bentley. Of the character, and career of this gentleman,—so often mentioned in the preceding pages of this volume,—the following memoir has been compiled, from such notices of him as appeared in newspapers soon after his death, and from the personal recollections of one of his intimate friends.

WILLIAM BENTLEY was born in Boston, June 22, 1759. He was the son of Joshua and Elizabeth Bentley, and was named William in honor of his maternal grandfather, William Paine, who was a man of some property at the northerly part of Boston. This old gentleman had a strong attachment to this grandchild, attended to his early education, and paid his expenses at college. Young Bentley was early distinguished for his natural talents, and for his uncommon acquisitions in classical and general literature. He graduated in 1777, and was immediately employed as assistant teacher in the Boston Latin Grammar school, where he had been fitted for college; and, in 1779, he was the preceptor of the North Grammar school. He was appointed tutor in

Greek and Latin at Harvard College, in 1780, and while holding this office he prepared himself for the ministry. On the 24th of September, 1783, he was ordained, as colleague pastor with the Rev. James Dimon, over the East Church in Salem. His colleague died in 1788, and Mr. Bentley continued his pastoral relation, alone, with the church, till his death, December 29, 1819. He was distinguished for the position, which he took in the early part of his career, — with his friend and class-mate, the Rev. James Freeman, of Boston, — in favor of Unitarianism.

In 1794, when William Carleton undertook the publication of the Salem Gazette, he and Mr. Bentley boarded with an old lady, — a relative of Carleton's; and, to assist the young kinsman of his landlady, Mr. Bentley was induced to write a summary of news, weekly, for the Gazette. Not long after, Carleton had a long and severe sickness, and, as an act of friendship, he conducted the paper alone. While thus engaged, he opened a correspondence with Professor Ebeling of Hamburg, who was preparing a History and Geography of the United States. The German professor wanted materials, and Mr. Bentley took unwearied pains to collect and send them to him. He sent all the curious books he could procure and wrote many letters. It then occurred to him that, by writing a summary of intelligence for the Gazette, he might aid both Ebeling and Carleton, and this was the origin and motive of his labors in that department of the paper; for he was never paid a dollar for his services, which were constantly and industriously continued for near a quarter of a century. The various newspapers, received in exchange for Carle-

ton's paper, Mr. Bentley was accustomed to pack in the neatest manner, and send to Professor Ebeling, with an index to such papers and articles as he deemed most important. In return for such books as Mr. Bentley sent to him, the Professor sent German publications, but no cash transactions ever passed between them.*

Mr. Bentley was one of the earliest members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was induced to write for its Collections a History of Salem; but becoming disgusted with the conduct of one of the publishing committee, (the Rev. Dr. Morse,) he abandoned the design after having made some progress. This is to be regretted; for he was minutely acquainted with every interesting incident concerning his adopted town, and retained in his iron memory, a thousand facts, which he had labored to collect, but which he had not recorded.

Nothing could exceed the labor and activity of Mr. Bentley in his profession, and in every department of social life. He left *three thousand three hundred sermons*, and *fifty-six* other manuscripts of various sizes, some quite large and elaborate, in which he had recorded the events of the passing day, and his observations in philosophy, theology, astronomy, meteorology, geology, and many other branches of science, that, in his day, were rarely attended to by the scholar. He was *expert* in at least twenty-one languages, besides having that smattering of others, which arises from a

* In 1818, Israel Thorndike, of Boston, purchased the library of Professor Ebeling, and, presented it to Harvard College. The newspapers, which the Professor had received from Mr. Bentley had been bound, making quite a number of large volumes, and they form an interesting portion of the library of that institution. Many of the books on American History, which came from Professor Ebeling, it is presumed are, also, those he had received from Mr. Bentley.

thorough acquaintance with so many. In Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian, he probably had no rival in this country. He read all the popular languages of Europe, not excepting the Russian. He corresponded with the petty chiefs of Arabia and Eastern Africa ; and it is related of him, that when the Tunisian ambassador presented his credentials to our government, no one, but Mr. Bentley, could translate them. His library contained four thousand volumes, and was the largest and best *private* library in the nation, except that of Mr. Jefferson.

His devotedness to books did not prevent an unusual attention to the concerns of the people of his parish. Besides writing such an immense number of sermons, averaging nearly two a week for thirty-six years, his visits to every member of his congregation were frequent, and his knowledge of all their concerns was such as to enable him to be their best comforter and friend.

Mr. Bentley's cabinet of Natural History was large, until the establishment of the Salem Museum, in which he took an active part, induced him to deposite his collection where it would be more useful. As many of his parishioners were ship-masters and sea-faring men, his opportunities for gaining an acquaintance with distant parts of the world were numerous and well improved ; and the Summaries of the Register and the mercantile portion of Walsh's arithmetic, which he contributed gratuitously, show how he used his knowledge. Few scholars wrote so rapidly and so well as Mr. Bentley. We refer to his penmanship, of which his manuscripts in Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic, as well as in the common characters, are beautiful specimens of chirography.

The mass of useful knowledge, thus collected, he poured out liberally in his Summaries, and in conversation, which he loved, and in which he particularly excelled. The study of so many languages evidently had an unfavorable influence upon his style of writing his vernacular, which, in his latter days, was sometimes obscure, and marred by the use of words, etymologically correct, but not conformable to popular usage.

In politics, Mr. Bentley was strictly a republican, but his writings were not of the stamp to give them currency with the federal party. As the technical republican was not the most powerful party in the state of Massachusetts, however it may have been in the nation, there can be no doubt that his attainments and talents were treated with less regard than if he had belonged to the other party. Educated at Harvard, a tutor in that college for several years, unequaled as a biblical critic and a linguist, if there was any honor in an academical degree, he was, undoubtedly, entitled to it; but while degrees were liberally bestowed on men, who had not a tithe of his merits as a scholar, his claims were passed by and repudiated till there was no grace in conferring the honor. In August, 1819, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by the corporation of Harvard; but, if the formality of acceptance was necessary to constitute him a Doctor of Divinity, he was never one of that class by virtue of a sheet of parchment. It has been said that, some years before, those who opposed him on the ground of religious sentiment, offered to confer on him the degree of LL. D. (to which, probably, he had as fair a claim as many, who receive it,) but that one or two of his friends in the corporation objected to this as

insulting to his clerical character, and, of course, the matter was dropped. His will was made a month or two before the doctorate in divinity was conferred, but the tardy honor did not induce him to alter it, and his library which was his chief wealth, was scattered among other institutions. To the last, however, he cherished a deep interest in the prosperity of his alma mater, as his Diary fully proves; and no one, it is presumed, ever heard him express disappointment or regret at the neglect, which was but too apparent to every one else.

In his editorial capacity, Mr. Bentley was always respectful, though firm. No charge to the contrary was ever brought against him; and in an attempt to "draw him in," when Carleton was indicted for publishing a libel on Timothy Pickering, his political opponents were disappointed. He was a true patriot. He loved his country and her institutions, and never hesitated to say so. He sought no distinction; and though honored with the personal regard of more than one President, nothing could induce him to ask any favor for himself. When, in 1805, Mr. Jefferson invited him to take charge of what he intended should become a national college in Virginia, Mr. Bentley promptly declined, remarking to his friends, that his people were his wife, and as he could not take them to Washington, he would never consent to a divorce. As an instance of his patriotism, it is related that when the Constitution frigate was driven into Marblehead by three British ships, and fears were entertained that she might be captured, he was performing his ordinary service in the pulpit. Some one informed him of the circumstance, and he instantly stopped the services, announced the intelligence to the congrega-

tion, and, remarking that they could worship God at all times, but could save the Constitution only by immediate action, he left the pulpit, hurried to the fort at Marblehead, reported himself to the commander, and requested to be placed where he could be of service. He was ordered to stand by one of the guns. The danger was soon over, and returning to Salem in time for the afternoon service, he delivered an extempore sermon on patriotism, from the text, "There go the ships!"

In stature, Mr. Bentley was below the middle size; he was even short, and appeared the more so, because he was always fat. At the age of fifty-two, he weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds, though hardly above five feet in height. In his personal habits, he would have done credit to the best modern teachers of physiology. Personal cleanliness was a virtue with him, and no day passed without much exercise in walking, which he believed to be the best exercise for a scholar. All his writing was done while he was in a standing posture. He never used a chair in his study; but he had one low bench, on which he sat, if he sat at all. Temperance was another of his virtues. He always retired early, and usually studied or wrote an hour or two before sunrise. His food was always simple, and very uniform at home, for he had been admonished, many years before his death, that there was some organic trouble at the heart. This, no doubt, caused his death. Having been to see a parishioner, who had just returned from a long voyage, and staying after his hour of retiring to rest, he hurried home. The night was excessively cold; and, when he entered the room, he stood with his back to the fire, apologizing to his landlady for staying out so

late, and fell upon the floor, and died instantly. It was supposed that the transition from the cold atmosphere to a warm fire so increased the flow of blood as to produce suffocation.

No man, probably, was better prepared to die. A life of the most unbounded charity, of purity, innocence, and simplicity, and of active usefulness, is no mean preparation for death; but, besides being armed at all points, which have reference to the world to come, Mr. Bentley had settled up with the present world. The sums he gave away, for useful and benevolent objects, would startle one, who knew how limited his salary was and how much of it, due from poor parishioners, was never paid. It is a singular fact that, at his death, he did not owe a cent, and nothing was due to him that he would ever have attempted to collect. When his executor was called on, by the probate court, for his accounts, there were no materials from which to make one, — the legacies having been duly delivered, and the executor being the residuary legatee. In his will, Mr. Bentley requested his executor to burn all his manuscripts; but he has, prudently, kept them, until most of those persons, who were noticed in them, especially in the Diary, have passed away, and a mass of facts has been preserved for future antiquaries.

Mr. Bentley published but little beyond what he wrote for the Salem newspapers. His first publication was a small Hymn Book for the use of his society, in 1789, which passed through two or three editions. Next was his History of Salem, in the first series of the Historical Collections, — never completed. Two or three Masonic Addresses, and seven or eight Sermons, — one

of which was the election sermon when Governor Sullivan was first chosen — complete the catalogue.

Mr. Bentley rode only on short excursions in his neighborhood. He was never in Rhode-Island, Connecticut, or Vermont; in Maine only once; in New-Hampshire but twice; and was never out of New-England. Yet his knowledge of every part of the world was more exact than some of the greatest travelers ever acquire. He loved home; and was so much attached to it when it had become familiar, that he changed his boarding-place only once during his whole ministry.

His antiquarian knowledge surpassed that of any other man in New-England. The notices of men and events, scattered throughout his Diary from 1783 to 1819, would form several volumes. His notices of books, of subjects in Natural History, and his statistical tables, are equally copious and extensive.

There are still living, — 1850, — one brother and one sister of Mr. Bentley, at the ages of seventy-three and seventy-seven years. His father died at the age of ninety-five, and his grandfather at eighty-four. The latter was born in England, and was brought to this country, when a boy, by his father, who was an officer in the expedition against Quebec, and perished there, leaving his child an orphan in Boston. The father and grandfather were both mechanics.

The funeral of Mr. Bentley took place in Salem, January 3, 1820. The devotional services were conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Kirkland and Prince, and a sermon was preached by Professor Everett. The funeral procession was long, composed of the members of the church and society, relatives, municipal and public

characters, and a large column of Free . Masons. Masonic solemnities were performed at the tomb by the officers of Essex Lodge, of which he was a member.

The obituary notices of Dr. Bentley were numerous ; and those newspapers, which had been violent in their remarks on his career as a politician, were courteous and respectful to his memory. The Salem Gazette, which had probably treated him with more indignity than any other paper, after mentioning his death, said, — “ As a divine he was distinguished for extensive erudition ; as a preacher, he was eloquent and brilliant. His activity and industry in literary pursuits never diverted his attention from his parochial duties ; he was the friend, counselor and guide of his parishioners, and always enjoyed their warmest attachment and affection. To the poor and unfortunate he carried not empty professions of sympathy, but he was their active friend and comforter. He daily sought the abodes of misery, poverty, and misfortune, and, to the extent of his pecuniary resources, administered to their relief and comfort. His influence, his example, and his most active exertions, were devoted to the alleviation of sorrow and suffering. His extensive and various attainments in literature and science, and his familiar knowledge of most of the ancient and modern languages, have given him merited celebrity among the learned of this country and of Europe. He was a principal and active member of the Historical and Antiquarian societies, and was ever an enthusiastic friend of our University and other literary establishments.”

APPENDIX TO VOLUME II.

Note to page 63.

I COULD never discover the origin of the almost deadly feud, which existed between Benjamin Austin, jun. and Benjamin Russell; and it may be questioned whether any one can refer to any specific act or word, as the cause of it. It is difficult to conceive how the newspaper squibs which would now be considered harmless, or too contemptible to excite serious anger or lasting animosity, should have kindled such furious and implacable hatred. Mr. Austin began to write under the signature of "Honestus," in March, 1786, — about two years after Russell began to publish the Centinel; and not long after he is alluded to in the Centinel by the nick-name of *Honee*, an epithet which grew into common use, insomuch that many people supposed that to be the real name of the man. Whether this abbreviation of his signature, which he had adopted, was first suggested by Russell, is not, and probably never will be known. If it were so, — and if the continued repetition of it in the Centinel, and afterwards in other papers that were opposed to the Chronicle in politics, fixed it upon the individual, personally, — it seems hardly credible, that the reproach, — if it were a reproach, — should have made a wound so deep as to lead to the scene at the town-meeting in Fanueil Hall. Before that occurrence, there is nothing in either of the papers, — that, at the present day, would be thought of consequence enough to prevent a recognition of courtesy on a public occasion like that; — certainly not any thing sufficient to warrant so harsh and rude a remark as that made

by Austin, in presence of their assembled fellow-citizens. Political hostility had not then risen to its burning fever; and on some points, the two combatant individuals had acted not only in perfect unison, but rather seemed to emulate each other to produce certain effects. Personalities, more disgusting, and quite as irritating in character and purpose, are to be seen almost every day in the leading political papers. I think there must have been some occurrence, the nature and history of which are lost in obscurity, to open such a fountain of bitter waters. The quarrels of editors would form a curious and not worthless volume.

After the account of the trial, which is given in the text, appeared in the *Apollo*, Russell was called upon by numerous friends, — probably many who had not seen that report, — to publish a statement, which one of his friends had prepared for the *Centinel*. He consented to the publication, although, at first, being a party concerned, he resolved to be silent. His first allusion to the affair is this : —

It was not the intention of the editor to admit any remarks or strictures on the litigation between him and Mr. A——, into the *Centinel*; because he supposed his antagonist so completely mortified, that any observations thereon would appear like unmanly exultation — and he had reason to expect silence on the part of that antagonist. He has, however, been disappointed in the latter particular; and recognizing as he does, the scurrility of A—— in the *Chronicle*, he is necessitated to meet him in a field of scribbling controversy. If he occupies any portion of the public attention, which might have been directed to a more worthy object, his apology must be received, inasmuch as he is not a *volunteer* in the service.

In the same paper, a correspondent hinted that, if any one should vote for the *Chronicle* candidate for senator (meaning Austin) on the first of April, he would richly merit “the compliment of the day.” Russell, in a subsequent paper, said, — “The *senatorial demagogue* has long held the *copy-right* of scurrility and abuse. To reply to his *dirt*, in kind, would be an invasion of that *right*, and entitle him to *another* action of *damage*. 20s.” This appears to be the last reference to the matter, in the *Centinel*.

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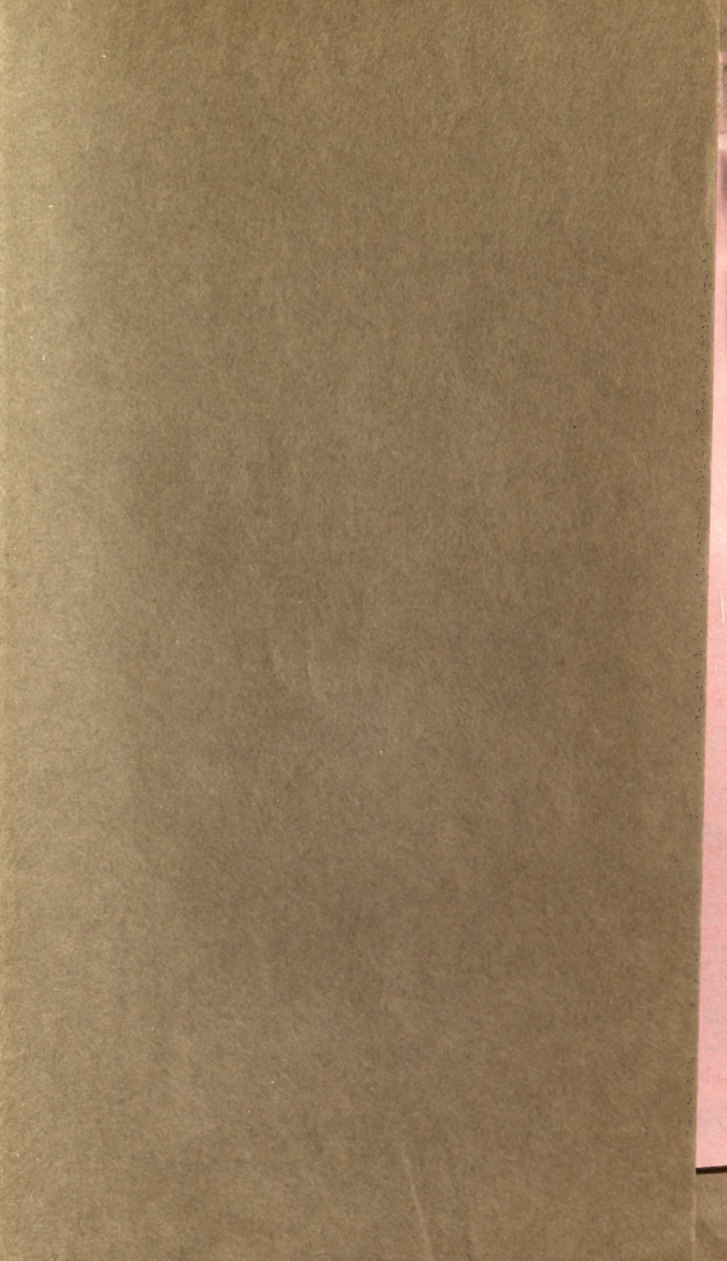
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- Wayne, Caleb P. 301 - 307.
- Williams, John, 314.

NOTE. On page 270, sixteenth line, by an unfortunate blunder, the word *quia* stands in the place of a much better one, — *quill*.





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